



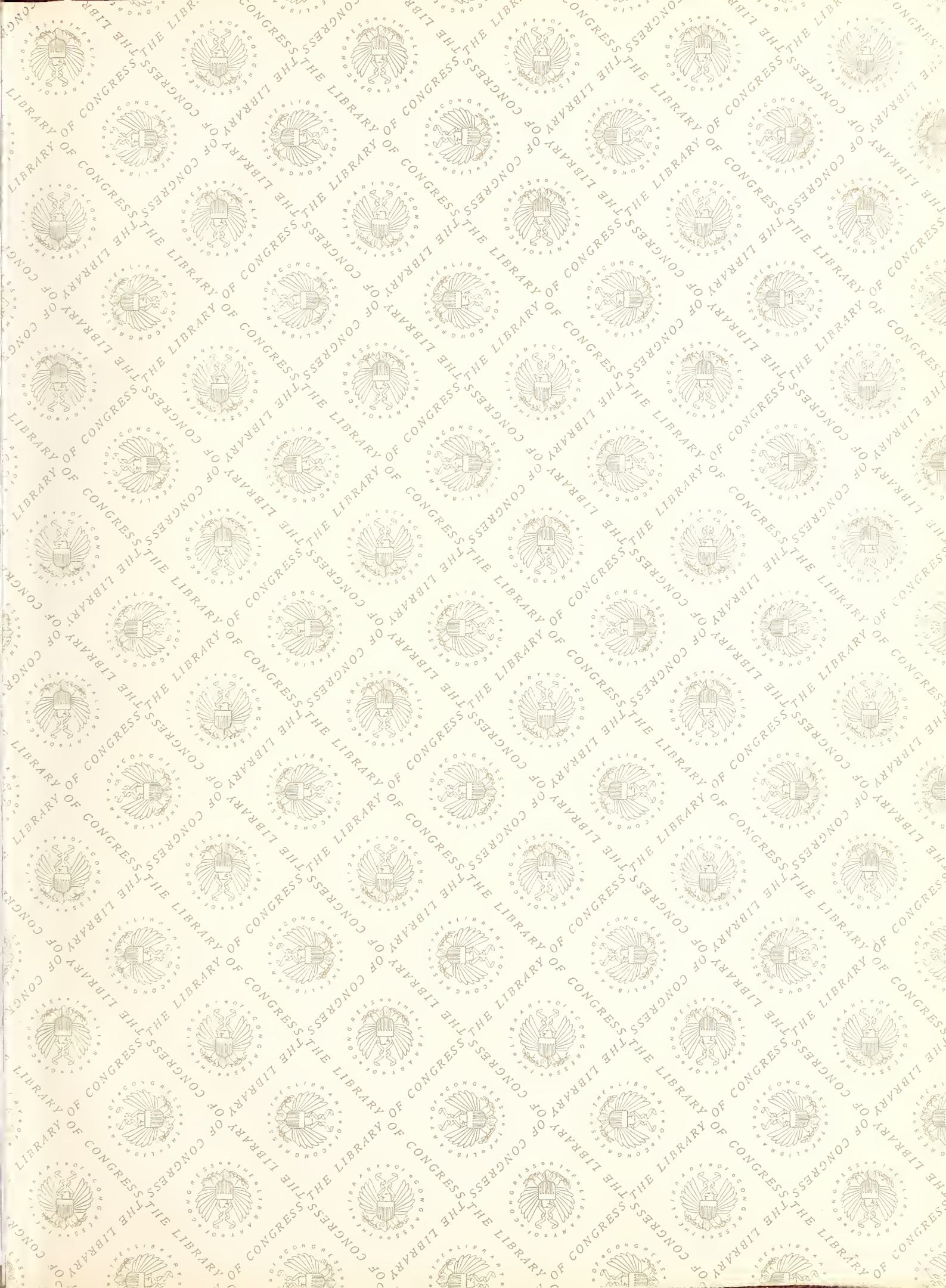
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AUGUST

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THE LARGEST
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MOVIE SCREEN
MAGAZINE

DELUXE
MAGAZINE

INGRID BERGMAN

THE POIGNANT LIFE STORY OF INGRID BERGMAN!

JUL 22 1943

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Ever try to magnetize a Man?

Is your heart set on
some particular Him?
Then hang onto your
charm—always!
So many popular girls
have this

1-2 RULE FOR CHARM!



1 Freshen up for your date with him—start with this refreshing bath. It perks up your spirits—makes you dainty and sweet. Baths just wash away *past* perspiration—but to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor, use Mum!



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For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is so gentle, so safe—thousands of women use it this way, too!*



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Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

In the pictures to come from M-G-M, you will find every type of entertainment conveyed by the word. Patriotic pictures, exciting adventure narratives, romantic stories, youthful musicals.

The latter category is enriched by the number of big name bands under exclusive contract to the most important and progressive studio in motion pictures. Need we mention the name?



In "Cabin in The Sky" you have already heard and seen "Duke" Ellington and his Orchestra. In "Presenting Lily Mars" you have had two bands—Bob Crosby's and Tommy Dorsey's.



Tommy Dorsey and his Band will also be featured in the forthcoming "Du Barry Was a Lady" and in "Girl Crazy."

His brother, Jimmy Dorsey, will lead his melodic cohorts in "I Dood It." Looks like a Dorsey season.



Harry James and Orchestra will hold forth in both "Tale of Two Sisters" and "Best Foot Forward."

Incidentally "Best Foot Forward" is considered the honey of honies. It will be beeg.

Kay Kyser and Band is finishing "Right About Face." Vaughn Monroe—the handsome divvil—and his Band are doing "Meet The People."



We forgot to mention—and how could we?—that the Good Neighbor artist, Xavier Cugat, also does his stuff for Uncle Samba in "Tale of Two Sisters."

Last but not least come the ladies headed by a gentleman with a stick to make them behave. Our cryptic way of announcing Phil Spitalny and his All-Girl-Band in "Mr. Co-ed."

So you see, whenever you're thinking of facing the music, go to an M-G-M picture.

And the Maestro of them all is

—Lea



STORIES

INGRID BERGMAN

A little girl sat watching a wonderful game played on the stage... a game called acting. From that moment on she knew what it was that she wanted..... 22

ALAN'S NEW GIRL!

Laddie phoned half Hollywood the night Alana was born, then curled up in bed with a sky-high fever!..... 30

YOUR HANDWRITING AND YOU!

What do you wanna know about you and your guy? Analyze your own handwriting and his for the answer. The rules are simple-simonish and results gorgeously accurate..... 32

HIS HEART BELONGS TO HEDY

Pat the purp, 4-year-old Jamesey and his adopted Mom are a terrific trio... when Jamesey isn't busy chasing giants and bears from the threshold!..... 34

ARMY WIFE

Dottie Lamour glanced up at Capt. Howard, noticed the breadth of his shoulders, the twinkle in his eyes. From then on it was just a matter of time..... 36

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"

Three days for Robert and his Maria... Three days so cruel, so beautiful that each brimming moment will sear into your memory..... 38

"MISS MEASLES, 1943"

Careful! She's contagious. The whole darn Army's caught the Grable bug. She's their one-man morale division!..... 40

THE TRUTH ABOUT LINDA'S MARRIAGE

The papers headlined "Linda Darnell, 19, marries Peverell Marley, 40-odd." Here's the story they didn't tell..... 42

MURDER! SHE SAYS

She's running an obstacle race, leaping the hurdles from amateur nights to H'wood plush. But watch out, jeeps, that's only the warm-up!..... 46

GENTLEMAN BOB

Lt. Taylor can josh about his aerial boners, 'cause he knows he can deliver the goods when the time comes..... 49

Robert Taylor, Appearing in M-G-M's "Russia"..... 48

Kathryn Grayson, Appearing in M-G-M's "As Thousands Cheer"..... 50

Ann Sheridan, Appearing in Warners' "Thank Your Lucky Stars"..... 52

Editorial Page..... 21

Candidly Yours..... 44

Put Magic in Your Make-up..... 58

Beauty Under the Sun..... 60

For the Modern Miss..... 68

Movie Reviews..... 6

Co-Ed..... 16

Super Coupon..... 16

Good News..... 51

Modern Hostess..... 70

WIN A FUR COAT..... 64

COVER: Ingrid Bergman, appearing in Paramount's "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

Editorial Assistants: Koy Hardy, Annette Bellinger, Sylvia Katz
Staff Photographer: Scotty

COLOR PORTRAITS

FEATURES

BEAUTY

FASHION

DEPARTMENTS



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UP FROM THE SOIL *into the Moonlight*

Deb keeps Wartime Beauty bright with a Woodbury Facial Cocktail

Lovely Frances Chisholm, Greensboro, N. C., deb, is really "down to earth," doing war emergency farm work. She says:

"I dreaded to think what chaff from grain and barnyard dust might do to coarsen my skin. But I'm always on guard against letting dirt clog my pores. Twice a day I take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail. This quick skin-cleansing with mild Woodbury Soap leaves my skin bright and fresh."

Be proud of hard work—but keep skin sparkling clear and smooth with famous Woodbury Facial Soap, made for the *skin* alone. Gentle, it contains a costly ingredient for extra mildness. Woodbury helps soften hated blackheads, lifts away flaky, worn-out skin. Get Woodbury Soap today.



1. Frances confesses: "Farm work can make a girl's skin oily. But it's no chore for Woodbury Soap to freshen my skin. I take a daily Woodbury Facial Cocktail."

Petite and pretty Frances Chisholm of Greensboro, N. C., made her debut at the Governor's Ball. She comments: "Our Carolina moon is a potent matchmaker. But it's my guess—even in a Blackout—the girl with 'The Skin You Love to Touch' will win romance. That's why I'm a staunch believer in Woodbury Soap. It's a grand soap!"



2. "First, I scrub my face with Woodbury Soap till it sparkles. Then rinse with lukewarm water, followed by cold." Famous Woodbury is extra mild—contains a costly mellowing ingredient.



3. No alibis if skin looks dingy now. Frances is popular with Uncle Sam's favorite nephews. "The boys compliment my complexion," says deb. Woodbury is a true skin soap. Try it!



★ BACK UP YOUR FIGHTING MAN—BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

MOVIE REVIEWS

JOHNNY COME LATELY

When you think of courage these days, you probably think of men dying on a battlefield that other men may live in peace. You don't think of a little old lady, running an honest newspaper in a crooked town, because that's the way her dead husband would have wanted it run. But it takes courage to defy an organization of crooked politicians, grown strong and fat on graft. It takes courage to fight for freedom the hard way—with everyone else letting things drift and maybe thinking you're a little crazy to try and reform a town at your age. Sometimes it seems to Vinnie McLeod (Grace George) that it takes more courage than she has. Sometimes she's almost ready to give up.

It's at one of those times that she meets a hobo named Richards (James Cagney). He's lying in the park reading Dickens, (*Continued on page 8*)



When tramp Tom Richards (Cagney) is arrested, newspaper owner Mrs. McLeod (Grace George) has him released on parole.

Dougherty threatens them when they refuse to print an editorial favoring him. An attempt is made on Vinnie McLeod's life.



An ex-newspaperman, he joins her crusade against Dougherty (Edw. McNamora), who's exploiting the helpless townsfolk.



Mrs. McLeod's pretty niece Jane (Marjorie Lord) betrays her deep love for Dougherty's son Pete (Bill Henry) during a heated battle with Richards.



For sake of love-struck son's happiness, Dougherty leaves town; Mrs. M. calls off fight. Pete and Jane are reconciled. His job done, Richards exits.

**HERE'S THAT AGE OF INNOCENCE
WITH THAT GLEAM IN ITS EYE!**



IT'S THE naughty Nineties when necking was "sparking"...and every drug-store dandy had petticoat fever! It's the lowdown on some high times that began after the ball was over! It's saucy, surprising...swell Lubitsch fun!



Ernst Lubitsch's
PRODUCTION

HEAVEN *Can* WAIT

in Technicolor

GENE TIERNEY • DON AMECHE

**CHARLES COBURN • MARJORIE MAIN • LAIRD CREGAR
SPRING BYINGTON • ALLYN JOSLYN • EUGENE PALLETTE • SIGNE HASSO
LOUIS CALHERN • HELENE REYNOLDS • AUBREY MATHER • MICHAEL AMES**

Produced and Directed by Ernst Lubitsch • Screen Play by Samson Raphaelson
Based upon the Play "Birthday" by Lazlo Bus-Fekete

"I'M IN IT, TOO!"



A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

It's a
BIG PICTURE

**SEE WHY MILLIONS OF
FANS HAVE MADE HIM
THE MOST POPULAR WESTERN
STAR ON THE SCREEN!**



Among all the
movie cowboys—
none can ride
like Roy...
None can
sing like
Roy! He's the
best of them
all!...See him in his
newest—and greatest hit... see him
in action—hear his melodies—get
a movie thrill you'll long remember!

ROY ROGERS
KING OF THE COWBOYS
TRIGGER SMARTEST
HORSE IN THE MOVIES
in
SONG OF TEXAS

SHEILA RYAN • BARTON MacLANE
HARRY SHANNON • PAT BRADY
ARLINE JUDGE and BOB NOLAN
and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

SONGS "Moonlight and Roses" • "Rainbow Over the Range"
"Blue Bonnet Girl"—and many more!

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS
(Continued from page 6)

and she likes him immediately. Mrs. McLeod knows about tramps, she feeds and lodges them regularly. She is especially interested in this one, and when he's arrested for vagrancy, she tells the judge that he's working for her on the newspaper. She does it because that's the kind of thing she's always doing. It's part of being Vinnie McLeod.

The reason tramps are tramps is usually quite simple. They like it. Richards likes being a tramp, and he doesn't like the idea of working in an office, even for a charming little lady like Mrs. McLeod. But he soon sees that Vinnie has gotten herself into a jam she can't get out of alone. Somebody's got to help her or the whole crazy crusade for truth and freedom will go under. Nobody else dares to, so it's up to a guy named Richards.

The opposition forces, dominated by a burly Irishman named Dougherty (Edw. McNamara), think they have things pretty well under control. The graft is rolling in with delightful regularity. People in town are too blind, or too easy going, to realize the situation. There is only Mrs. McLeod to worry about, and she is so far in debt that soon they will be able to take over her newspaper and foreclose the mortgage on her house. Dougherty's son, Pete (Bill Henry) is engaged to her niece Jane (Marjorie Lord), and he thinks that should be a softening influence on the old lady.

But they hadn't counted on Richards. His arrival is like throwing a match in a box of fireworks. Things immediately begin to happen, and a lot of them are things that Dougherty doesn't like at all. There are shots in the night and a runaway horse and a jail break led by a fascinating character called Gashouse Mary (Marjorie Main). Whatever happens, Richards is right in the middle of it. By now he is completely devoted to Mrs. McLeod, and, as he remarks, when things are going bad that's no time to quit. He and Vinnie see it through together.

"Johnny Come Lately" is a story of 1906, but it could just as well be 1943. Cagney plays Richards with a sincerity that is dramatically effective, and Grace George is completely charming as Vinnie McLeod. These two are a combination that we'd like to see go on together—they are perfect contrasts in every way, and the result is excellent. Edward McNamara is good as the politician who can't understand Vinnie but admires her even when she defies him.—U. A.

P. S.

The title stems from an authentic hobo slang expression; means a greenhorn, a novice... Picture is the first independent major production of Cagney Productions, Inc., a new company headed by Bill Cagney as president. Jimmy is vice-president and top star... Jimmy takes a beating in this one. Even gets slapped by a woman (a switch on the Cagney theme). During the fight in a careening buckboard, he got walloped across the back of the neck with a whip. Later on, he broke a small bone in his thumb when a policeman's club landed on his hand during a fight rehearsal... No more breakaway furniture is available (used to be made from vitally needed balsa wood), so studio carpenters had to hollow out legs of a chair Jimmy throws through a window. No sugar-candy glass is left, either—not even single

thicknesses of plate glass. Jimmy had to toss the four-legged hunk of furniture right through the double-thicknesses of glass. Did it perfectly in four takes.

STAGE DOOR CANTEN

You've heard a lot about New York's Stage Door Canteen, and what you've heard has probably made you wonder. The real canteen isn't open to anyone not in uniform, but here it is on the screen, and you'll love it.

There are 48 stars in this picture, one for every state in the union. You've never had so much for your money in your life. Go ahead, name a star or two—I'll bet you a quarter they're in it. Katharine Hepburn? Sure. Harpo Marx? Complete with blonde. Gypsy Rose Lee? She's there, too. Something for everybody, and you're bound to have fun. The high spot for me was Ray Bolger's dancing. For you it may be Katharine Cornell playing Juliet to a young soldier's Romeo, or Kay Kyser's band.

A story is woven through this Milky Way of stars. A love story, tender and heart warming, of a soldier called "Dakota" (William Terry) and the girl he finds at the Stage Door Canteen. Eileen (Cheryl Walker) is ambitious, and on the surface a little hard. She thinks the canteen will be a fine place to meet the right people—and she doesn't mean soldiers from Dakota. But her attitude soon begins to change. She gets a part in Paul Muni's new play, but somehow it doesn't seem half as important as the way "Dakota" looked at her last night.

Cheryl Walker is a new discovery, and she's something to shout about. William Terry, Marjorie Riordan, Lon McCallister and Margaret Early give her excellent support. And don't forget—there are those 48 stars!—U. A.

P. S.

Feeling that "Stage Door Canteen" will be a historical document 100 years from now because of World War background and tremendous talent in the picture, the producer arranged to have pic placed in vacuum-sealed can and buried in official Washington and London vaults to be opened in 2043. Cast includes 40 greats of stage, screen and radio... \$5,000 govt. ceiling on sets was brain-buster since pic had to be made in both New York and Hollywood. That meant all sets had to be made in duplicate. Since food was included in \$5,000 budget, Canteen doughnuts were of plaster, sandwiches were blocks of wood, coffee was plain water tinted with lamp black coloring. Sets and props amounted to \$3,000, phenomenally small for Hollywood.

PRELUDE TO WAR

When do you think this war began? That's easy, most of us would say—December 7, 1941. But we'd be wrong, according to the U. S. government's short feature, "Prelude To War." It actually began in September, 1931, when Japan invaded Manchuria. With the first shot fired by the Japs on the sleeping Chinese garrison across the border, the hounds of war were unleashed.

To have a world peace, you must have a world that wants peace. There were at that time three separate groups in the world that wanted war. This picture shows their slow but sure rise to a power

which threatens us all. They were Nazis, Italian Fascists and Japanese.

We didn't take these groups very seriously. We went to the newsreels and laughed heartily at the little man with the Chaplin mustache and a lock of hair dangling in his eye. But he told the Germans they were supermen, and they believed it. We had hysterics at the sight of Mussolini, thumping his chest like Tarzan and spouting promises of conquest. The Japanese people bowing low before their puppet emperor on his white horse were amusing—not threatening.

But it hasn't turned out to be so funny. The laugh, it seems, is on us. And now we may well remember a speech made during the Ethiopian war by Haile Selassie. A dark, bearded, little man in white robes, he addressed the League of Nations thus: "My people will fight on, while we wait for help from our tardy allies. But I say to you, without bitterness, if that help does not come, it will one day mean the death of the western world."

Help is coming, at long last—help for Ethiopia, and Poland and China and all the victims of the three aggressors. The United Nations are aroused, and the forces of freedom are on the march. They will never halt till victory is won!—War Department, distributed by War Activities Committee.

P. S.

Originally reeled by War Department as training film to introduce green draftees to things military, "Prelude" is first of series of such technical pictures to be flashed before paying public . . . The 6,000,000 sailors, soldiers, Marines on land, ships, off-shore bases (even on Guadalcanal) who saw the picture were so enthusiastic that government and film big guns decided it was lively enough for us civilians! . . . Fifty-three minute of prints were straightway turned over to OWI by War Department for use by the War Activities Committee, Motion Picture Industry, who are footing distribution expenses . . . Fifty-three minute film is made up of newsreels and confiscated films assembled by Lt. Col. Frank Capra, head of special photographic unit of Signal Corps, assigned to Special Services . . . Large hunk of commentary, narrated by Walter Huston, was penned by Maj. Eric Knight, who was killed in plane crash this last winter.

DIXIE

That Crosby certainly gets around. Zanzibar, Morocco, and now here he is way down south in the land of Dixie. He wears sideburns and a top hat, but he's still the same nonchalant Bing, and his voice is as soothing as ever.

He's smoking a pipe now, and, being Bing and absent-minded, it gets him into

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While cashiering in a Hollywood restaurant, a star whom everyone knows stepped up to me and said he was expecting an important phone call. As he walked away, I laughingly called after him, "But, sir, what's your name?" He turned, looked very serious and perhaps a little hurt. "My name's Jimmy Durante," he said.

That was the last time I tried to be funny . . . with a comedian!

Alice Walker
Ornard, Cal.

BOGART!

He's back from 'Casablanca', girls! -And more wonderful than ever!

Three Loves
IS THERE ROOM IN HIS HEART FOR ALL OF THEM?

A FLAG!

A SHIP!

A WOMAN!

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

with
RAYMOND MASSEY
ALAN HALE

JULIE BISHOP
DANE CLARK

Screen Play by John Howard Lawson • Based on a Story by Guy Gilpatrick • Additional Dialogue by A. I. Bezzerides and W. R. Burnett

It's the WARNER kind of Hit!



More Swimming Days!

Tampax is a real vacation help

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PAOS
NO ODOR**

GONE are the days when a woman would not go near the water at certain times of the month . . . For the user of *Tampax* has discarded entirely the external pad and belt worn beneath the swim suit and has adopted instead the principle of *internal absorption* for her sanitary protection . . . Whether the suit is wet or dry, *Tampax* remains invisible, with no bulging, bunching or faintest line!

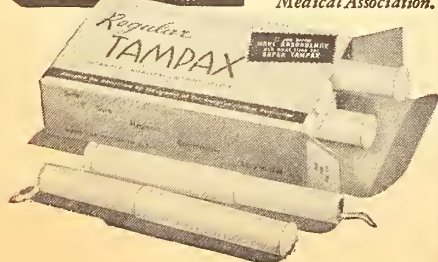
Tampax has many other advantages, too. Handy to carry. Speedy to change. No chafing. Easy disposal . . . Perfected by a doctor, *Tampax* is made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty one-time-use applicator, for quick, easy insertion. No belts or pins are required and no sanitary deodorant, because *Tampax* is worn internally and no odor can form. Invaluable for the sensitive woman who cannot bear to feel conspicuous . . .

Sold at drug stores and notion counters in *three absorbencies*: Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory size, 20¢. Economy package lasts 4 months, average. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

RECOMMENDATION OF A BOARD OF WOMEN
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
is effective on
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



a lot of trouble. That pipe and the clang of fire engines seem to be practically inseparable. The smell of smoke permeates "Dixie" from the first reel to the last, and through it Dan Emmett (Bing Crosby) smiles his carefree way.

Nobody can help liking Dan, even when he does things like leaving his pipe burning on the table in his girl's house while they go out by the river to pitch a little woo. When he and Jean (Marjorie Reynolds) get back, there's no house—just ashes. A trip for his health seems indicated to Dan, and he journeys around the country, followed by fire bells, whistles and smoke. He and an accordionist named Mr. Bones (Billy De Wolfe) join forces, and eventually Dotty Lamour turns up, as Millie, the landlord's daughter. She's in dresses this time, instead of a sarong. Maybe that's why Dan remains immune to her charms. He's still in love with the girl back home.

Remember the old minstrel shows? Even if you don't, you're going to love the one Dan and Mr. Bones put on in New Orleans. It makes such a hit that Dan has money enough to go back and marry Jean, who is now crippled by paralysis and in a wheelchair. Dan still loves her, and they tour the country together, eventually getting together again with Millie and Mr. Bones.

Dan has been working on a little tune called "Dixie," and he introduces it in New Orleans. As the minstrels sing, the audience joins in, but smoke is curling across the stage. That pipe! The minstrels sing louder, but above the clang of fire engines is heard—hold your hats, boys, here we go again!—Par.

P. S.

This is Bing Crosby's first Technicolor picture . . . Dottie Lamour swathes her torrid torso in tight waists and hoop-skirts . . . Marjorie Reynolds wears drabber costumes, plays most of the picture in a wheel-chair . . . Origin of the term ham actor popped up when Crosby and his fellow minstrels are shown in one scene cutting strips of rind and ham fat to help take the burnt cork off their faces . . . Running gag in the picture has Crosby carelessly leaving pipes around that start fires. Opening scene shows his wife-to-be's home burning slowly to the ground. Two days before production halted, Crosby's own home smoldered into oblivion, but Bing swears it was only a coincidence.

HEAVEN CAN WAIT

Henry Van Cleve (Don Ameche) is trying to talk his way into hell. Not, admittedly, the usual procedure, but Henry, who has just died of a heart attack, is sure that hell is the place for him. People have always told him he'd end up there, he explains to the Devil, and he'd hate to make a liar out of them.

"That's all very well," says the Devil (Laird Cregar), "but what are your qualifications?"

Well, Henry tells him, there's the matter of women. There have been a lot of them in his life, although only one of them counts. That's Martha, his wife. . .

The first time he met Martha (Gene Tierney) she was engaged to his cousin. But Henry falls madly in love with her and persuades her to elope with him. Eventually they have a son, Jack—and eventually, too, the little question of other women comes up. None were important, Henry maintains stoutly, but you know wives! The Devil nods sympathetically.

Martha, it seems, wearies of Henry's fanciful explanations for his peccadil-

los and goes back to her family in the middle west. Henry goes after her, but finds her immune to all his pleas for forgiveness. Well, he tells her sadly, perhaps she's right in leaving him and taking young Jack. Already the boy shows signs of being a chip off the old block. Why, only the other day he had two little girls fighting over him. Martha grins proudly in spite of herself and demands details. Before she knows it, she's on her way back to New York and happiness.

After her death many years later, the lonely Henry paints the town as bright a red as his declining years will permit. The heart attack ensues, and the doctor prescribes absolute quiet. But there's some champagne in the house, and the nurse is a beautiful blonde. . . .

Well, says Henry, that's how it was. The Devil looks at him reflectively. "Have you tried up above?" he inquires. Henry is sure it would be no use. But the Devil thinks Martha might put in a good word for her husband. Suddenly hopeful, Henry steps into the elevator.

This is light-hearted nonsense with the gay Lubitsch touch, and a cast that includes Charles Coburn, Marjorie Main, Allyn Joslyn, Spring Byington and Helene Reynolds—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Gene Tierney, who plays an understanding wife to Don Ameche, is a faithful real-life wife to soldier husband Oleg Cassini, spent all her spare time on the set writing love letters to him—romance at 1,500 miles. Evenings she worked on a screen story for a Betty Grable musical which Fox is considering . . . Michael Ames' ambition has been to play in pictures with Gene Tierney, realizes his dream in this one, playing role of her son . . . Laird Cregar just out of a Hollywood hospital where he was sent to reduce, is now a shadow of his former self at 260.

WINTER TIME

As cool and sparkling as iced champagne, this is the perfect picture for August. Sonja Henie skates gracefully through it, and she has a beautiful, shiny, new leading man, Cornel Wilde. Jack Oakie and Cesar Romero provide the laughs—slapstick, maybe, but who cares as long as they're laughs? Romero trying to sneak through the dining room of a Canadian resort hotel clad only in a suit of long winter underwear gives us the funniest scene in years.

That Henie girl can certainly make with the skates! You think you've seen her at her very best, and then comes a new picture where she tops every previous performance. She plays Nora, a Norwegian girl who is in the United States with her uncle, wealthy Mr. Ostgaard (S. Z. Sakall). They are told they must go to Canada and come in on new quota numbers. Skip (Jack Oakie) tricks them into going to the Chateau Promenade, a snowbound, run-down old hotel owned by his friend, Freddie (Cornel Wilde). Uncle almost has apoplexy when he sees it, but Nora has a heart attack of a different kind when she sees Freddie. He's for her, and they'll stay right there if she can arrange it. She talks her uncle into buying the hotel and getting it into shape to attract tourists.

The catch is that this keeps Freddie so busy he has no time for her. Whenever she looks for him, he's in a huddle with the beautiful blonde press agent (Helene Reynolds). Brad Barton, who sings with the orchestra (Cesar Romero to you) would like to console her. There's

(Continued on page 12)

Add thrilling glamour to your beauty
...in just a few seconds



Claudette Colbert

IN

"SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



★ It creates a lovely
new complexion



★ It helps conceal tiny
complexion faults



★ It stays on for hours
without re-powdering

Yes, you can now give your natural beauty new glamour, new loveliness in just a few seconds...and you, yourself, will be utterly amazed and thrilled at the transformation. Pan-Cake Make-Up imparts a lovely new complexion, smooth as a pearl and flawless...and it stays on for hours without re-powdering. Try this glamour secret of the screen stars...originated by *Max Factor Hollywood*...and discover the miracle make-up that millions of girls and women are talking about.

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*Pan-Cake...
Trade Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.



Mary's last letter
is really
"TERRIFIC"
(Pst! She read this book)



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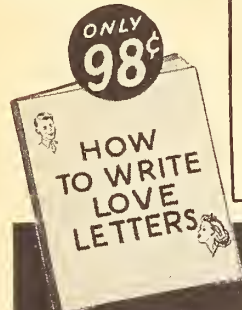
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We believe you can write real love letters that click with the help of this amazing book—but we want you to be the judge! Examine the book for 10 days at our expense—if not delighted with results, return it and your money will be promptly refunded!

PARTIAL CONTENTS

How to express your love.
How to discourage the "too romantic" friend.
How to "break the ice."
How to propose by letter.
How to assure him (or her) of your faithfulness.
How to make him (or her) miss you.
How to tell your husband (or wife) those "little things" of love.
How to make your sweetheart write more often.
How to write the girl you met on your day off.
How to "make up" with your sweetheart.

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Send book, "How to Write Love Letters," in Plain Wrapper, together with free Monogrammed stationery. If not delighted, I may return this purchase in 10 days and my money will be refunded.

- () Send C.O.D. I will pay postman 98¢ plus few cents postage.
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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

nothing like a pretty young heiress, Brad always thinks, but his style is considerably cramped by Flossie (Carole Landis) who saw him first and wants no muscle-inners. Besides, Skip is right there to protect Freddie's interests while Freddie is busy putting on the big ice show.

Nora is a super hit in the show—everyone says she's as good as Sonja Henie! She gets an offer to star on Broadway, and since she thinks Freddie is giving her the runaround, she agrees to marry Brad and go to New York. But Flossie has something to say about that—and Skip—and, at long last, Freddie!

So there you are, chums, head over heels in a snowdrift. Feeling cooler?—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Sonja, who is a world champion skater and has won the Olympic skating honors three times, has another champion as a co-worker in "Wintertime." Cornel Wilde holds 22 fencing championships. Sonja studied fencing from him during the shooting of the picture with an eye toward future ice numbers.

... Sonja's favorite pastime of playing cupid (75% of her original troupe are married to one another) had to be discontinued for the duration. There was only one eligible man left in the cast, and he was drafted at the close of the picture. Ninety percent of her original male troupe is in the service. Henie has made two U. S. tours since Pearl Harbor. Has to give professional performances but always buys 500 to 2,000 seats each performance for servicemen—has given 110,000 soldiers, sailors and Marines free tickets to her ice exhibitions!

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

The first time Fred Astaire saw Joan Leslie on the screen he said, "There's my new dancing partner." Fred got his way, and when you see him with Joan in "The Sky's The Limit," you'll have a sigh and say, "This is it!"

It's the kind of show most of us are looking for these days, anyway. All about an ex-Flying Tiger who is back in America to join the Naval Air Service. But it's far from a war picture. The story takes place in the interim between the welcome-home-heroes parade and the day Fred Atwell (Fred Astaire) has to shove off in a bomber for Australia. An awfully short interim it is, too, with Fred marking the days on his calendar and trying to straighten out his love life before he leaves.

Not that his love life is complicated—in numbers, at least. It's all tied up with one girl, a beauty named Jean (Joan Leslie), who takes pictures for a magazine. As soon as Fred sees her, he starts trying to get into the pictures. Unfortunately he has shed his uniform for a cowboy get-up which, while it rescues him from parades, impresses nobody, least of all Jean. She gives him the brush, but he keeps turning up in odd places, including her own kitchenette.

Eventually she is fascinated by this combination of nerve and romance, and by now Fred has fallen deeply in love with her. However, he thinks she would be better off married to her boss, Harriman (Robert Benchley), the solid citizen type. Jean feels that two hundred pounds is almost too solid, and anyway, she loves Fred. But guys who ferry bombers to Australia are apt suddenly to have widows, and Fred decides to duck out and let her forget him.

Harriman figures out the set-up, and you'll like the way he plays Cupid. In

\$1 FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

We love getting letters. Who doesn't? But unlike other people, we're offering you an out-and-out bribe. Send us a letter containing an inside story about a movie star, and we'll mail you \$1, if we use it. Naturally, it must be a TRUE story about a Hollywood star whom you've rubbed shoulders with or pursued for an autograph.

Send us as many as you like, and for each one we use, you get \$1.

We'd better tell you in advance that we may edit or revise any story we use and will return your letter only if you send along a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Hop to it, and mail your incident today to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, 16, N. Y.

fact, you'll like the whole thing, especially Fred's dance on the bar, which is breath-taking, even for Astaire.—RKO.

P. S.

Fred Astaire's trickiest dance routine was the glass-breaking number. Truly dangerous, the dance involved kicking over and breaking more than 3,000 glasses and bottles and hurling a bar stool through a huge mirror. One slip and Mr. A. would have been seriously injured, but he came through rehearsals and six actual takes without a scratch... Joan Leslie became 18 just ten days after the picture began, which meant she didn't have to take time out for formal schooling. She spent all her spare time studying, anyway, preparing herself for entrance exams at U.C.L.A. ... Bob Benchley wrote a great deal of his own dialogue and is solely responsible for the speech he makes on "Bottlenecks." Did weeks of research for it.

ATTACK BY NIGHT

How long do you think a member of the Underground lives? In Norway the average is six months. But the Norwegians are a realistic people—they know they must meet force with force even though some of them die. Nicole (Merle Oberon), the heroine of "Attack By Night" is like that. She has worked for the Underground a year now. It's inevitable that soon suspicion will fall on her, but she goes on with her job.

It's a particularly disagreeable job, too. She has had to become the "friend" of the German Commandant, Major Dichter (Carl Esmond). She has thus obtained important information which the local oculist sends out written on spectacles, in invisible ink. But her own people consider her a traitor.

Eventually Nicole realizes that Dichter suspects her, and the Underground sends word to London. A British Commando is sent over to dispose of Dichter. The Commando is Colonel Alan Lowell (Brian Aherne) who is chosen because he knows that locality well. He also knows Nicole well—they were in love, before the war called Alan back to England. They are still in love now, and when Alan is wounded and captured, Nicole desperately smuggles him out of the hospital and to her own house.

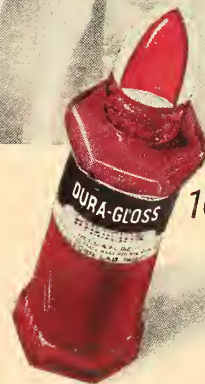
But Dichter has grown more suspicious. The net is closing in. Unexpectedly he tells her that they are to be married on Thursday night. Nicole is

(Continued on page 14)

Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .



Look to Dura-Gloss, to help keep things on the bright side. Its glorious colors are a sight for tired eyes. There's a lift in regarding your own pretty fingers so gaily bedecked. So sit down and do your nails with Dura-Gloss. Do it slowly. It goes on so smoothly, each firm stroke is a satisfaction. It will stay on, too — wears exceptionally well because there's a special ingredient in it (Chrystalline) to accomplish this. A big help these days because it makes DURA-GLOSS go farther.



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for each statement we publish
on why you like Kleenex Tissues
better than any other brand.
Address: Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.



I'm no fisherman!

Why fish for tissues so hard to get
out of ordinary boxes? With
KLEENEX it's pull a tissue and
up pops another, ready for use!

(From a letter by M. T. T., Long Island, N. Y.)

**WHAT!
NO
KLEENEX?**



IF YOUR DEALER IS OUT
OF **KLEENEX**, PLEASE BE
PATIENT—HE'LL HAVE SOME SHORTLY.
QUANTITY IS SOMEWHAT CURTAILED,
BUT WE ARE DETERMINED,
REGARDLESS OF WHAT OTHERS DO,
TO MAINTAIN **KLEENEX** QUALITY
IN EVERY PARTICULAR!



**VITTLES
FOR
VICTORY**

No more
stained
dish towels
at canning time
since I wipe the top of each filled
jar with clean, absorbent **KLEENEX**!

(From a letter by C. F. C., Prineville, Ore.)

**WHO CAN FORGET DELSEY?
—SOFT LIKE KLEENEX**

Hope there'll be
no shortages
after the war



(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

sure a trap of some kind awaits her, but
what can she do but accept? She knows
that another event, too, is scheduled for
Thursday night—a Commando raid on
the German oil tanks near the town.

There's a fast, thrilling climax that will
have your pulse doing a jitterbug routine.
Merle Oberon gives a strong performance
as Nicole, and you'll fall in love with
Brian all over again.—Col.

P. S.

The 300-man task force performing
future Commando tactics in the film
was made up of French-Canadians and
Irish Fusiliers. The action required was
excellent combat training, because the
men had to do the same things over and
over again until the director got a per-
fect take. Especially valuable were the
repeated maneuvers during the landing
of troops and Bren gun carriers . . . Merle
Oberon is godmother to His Majesty's
Submarine Oberon. Her picture hangs in
the mess hall of the huge submersible,
and she, in turn, has pictures of its crew
hanging in her dressing room . . . During
production, the cast and crew tossed a
surprise birthday party for Merle and
brought her hard-to-get coffee, sugar
and eggs. Everyone had been saving
part of his own small supply to give to
her . . . Brian Aherne spent all his spare
time at his ranch near Indio, California,
taking care of his hogs. He has 20, but
don't bother writing to him for pork
chops. Federal regulations forbid him
from slaughtering any of the animals for
meat.

**THE PRODIGAL'S
MOTHER**

Let's suppose you've had a fight with
your boy friend, a college freshman. You
want to tell him you're sorry, before he
does anything crazy, so you climb up
the fire escape of the boys' dormitory.
You open the window and climb in and
say "Danny!" Somebody stirs, and you
gasp! Because it isn't your boy friend
at all. It's a sweet little lady with white
hair! That's what happens to pretty
Lucy Stanton (Dorothy Morris) in "The
Prodigal's Mother."

There is, of course, a reason for the
old lady's being there. For one thing, it
isn't Danny's room—his is the next flight
up. For another, she lives there. The
dormitory used to be a hotel, and Mrs.
Freeman owned her suite. When it
was taken over by the University, she
refused to move out. Many years be-
fore, her son Danny had left home. She's
sure that some day he'll come back, and
she's going to be there waiting.

She is startled by Lucy's uncere-
monious entrance, but even more star-
tled to learn that in the room above is a
freshman named Dan Freeman. She
can't help feeling that perhaps he's her
Danny's son. When she sees him she is
sure of it, but she doesn't tell him so.

Dan (John Craven) likes the old lady
immediately, and she suggests demurely
that since they have the same last name,
he adopt her as a temporary "grand-
mother." She helps him with his studies
and eventually maneuvers a wedding for
him and Lucy in spite of Lucy's family

FREE OFFER!

How'd you like the mailman to bring you a nice fat copy of **SCREEN ROMANCES**, **MODERN SCREEN'S** sister magazine, just packed with exciting fictionizations of new films? Sure you would. Just fill out the questionnaire below, mail it in no later than July 15. First 500 entries get a free copy!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our August issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

Ingrid Bergman	<input type="checkbox"/>	"Miss Measles, 1943" (Betty Grable)	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Truth About Linda's Marriage (Darnell)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Alan's New Girl! (Alan Ladd)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Army Wife (Dottie Lamour)	<input type="checkbox"/>	His Heart Belongs to Hedy (Lamarr)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Your Handwriting and You!	<input type="checkbox"/>	Gentleman Bob (Bob Taylor)	<input type="checkbox"/>
"For Whom the Bell Tolls"	<input type="checkbox"/>	Good News	<input type="checkbox"/>
Murder! She Says (Betty Hutton)	<input type="checkbox"/>		

Which one of the above did you like the LEAST?

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference

What 3 band leaders would you like to read about? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference

My name is

My address City State

I am years of age.

**ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.**

opposition. The day is approaching when Dan's father and mother are to come and visit him. From here on things move to a startling climax, as you'll discover when you see the picture.

John Craven who deserted Broadway recently for the movies turns in a fine performance as Dan, and there couldn't be a prettier Lucy than Dorothy Morris. But it's Mabel Paige as Mrs. Freeman who'll steal your heart away.—Rep.

P. S.

An entire elevator was constructed on one of Republic's sound stages, and all the scenes in it were completed without once having anyone get stuck between floors. . . John Craven is the son of the famous actor, Frank Craven. . . One of the biggest scenes in the film takes place around a Christmas tree. The day they shot it, in April, one of the electricians was called to the phone and told his son had just walked in, at home, after being at Guadalcanal for months. The cast insisted he take the tree home and hold a belated Christmas party for the young Marine.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was in the powder room of the Hotel Astor when a very beautiful girl entered and struck up a conversation with me. Later, when we returned to our tables, she introduced me to her escort, and I started to introduce her to mine but realized I didn't know her name. Laughing, she told me, "Turner's the name. Lana Turner."

Mary Shelko
New York, N. Y.

HI DIDDLE DIDDLE

Martha Scott is young and lovely, and it's high time she had a fling at being a glamour girl. She gets her chance in "Hi Diddle Diddle" and, believe me, she makes the most of it. She plays Janie Prescott, a café society beauty who's engaged to a sailor.

You know how sailors are—a smile for every girl, and a girl in every port. Janie thinks Sonny (Dennis O'Keefe) is different. But she begins to have her doubts when he's late to the wedding, and from then on Sonny gets farther behind the eight ball with every reel. He and Janie get married all right, but his father, Colonel Phylfe (Adolphe Menjou) involves him in so many plots and counterplots that he has no time for a honeymoon. Sonny only has forty-eight hours' leave, anyway, and here it is vanishing, with Jane still a wife in name only. Meanwhile she's beginning to suspect him of an affair with a night club entertainer (June Havoc).

Colonel Phylfe has married a temperamental opera singer (Pola Negri) while Sonny was at sea. The colonel tries to keep her from knowing he has a grown son, let alone a daughter-in-law. Result: Janie is suspected of being her father-in-law's girl friend. It's all a little complicated, and made more so by Janie's mother, Mrs. Prescott. You'll understand why when I tell you that she is played by Billie Burke.

Dennis O'Keefe is exuberant, as usual, and Pola Negri stages a comeback as the opera singer. But the piece de resistance is definitely Martha Scott in a bathing suit.—U.A.

(Continued on page 18)

What to do with a Victory Garden

by BOB HOPE



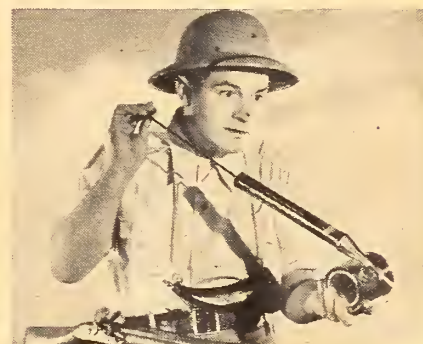
1. Mother Nature is really wonderful. For instance, suppose you want carrots. Well, you just drop a seed in the ground and in no time at all up comes a rabbit. Of course, if you want a bright, sparkling smile, some Pepsodent planted on your brush does wonders every time.



2. After your garden has started to grow, it's very important to use Pepsodent—the film removing tooth paste. This puts a bright gleam on your teeth . . . so if the sun doesn't come out one day, you can walk around with a big broad smile and shine on your vegetables.



4. Well, that's all. Just don't forget the tomatoes. I find the best way to remember them is to keep their phone numbers in a little book. You know, the same book you write in when you want to remember to buy Pepsodent . . . the only tooth paste containing Irium.



3. Watch out for pests. I'm not bothered with birds any more . . . since I tossed a tube of Pepsodent into their nest. Now they haven't time to do any damage—they're too busy brushing each other's teeth and singing, "Oh, it floats away film with the greatest of ease!"



How IRIUM in Pepsodent uncovers brighter teeth



Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dull and dingy. Film is what hides the true brightness of your smile.



This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles are clouded when commonplace methods fail to clean film away.



But look what Irium does to that film! It loosens and floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.



That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural, cheery brightness of your smile . . . safely and gently.

Co-ed

Let's make hay this summer!

You'll harvest an incredibly

vital crop of food and a

gorgeous, healthy time for yourself!



By Jean Kinhead

Summer was never like this, was it, chums? No guys, no gas, no fun, and weeks of it looming ahead. What to do with your bitter little self? Get a farm job, of course, and take it all out on the good earth. The United States Employment Service is jumping with jobs, and one of them's for you.

You won't make your first million at it, but you'll come up with a terrific figure, a tan like Rochester, and the moolah for your fall clothes. You'll work like the proverbial dog—don't think you won't. And you may not meet many dream men—the farmer's boy who was bronzed and beautiful was not 4-F. But you'll reek with health, and you will have fun. Here's the picture:

This year American farmers are expected to produce more than ever before. Besides the huge civilian population, there are millions of soldiers and sailors, and thousands of starving Allies to be fed. Ironically, there are between two and three million fewer farmers than in 1940. Secretary of Agriculture Wickard has devised a program to meet the crisis, and part of it involves the assistance of half a million high school students. Half of these or more will be girls, and the bewildered farmers don't know whether to cross their fingers or throw their

hats in the air. Confidentially, they're doing a bit of both! Quite a mob of people, then, is counting on you hill-millies.

"Who *me?*" we can hear you gasping. "I wouldn't know a weed from a broccoli." That's okay. You're not expected to. All you need is a disposition from angels, a good health record (we'd recommend a check-up at the doc's) and enough patriotism to carry you through that first 5 A.M. reveille and those fiendish blisters on your sissy paws. Armed with said ingredients and a month or two of time (even a weekend or a few days is not to be sneezed at), go to your local United States Employment Service Farm Bureau or to your community farm agency and apply. You'll be put either in the Volunteer Farm Corps (for high school students) or the United States Land Corps, depending on your status, and you'll be entitled to wear one of the elegant insignias.

You'll be called promptly, but there'll be time to round up your rural regalia. You'll need two or three pairs of dungarees or shorts, three or four shirts (and if you have seersucker ones, you'll be able to wash them yourself without the ogre of (Continued on page 72)

You'll wind his heart around your finger
With shining hair that makes eyes linger!



No other shampoo
leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!*



FOR PLAY IN THE SUN—make your own "halter" from two huge bandanas. Knot them together behind your neck, criss-cross in front, then tie in back at waistline. Be sure your hairdo is in keeping—simple, practical, like this lovely, new "upsweep"! Hair shampooed with Special Drene.

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap,
yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Your glamour rates sky-high with a man when your hair has that lustrous, shining "live" look! But dull, dingy hair takes so much from your allure.

So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of lustre!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange... right after shampooing!

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.



*Soap film
dulls lustre—
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

FREE CHARTS

SUPER COUPON

● How's your blood pressure? Can you stand a *terrific* bit of news? Listen! From now on, every chart but Horoscope and the Super Star Information Chart will be given away FREE. How's that for "something-for-nothing"? Delicious, isn't it? Whiz through the following directions, study the brain-stormy charts below (this month's new one is starred), and then reach for a pencil. Ready?

1. CHECK the boxes opposite the charts you want.
2. SEND NO MONEY for any of the charts *except* the individual Horoscope analysis and the Super-Star Information Chart.
3. HOROSCOPE and SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART: If you want either of these charts, enclose 10c in either stamps or coins.
4. THREE CHARTS is all we can afford to enclose in one envelope. To get them send us one LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.
5. MORE THAN 3 CHARTS! If you want 4, 5 or 6 charts, send two stamped, self-addressed envelopes; for 7, 8 or 9 charts send us three envelopes, and so on.

ADDRESS: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

***Co-ed Beauty Chart No. 3.....** ☐

The third of our seasonal charts, guiding you toward sun-bronzed beauty, away from parched skin, streaky hair, peeling nose. Looking fall-ward, too, to a blessed Indian summer without fading sun-tan and undisciplined figure.

Don't Throw It Away..... ☐

How to save and salvage not only for the government but for YOU. Care of your precious clothes and shoes... Mom's furniture, rugs and assorted treasures. This one's an absolute "must" for wartime living.

How to Write a Love Letter..... ☐

How to keep your letters glowing, varied, exciting... how to bridge the miles between you... what to emphasize and what to avoid.

Your Individually Compiled Horoscope (10c)..... ☐

Your personality and life possibilities individually analyzed by the famous editor of "Horoscope," who'll be working from the chandelier if the stacks of requests mount much higher. Due to tremendous demand and the fact that this is a *personalized* service, we're forced to charge you 10c for it. Fill in your birthdate here. Year.....month.....day.....

How to Lose or Gain Weight..... ☐

Scientific as a test tube, but easy as apple pie to follow. Exercises and diets for whittling or building weight, eating your way to lustrous beauty and health.

Mind Your Manners..... ☐

Charm, poise and accepted etiquette used as tools to guide you from your first canteen meeting to the dizzying climax of a wedding on leave.

Co-ed Fashion Chart No. 3..... ☐

Summer fashions on a wartime shoestring. Where and how to buy.

Super-Star Information Chart (10c)..... ☐

A three-in-one affair, combining our former address chart, western stars and star data.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

P. S.

Adolphe Menjou spent all his spare time brushing up on Russian, one of the many languages he speaks fluently... Billie Burke, Dennis O'Keefe and Menjou spent all their spare time entertaining the American and Australian soldiers who came to visit the sets... Negri and Menjou staged a reunion luncheon the first day they worked together. Last time they met was in 1928, when both were acting in an Ernst Lubitsch production.

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO

Egypt, which used to mean just Cleopatra and the Sphinx, has suddenly become important to all of us. Rommel, the desert fox, is well known—and well hated. In Paramount's exciting desert drama, Von Stroheim is Rommel. It took a second World War to bring Erich back to the screen, as smoothly sinister as ever. He plays Field Marshal Rommel with a biting, effective irony.

The star of the picture is Franchot Tone, as the young British corporal, Bramble. This is Franchot at his best, which is very good indeed. Bramble is in the tank corps, but he is left behind during a retreat. He stumbles into a desert hotel, run by friendly Farid (Akim Tamiroff), and before you can say Sidi Halfaya, he is disguised as a club-footed waiter. Rommel and his staff take over the hotel, and they eye the waiter and his club foot carefully. Then they start asking him questions like "Have you anything new to report on the five graves?" It sounds like double talk to Bramble, but he stays deadpan and gives a noncommittal answer that gets him by for the moment. However, it's disconcertingly obvious that the dead waiter whose identity he has assumed was a German spy.

The French chambermaid, Mouche (Anne Baxter), is at first all for handing Bramble over to the Germans. As she gets to know both him and the hotel's new occupants better, her feelings go into reverse, and she decides to help him.

Bramble is determined to find out what the "five graves" are. He thinks they're important, and he's right—the success or failure of Rommel's advance depends on them. I won't tell you the secret because that's a discovery you'll want to make for yourself. But in the end there is a sixth grave to Cairo, and Bramble, now a lieutenant, stands before it, saluting.

Nice casting in this. Anne Baxter plays Mouche with vibrant intensity, and Tamiroff affords just enough comic relief.—Par.

P. S.

Major General Walton H. Walker's command, the Fourth Armored Corps and Desert Training Corps, cooperated in the filming of the tank battle scenes... Erich Von Stroheim supervised the designing of the uniform he wears as Field Marshal Erwin Rommel. The candid camera Von Stroheim carried was the result of his own research reading on Rommel, an avid camera fan... This is Anne Baxter's eighth picture, and she uses the same French accent she made a hit with in "The Pied Piper." She had only three costume changes in the entire film, a cotton dress, a cotton skirt, plus blouse, and a \$2.06 nightgown... Franchot Tone returns to pictures after a long absence via this one. Wore a club foot disguise, a shoe with a four-inch sole weighing five pounds. Could wear it only 15 minutes at a time during the five weeks he had to work with it.

You'll win Smoother, softer Skin— on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Actual skin tests prove it!

Don't *you* want the charm of a fresher, more satin-smooth complexion? Then—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Proof of Camay's beauty benefits! Actual tests—supervised by skin specialists—show that the Camay Mild-Soap Diet helps soften and clear the skin—*of most women!* Yes—MILD Camay cleanses without irritation...

leaves skin fresher, smoother...day-by-day!

Tonight, change to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet...to proper, *mild* cleansing! So soon—enchanting new loveliness comes to you!

"Try my skin care—Mild Camay,"

says Mrs. Thomas Allen Smith, of Larchmont, N. Y.

"I made my own test of the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. And my!—how much clearer and more velvety my skin seems."



—THE MILDEST EVER!

Take just 2 minutes a day—
on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

Skin feels so velvety-smooth. Looks fresher, clearer day-by-day! One quick minute with Camay—night and morning—does it!



Smooth Camay's fragrant lather over face—nose, chin. Rinse warm. Add a cold splash for oily skins. Apply cream if you like.

SAVE for WAR!
Camay "Soap-Savers"

for More MILD-SOAP
cleansings from every cake!



Keep your Camay dry!
After lathering—put
Camay back in DRY
soap-dish! Wet soap-
dishes waste soap.



Use Every Sliver!
Make a bathmit from
an old washcloth. Put
Camay slivers inside.
Grand for lather!



ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR
PRESENT DEODORANT?
TEST IT! PUT IT
UNDER THIS ARM...

PUT FRESH, THE NEW
DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM,
UNDER THIS ARM! SEE
WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION—
PREVENTS ODOR BETTER!



Use
FRESH
and stay
fresher!

• See how effectively Fresh #2 stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty or greasy. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that Fresh #2 is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.



Three sizes
50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW! DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR

LET'S look at it this way. You're doing all right, now. You still have your home life. You still have your job. Chances are you are making more money than you ever have before. Sure, you have a lot of worry. Taxes are terrific. Prices are high. Rationing is a nuisance.

But, so what? You're still well off. Better off than any average person in the world, outside of the U. S. A. Better off than a lot of your countrymen, too. How about those eager youngsters, giving up their futures? How about the older men with wives and children, now far from home. They are giving everything. What are *your* sacrifices, compared to theirs?

BUT, it's *your* war, too. Your money, your property, your savings, your insurance won't be worth a hoot—IF we lose. Ever think of that? Your money is awfully important *now*, though—to help win. Your government needs it, *urgently*.

So how about it? Buy those war bonds—buy them regularly, every pay day. Ten per cent should be your minimum—and a little extra now and then. After all, war bonds are the *best* investments you can make—an investment in your country's future. And don't forget—it's *your* future, too.



As you've noticed, MODERN SCREEN'S price has just jumped from a dime to 15c. Ever since I heard the bad news myself, I've been thinking of something cheerful to say about that extra nickel. I read a story once about a poet who got his best ideas while shaving. I tried that this morning. And cut myself!

So—to heck with being cheerful. Instead, I'll just say what's on my mind. The news that we had to up our price was a kick in the teeth to all of us. For a whole year, we've been the only important fan mag selling for a dime. We were proud of that fact!

Now, raising the price is like running up a flag of surrender. But there it is . . . the cost of living has caught up with us.

Roast beef is high. So is asparagus. And *printing*. I wouldn't give roast beef or asparagus another thought for the duration if it would help. But printing—where are we without printing?

For that matter, where would you be (I hope) without MODERN SCREEN? Are you going to let a contemptible little nickel break up our beautiful friendship?

See you next month!

Al Delacorte
EDITOR

P. S.—There's a marvellous surprise for you on page 18!



By Ida Zeitlin



Ingrid (here at 6 mos.) would tidy Dad's studio, save her 50c a week

At 5, Ingrid was sensitive; remained so. Blushes when she muffs a line.



Ingrid Bergman

**The scorn and laughter of her own family couldn't
kill the dream in a little girl's lonely heart . . .**



First two years of career, Ingrid made 11 Swedish films, starred in 9.

Her father was Ingrid's world. He was gaiety and warmth and shelter and understanding. His eyes would smile down at her from what seemed an enormous height. Sometimes there'd be a special look in them. "You have your mother's face, Ingrid." Then the look would be chased by laughter. "But I think you'll grow into a giant like your father." Her mother had died when Ingrid was two. She had no brothers nor sisters. But only after she lost her father did she learn loneliness.

He was one of a family of 14, most of whom had gone to America. In Stockholm, Ingrid had five cousins. She played with them sometimes but more often, if father wasn't around, she played alone. The friends she invented never made her feel awkward or tongue-tied, as real people did. They didn't tease, they weren't

rough, with them she could talk happily for hours, and they always said exactly the right thing back.

When Mother died, Aunt Ellen had come to live with them, to look after Ingrid and the apartment. Aunt Ellen was Father's sister, much older than he and much more serious. She loved Ingrid and adored her brother. Ingrid called her mama. She wanted to call someone mama, and Aunt Ellen seemed the logical candidate. Being called mama rather discomfited Aunt Ellen, who was *Miss Bergman* and held the conventions in proper esteem.

Father was a painter by choice, a merchant by necessity. As in all climes and ages, the painter's art brought meager financial returns. So he lived by photography and a shop where he sold cameras and camera equipment. He (Continued on following page)

Below, Swedish "Intermezza," film that brought Ingrid here. Now, when a new movie's adapted from navel, Ingrid reads book 3 or 4 times, covers margin with scribbled notes.



Swedish critics called Ingrid "a natural" after seeing her in "Only One Night" (above). In current pic, "Saratoga Trunk," she's black-wigged, fiery.

Ingrid Bergman

(CONTINUED)



Swedes starred Bergman in "A Woman's Face" years ago. With Maria hair-da still growing in, Ingrid feels like a shaggy sheep dog, covers her mop with 'kerchief.



Ingrid (above with Leslie Howard in H'wood's "Intermezza") slaved 52 days straight in "Saratoga Trunk," was finally bedded with laryngitis. Pia, 4, has na accent, lords it over Mam who has!

was forever taking pictures of Ingrid, a most willing subject who loved nothing better than to pose. He'd take her with Aunt Ellen's spectacles slipping down her nose or his own hat perched on her head or toggled out like a lady in clothes her mother had worn.

She couldn't remember when this dressing-up business had started. It went back beyond the dawn of consciousness. She'd dream up little stories and act them out, dance to her own reflection in the mirror, learn poetry by heart before she could read. After learning to read, she'd memorize whole plays and put them on—a grave, fair-haired child, doing all the parts from ingenues to ancients, content to be her own cast and audience, applauding herself, then taking a stately bow. It was her best-loved pastime.

Next to Ingrid and painting, Father loved music. He had a beautiful voice and sang with a famous chorus in Sweden. Once he went with the chorus on a tour of America. At first she thought she couldn't bear his being away, till he explained how badly he wanted to see his brothers and sisters in that faraway land, and that this trip would be like a gift from her if she'd be brave and cheerful. Then it became easier. And easier still after the postcards started—showers of postcards from all over America. One was so lovely—a picture of orange trees with people picking the fruit. "Some day you will come here to California," Father wrote, "and pick yourself an orange."

Because of his passion for music, she began very early to take singing and piano lessons. She couldn't honestly say she cared much about them. But to please Father, she would have endured worse. School was far

worse. She loathed it from the start. Like a small animal surrounded by enemies, she sat tense and quivering, utterly defenseless against she knew not what terrors. When the teacher asked a question, even though she knew the answer, she couldn't give it. Her voice stuck in her throat.

She grew used to it after a while and refused to leave, though Father said she might. Most parents would have insisted on school. Not Father. "It must be dreadful. Why don't you quit? You can have lessons at home, and that will give you more time for your singing." But *(Continued on following page)*

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" flung Bergman into first hussy role. Though spouse Peter's in California now, she's doggedly finishing hefty woolen sweater meant for his icy winters in Rochester.



Ruth Roberts (extreme right) was Ingrid's first Eng. coach, still harasses her about her i's and y's. But Ingrid flies through books faster than teacher, can cut through two an evening.



Between-scene strategy on "Casablanca" set, with H. Bogart and Ingrid tracing war on wall-sized maps! Ingrid clicks radio on at home before daffing hat!



First time Selznick called Sweden to talk to Ingrid, he was told Miss Bergman was busy. Later learned she was having baby! Selznick's girl Friday, sent abroad later to sign Swedish star, was amazed to find apple-cheeked, teen-ish looking girl.

Ingrid Bergman

(CONTINUED)

Ingrid was too young for such liberal views. All children went to school. She must go, too.

Opera was Father's delight. When Ingrid was old enough, he took her to "Haensel and Gretel." She sat through it politely, but it didn't really speak to her heart. Unwilling to hurt Father, she could tell him with truth that the music was beautiful. But the people, she thought privately, looked pretty silly.

One night he took her to the theater. By now she'd met many plays in books, and she'd heard of the theater, yet she never associated the two. Theater was a word, as opera had been a word before she saw "Haensel and Gretel."

The curtain went up. Not knowing what to expect, she couldn't at first believe her senses. These grown-up people seemed to be doing what she had been doing all these years for fun. For two hours she hung, transported, from the edge of her seat. When it was over, and Father touched her arm, she saw him through a haze. Her pulses throbbed and her brain was a tumult. This was something to be taken seriously, then.

Not a game for children, but something you could do in the world. She knew that one day she'd have to do something in the world. Father wanted her to sing. But if she could act! If all her life she could play this wonderful game!

"That's what I want, Father," she babbled on the way home. "That's where I want to go, that's what I want to do."

He smiled. He didn't say yes or no, just smiled. At 11, children want to be all kinds of things—pirates, policemen, fairy princesses. He continued to smile at her persistence through the months that followed. Sometimes he'd say, "It would be much nicer if you sang." Once he said, "We'll see." But mostly he was amused. Not Aunt Ellen, though. Aunt Ellen was shocked to the core. "An actress! Justus, you shouldn't even let her say such things!"

Justus Bergman died when his daughter was 12, and for a time her life ended with his. She went through the listless motions of living, but they made no sense. Houses and people and (Continued on page 28)



Cameraman Bob Caburn and Gary Cooper rade Ingrid on her chain gum-chewing, madness for Rocky Road ice cream (chocolate, marshmallow, nut affair). Ingrid's just learning tennis, spends Sundays 'twixt that and Swedish-language papers.



At Stage Door Canteen, she divvied last Pepsi with seamen from Texas and Scotland. Thought the swing stuff was solid but also takes symphony in large hunks.



At Ciro's, Ingrid filled Cedric Gibbons with stories of Pia's 4th birthday, how package arrived from Stockholm after 4 months, how it contained dress worn by 6 generations of Bergman tykes, how Ingrid had worn it on her own 4th birthday.



Ingrid's dad gave her stuffed cat once when she was very, very good. She's never let it out of sight since.

Lunching with our Ida Zeitlin, Bergman said she and Peter were mad for winter sports loved swimming together; she always talks Eng. to him, tho he answers in Swedish. Never uses perfume, sleeps in plainest Irish linen gowns, keeps hair softly permanented.



Ingrid Bergman (CONTINUED)

everything that had been real turned into husks. Like the poet who wrote those unforgettable lines, Ingrid was a stranger, afraid in a world she never made.

Little by little she learned to look desolation in the face, to adjust herself to that strange new world. She and Aunt Ellen moved to another apartment. Father was gone. There was nothing left but acting. Turning back to her plays and poems, she found that they still had power to absorb her and, by so much, to ease the clamor of her grief. Straight from school she rushed to their solace, as one might rush into protecting arms. Aunt Ellen wept, pleaded with her to give it up.

"The stage," cried Aunt Ellen, "is not for respectable girls. It's a dreadful, a dangerous life. Put your books away, child. Stop this eternal reading." You might as well have asked the wind to stop blowing.

Six months later Aunt Ellen died in the night of a heart attack. Ingrid went to live with her father's brother and his wife and the five young cousins.

The cousins regarded her as an oddity. "Hello," said their eyes, "here's something a little old-fashioned." They brimmed with good will at first, because she was a guest and bereaved. But their animal spirits presently took the upper hand. As (Continued on page 86)



Ingrid budgets points and vitamins with cook each morning, markets herself when she can sneak the time, can't resist corn on the cob.

MELISSE GOES TO PARAMOUNT SHOWS



Everything's going to be *Dixie* this summer. 'Cause "DIXIE" is the most wonderful musical Paramount has ever "mused." Bing looks simply super in Technicolor (his first appearance), Dotty's divine as a glamour girl of the old South, and I loved the romantic story of how that glorious song "Dixie" was born.



Bing sings some of his five solid song hits into the adorable ear of Marjorie Reynolds—you know, the blonde lovely of "Holiday Inn." It's a three-some romance—if you know what I mean. I won't tell you who wins, but gosh what those girls go through. Tsk-tsk!

PARAMOUNT'S GREAT NEW MUSICAL

in Technicolor!



And those costumes! One of Dotty's was so beautifully billowy, she had to sit on two chairs in the studio commissary.



Where there's smoke there's Bing! And the fires he starts with his favorite pipe, and his stunning minstrel shows, are in most beautiful Technicolor!... It's gay down South in "Dixie."

Things you hear around the Paramount Lot... "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL" is nearly finished and it looks grand. "FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO" and "CHINA" are drawing tremendous crowds all around the country... And I've just dashed off my acceptance of Paramount's precious invitation to the World Premiere of "FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS!"

MELISSE



with **BING CROSBY** and **DOROTHY LAMOUR**



and **MARJORIE REYNOLDS** • **BILLY DE WOLFE** • **LYNNE OVERMAN** • **RAYMOND WALBURN** • **EDDIE FOY, JR.**

Directed by A. Edward Sutherland • Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware
Adaptation by Claude Binyon • A Paramount Picture

By Marcia Daughtrey

ALAN'S new girl!

When Alana checked in, Pvt. Ladd checked

out, with a temperature of 103! Three days

later, he was sending home house-sized

presents, palming cigars off on half his Co.!



To add to general commotion, the Ladd cook came down with German measles the day Alan brought home new Mom and daughter. Pride and joy weighed in at 8 lbs., 11 oz., April 22nd.



Ladd's had baby scheduled for 1st anniversary but production lagged. They've zealously taken up amateur photography, are particularly proud of pic. above, of Sue and Alana at 4 wks.!

Private Alan Ladd had been ordered to report to Camp Callen, near San Diego, to appear on a Bob Hope broadcast being done before the men in that center.

As the drive is a long one to take alone, he made arrangements to meet Bob and Mrs. Hope at Capistrano, a midway point, where they planned to have dinner together, talk over news from the Paramount lot where Bob was working in "Let's Face It," and proceed to San Diego in a body.

After dinner, the party emerged from the restaurant and started to get into Bob's sedan. "I locked my door on the inside," Mrs. Hope said, being helpful.

"So did I," grunted (Continued on page 57)

Alan scorned double for 20-ft. dive in "China." Despite two flu attacks before, he dunked in ditch for days, escaped even sniffles. Above, at broadcast.





Your handwriting



THE PARTY-GOER: Big, sprawly, uneven letters.



THE ALOOF TYPE: Rounded, vertical letters.

It's easy as tick-tack-toe! A few cinchy rules.

*a couple minutes to spare—you can ferret out
secrets of your personality and your fellah's!*

Here's how, with H'wood stars for guinea pigs.

Maybe your last letter from your favorite Sergeant was hacked up a touch by the censor, and you're just about nuts for some information about him. Is he well? Is he terribly lonely? Does he love you? I'll show you how to fox the censor without in the least bit alienating Uncle Sam. Read his handwriting—and there is a sensible, scientific method that is easy to learn and gorgeously accurate! What could be more utterly the answer to a maiden's prayer?

Or a guy's for that matter? Remember that cute little trick you met on your last furlough, soldier? There wasn't really time to find out all you wanted to about her, but you could learn to know her better through her letters!

To make this more fun, let's learn this science of reading character from handwriting by studying the scribblings of some of your favorite movie stars.

Gals, does that jaunty flyer of yours write like George Montgomery? I think not, but don't let it

and you!



THE HEPCAT: Long, full, lower loops.



THE ARTY TYPE: Circular i dots.

By Shirley Spencer

get you. He wouldn't make too plush a pilot if he had George's large, sprawling script. There's a very

George Montgomery

special style of writing used by boys born to fly. It is small, cramped and neither beautiful nor legible. Maybe you've had all sorts of trouble trying to decipher the stuff. Very likely you've even been heckling the poor joe about it. Well, this should hold you. Said scrawl shows the quick, flexible, technical and versatile mind that a flyer needs when he's playing around in God's attic. You'll notice that his writing is tense, angular and modest, very much like himself. Don't think he doesn't care if his letters are nonchalant, brief and noncommittal. That's the way with those birds—just remember, real heroes never did have much to say. But, mind you, they *think* a lot!

Getting back to George, as we've seen, the sky is

obviously not for him. (He's a buck private now, hunting around for a niche where he can use his fabulous collection of languages to some advantage.) His big, uneven letters—like Betty Grable's—show a

Betty Grable

lack of concentration. Those two have to be physically active to be at their best. They're emotional and restless, and what they don't crave is solitude. Take the Montgomery lad . . . He went home to Montana last Christmas, expecting to trot around to all the old haunts, give the girls a whirl, see every last one of his cronies—and what happens? He's bedded with grippe. Rest and plenty of it were the doc's orders. George said okay, okay. Anything to get the doctor off the premises, whereupon he hung on the phone till he'd gotten hold of practically the whole town. They came over in shifts (Continued on page 79)

HIS HEART BELONGS

By Rosemary Layng



During engagement to 43-year-old Loder, Hedy said, "We've been going together for several months. Why wait till doomsday?" They're both devoted workers at Hollywood Conteen.



Never having ridden in her life, Hedy was first taken in hand by Geo. Montgomery who taught her Western saddle. Then Loder, ex-British officer, came along and insisted she ditch it for Eng. saddle!



Hedy regularly holds open house for service men. While working in "Heavenly Body," her M-G-M dressing room was exact duplicate of her own bedroom at home!

TO HEDY

He's a very busy man, this Jamesy

. . . busy courting his adopted

*Mom with "dandelions," fighting bears
in bushes and injuns big as trees!*

His name was Jamesy; he was four; he was a very busy man. It was early morning with the dew still heavy on the grass, so he lifted his feet carefully and stepped along the path, picking flowers. Two days before he had picked a beautiful bouquet, but when he presented it, his mother shook her head in disapproval. "Those were baby plants, and you've pulled them out by the roots," she explained. "Don't you think it would be nice, after this, to let the little plants grow up so they would have twice as many flowers?"

He had agreed with this logical suggestion. Now he was being colossally careful to select only those flowers with a mature expression.

His fist turned vase for the blossoms, he trudged back into the house and (Continued on page 91)







Little red-headed Danny Reilly, in "Dixie," is Dot's secretary's son. Loftest note to D. from sailor asked for pictures of her with PINS, for pin-up purposes.

Murder: When Bing, after coal-stoking scene in "Dixie," planted smudgy smack on Dottie's fresh-scrubbed face. Dot wanted no enqagement rina from her capt..



Dorothy's been wanting to do movie about waitress who becomes elevator operator, finally movie star (Lamour's own life). Above with Red Skelton on radio show.

By Farral Danton

Army Wife

All your rules go up the spout when a girl like Lamour falls in love. Imagine marrying a guy who bans orchids and umbrella-ish hats; even skips the diamond!

A Paramount studio workman hurried to a certain dressing room in Star Alley and lifted a name plate from a certain door. He carried the plate to the paint shop where it was given a fresh coat of white. Over this, black letters were inscribed: Having obliterated the name "Dorothy Lamour," a new name came to view: "Mrs. William Ross Howard, III."

Out in San Bernardino where one of the Army Air Depots is located, a certain captain parked his car. A nearby urchin, having read the local papers, yelled, "Hey, aren't you Dorothy Lamour's husband?"

The answer came back pleasantly but firmly. "No. Dorothy Lamour is my wife."

Those two incidents really (Continued on page 77)



1. In hills Robt. Jordan, American prof., (G. Cooper) joined Pablo (A. Tomiraff), Maria (I. Bergman) and Spanish Loyalist guerrillas.



2. "No time for women," thought Robt., "yet, how beautiful she is!" Fiery Pilar, head of band, (K. Paxinou) looks on knowingly.



3. Robt. lays plans to blow bridge. Nothing else matters. Cocking their guns, he, Maria and band prepare to repel Rebel planes.



7. "And tomorrow?" asked Maria. But Robert's mind was on tonight, on Maria. "I'll let my hair grow. I'll be beautiful for you," she said.



8. Robt. waited, tense. The Rebel sentries must be shot before the bridge could be blown. Pilar and others hidden nearby waited, too.

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"

There was death on Robert Jordan's brief schedule. And love. Read how he met both in this most poignant love story of our time!

By MARIS MacCULLERS and KAY HARDY



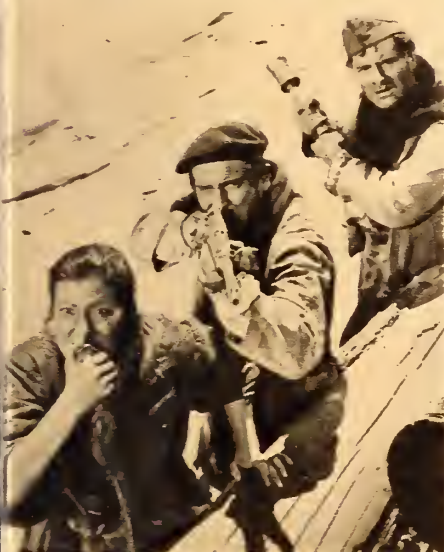
4. Pilar calls husband Pablo a coward because he's insisted that Robert's plan would cause Rebels to hunt them in hills and kill them.



5. Maria spoke of the violence and torture behind her. "When this is over, we'll go home," Robt. said. "You'll be my wife, little rabbit."



6. As Maria talked, Robert could see the horror of that day . . . how Loyalists won town, took vengeance on Rebels with knives and clubs.



9. Pilar and her men diverted the Rebels, killing as many as possible while Robert crept silently toward the bridge to plant the dynamite.



10. He worked deftly, swiftly. In a moment the bridge would rip apart. A second's delay and he'd be crushed, with Rebels, under steel.



11. Escaping, Robt. is shot. He insists others leave and take sobbing Maria. He will stay, pick off a few more Rebels while he can.

STORY

After the long climb, he was tired; he could feel it in the stiffness of his legs and in the muscles of his back where the rucksack lay heavily, slung against the brace of his shoulders. He stopped and the old man ahead of him knew immediately that he had stopped and turned toward him.

"I will carry it from here," said the old man, Anselmo. "It is not much farther."

The young man, whose name was Robert Jordan, slipped the straps of the rucksack from his shoulders. "No," he said. "I will be only a moment."

"I will go ahead," said Anselmo. "I will tell them you are coming. It is not very far." (Continued on page 94)

PRODUCTION

Author Ernest Hemingway exchanged the rights to his best selling novel for a six-figure certified check from Paramount. The date was October 25, 1940, and Hemingway announced at that time that Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman were his choice for the leads. Took almost two years of high-powered juggling to make his wish come true. Both Bergman and Cooper had other contracts and commitments to fulfill before they were free to take the "Jordan" and "Maria" roles.

Before filming began, Producer-director Sam Wood and production designer William Cameron Menzies scouted the country, looking for location sites. Sun Valley was considered. So (Continued on page 101)



By Struthers Holt

"Miss Measles, 1943"

That's what a sick bay full of feverish dough-

boys called Betty Grable. But Betty was in

a hospital bed for a far more serious reason!

● All through "Coney Island," Betty's side had bothered her. Last year she went to the hospital for treatment of an infected gland. The inflammation had been relieved, but the doctor had said that some day the gland might have to come out. Betty's the kind who hates to give up. "Oh, it doesn't amount to anything. Mother. I'll be all right in the morning."

From "Coney Island" she went into "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." Mrs. Grable didn't say much. She's one mother who refrains from minding her daughter's business. Nagging's not in her line. Only when the time comes to put (Continued on page 83)



During production of "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," Betty's stand-in, Angelina Blue, was out ill for several days. Her substitute, Virginia Moples, is one of George Raft's current distractions! Above B. with Director Irving Cummings.



En route to N.Y. Betty frankly told on admiring press she planned to see Harry James. Said she was his first fan wov back when!



Was on Mail Coll oirng with Groucho Marx. All H'wood's talking about how Raft and Ann Sheridan discovered each other at fights!



Recently made Lt. Col. at Fort Bragg, she's unlike fellow officers in military profession—she gains weight while working!



Day after wedding Ann Miller and her mom gave reception in their home for 80 friends and relatives of newlyweds. Tiered wedding cake was topped by candy bride and sergeant groom!

The cynics were wrong about Linda's husband. Because they had only the bones of the story to work with. Here's its heart!



Cherished third party in household, Larry the canary, was loaned as morale-builder months ago when Linda was suffering from impacted wisdom tooth. Linda prays owner never shows up to claim him!

By Kaaren Pieck

The truth about Linda's marriage

Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

All the papers said was that Linda Darnell, movie star, 19, had been married to Peverell Marley, cameraman, 40-odd. And people said what they generally say on such occasions. Tsk-tsk, they said, and youth ought to mate with youth, and why on earth should a girl with the world at her feet—? Because, of course, every movie star has the world at her feet. And it wasn't as though Linda'd been just another pretty girl. Linda was a queen; Linda had the kind of face poets dream about. What was her hurry, anyway? She was only 19.

That's what they said. But all their pet arguments added up to the wrong number.

From the day she met him, Linda had a special feeling for Pev. Not (Continued on page 99)



She never calls him Pev, always proudly says, "My husband." On day off from set of "The Girls He Left Behind," she visited wounded soldiers in San Francisco's Letterman Hospital.



Wedding trip was postponed till Master Sgt. Pev's furlough. Honey-moon apartment's furnished except for radio, records, books. Maid comes twice weekly; other days Linda cooks, cleans, makes twin beds.



House is littered with sketches and busts she's done of him in past 4 years. Altho he's over age, he's staying in Army making service films for Army Air Forces, First Motion Picture Unit.

CANDIDLY YOURS

*Scotty's candid camera exposure of the
stars . . . where they go, what they wear,
whom they date on the night shift!*



Cary Grant at Brown Derby with Diono and Bill Powell just back from Palm Springs, where he's been lolling for several weeks. With his son in Marines, they plan to adopt a French refugee child.



After Paul Henreid roved about his colored maid to the press, her fan mail from Negro soldiers out-soared his own! Above, at Veloz and Yolando opening at Ciro's with Solly De Morco of famed dance team.



Not a soul spotted Lona Turner and Steve Crane night they went to the circus, because of her new dark hair! Even *she* couldn't get Steve and 2 captains past rigid M.G.M. commissary rules.



Weekend before Glenn Ford left for Marine Officers' Training, Quantico, Va., he concentrated on Ellie Powell, gave her another sparkler to remember him by.



Corole Londis' one consolation, with her new husband in London is his faithful correspondence and their good luck in getting letters through regularly. Above, with John Garfield and Robert Paige.



After finishing his role of corporal in "This Is the Army," Lt. Ronald Reagan's back with the Air Forces. His mail's doubled since joining up; fans are clamoring for more of Jonie on the screen!



Remember the handsome Russian soldier in "Mission to Moscow"? He's Helmut Donfine, above, at Trocadero with Dolores Moran. It's no trumped-up story—he really did escape from the Nazis.



Annie Sheridan developed a sinus complication from "cornflake" snow on set of "Animal Kingdom" and was bedded a few days. Later helped Lt. Bruce Cobot celebrate winning his new gold bars.



Last March when Betty was voted best-dressed girl of the week, she was so proud she bought 100 clippings and lined her studio mirror with 'em! Above, on short-waved Command Performance with Rita Hayworth.



Feels as tho she's really arrived in "Morgan's Creek." In first 3 pics, she chased Eddie Bracken, but in this one he pursues her! Above, with Porter Hall and Eddie.



Plays the field, including ex-fiance Perc Westmore. Of all the glomour gals he met, Barbara Hutton's distinguished house guest, Turkish diplomat Chesky Pasha, was most impressed with Betty.

She's daft over jewels and furs, hamburgers

and skee ball—this Hutton gal. And as

for sailors, it's a case of mutual adoration!



Murder! She Says



By Jeanne Karr



Blande Blitz gets biggest fan mail at Par.—4,000 letters a week! When she promised to buy a home for her mam, Mrs. Hutton advised the mothers of America. "Roise your child to be an actress, then live in comfort."

The Huttons never starved. Mrs. Hutton always saw that Marion and Betty got something to eat somehow. If they couldn't have roller skates or orange juice in the morning or graduation dresses when they finished junior high, they did at least get food.

It was a near thing once. They'd just moved from Lansing to Detroit, where factory jobs were said to be more plentiful. Weeks passed, and Mrs. Hutton could get no work. They were down to their last can of pork and beans. Betty will never forget the sound of her mother's dragging feet nor the look on her

face as she came in. "You girls go ahead and eat," she said. "I'm not hungry."

It wasn't the first time Betty's nerves had screamed Murder! and it wouldn't be the last. She hated their poverty with a deep and desperate hatred, and her love for her mother was heightened by a fierce protectiveness. "Some day," she'd cry, "I'll buy you a car to ride in. Some day I'll buy you a silver fox down to the ground."

Marion was two years older, but without Betty's drive. "She's a dreamy girl. (Continued on page 73)



By Cynthia Miller

‘GENTLEMAN BOB’

***Barbara, scared blue on her first flight,
tossing him good luck medals, stowing away
presents for him. Those are the memories
that will follow Lt. Taylor into the Navy!***

Any day now, you are going to pick up your favorite magazine or newspaper and study the picture of a happy, happy man named Lt. (j.g.) Robert Taylor. At first you won't recognize him because of a certain decapitated air: Bob is determined to be the possessor of a G.I. haircut which will reduce his coiffeur to a mere five o'clock shadow. His mustache, too, is scheduled to fall victim to a clean shave.

He has a number of reasons for this plan, some of them secret, but probably the outstanding one is that he wants to get into uniform and into his new Naval Air Force job with a thoroughness and dedication that must start with his head and end only with his black No. 9's.

He doesn't know yet whether he will be given an instructor's job, or a spot in the ferrying division, but whichever it is, his duties will involve flying, and that is Bob's idea of heaven à la king.

Bob and a group of workers on the "Russia" set were spinning air yarns just before he left to report for active duty. (There were several delays in the filming because in one sequence a child's orchestra was used. Shooting had to cease for a certain period each day while the small symphony specialists were herded, *con spirito*, into an improvised school room and exposed to lessons, *con espressione*.)

"One thing I don't think any flyer ever forgets," Bob chuckled, "is his first solo. Gosh. . . I went up and came down okay, once. Then my teacher said I was to do it again."

He went up, circled, made his approach and—according to everything in the book and all his previous lessons—he should have made a nice smooth landing. However, he could see that his air speed (*Continued on page 75*)



On Bob's birthday, director surprised him with cake-and-coffee party. When draft call came in midst of "Russia," he packed, said good-by. But studio had him deferred till finis!



On May 14, he and Barbara celebrated their 4th anniversary and au revoir at giant party. At that time, it was rumored he'd go to Great Lakes Training Center within a week.



Kathryn Grayson



By Fredda Dudley

Sonja Henie's keeping house for hubby Morine Copt. Don Topping, in a tiny cottage at Loguna Beach, Calif., near his post. He's doing the cooking 'cause her studio bonned k.p. ever since time she burned herself!



Listen for Mickey's new song, "Lord, Give Me a Mon—Amen," introduced on his tour of desert Army camps—stiffest assignment in show business. Ex-wife Avo got her divorce in May.

GOOD NEWS

Bob Hope newest Gypsy Rose Lee rival!

Grable-James a combo. Ty Power made

Marine Looney. Sonja Henie's dog ice-skates!

He was wearing his air cadet's uniform, of course, so he had difficulty making his way across the lot because everyone stopped him for a few moments of cordial chatter. Studio Saturday mornings are rather leisurely periods despite the fact that picture-making goes on six days a week; there is a relaxed, holiday spirit in anticipation of Saturday night—Hollywood is still a small town in that respect—and Sunday.

When he finally reached the star's dressing room, he found a slim blonde character wearing a tattered coverall and a grimy face. "Hello, darling," said Bob Sterling. "You look wonderful."

"I'm about to be shot," said Ann Sothorn. "Or at least I think they're going to get to the execution shots today."

Bob had something other than the script problems of "Cry Havoc" on his mind and launched into a discussion. Things began to happen. Ann called for Maxine Thomas, her publicist; she sent for the hairdresser; she glowed and made plans (Continued on page 53)



GOOD NEWS

(CONTINUED)

and looked bewildered. She and Bob had decided, since they had already secured their license, to be married in Ventura on Sunday.

Maxine Thomas, composed and business-like, asked, "What will you wear, Ann?"

Ann's eyes widened and her smile matched. "I haven't given it a thought," she admitted, thereby establishing some sort of record for a bride.

However, when she emerged the next morning, she was wearing a two piece blue wool crepe suit. Bob, meeting her on the door step, observed, "Honey, you look beautiful."

"My suit isn't new," Ann said.

"A bride is supposed to wear something old," approved the bridegroom.

In several cars the wedding party set out for Ventura. They had covered perhaps half the distance when Bob uttered a roar. He had forgotten the license! So one of the cars turned back, secured the document and arrived in Ventura in time for a three o'clock ceremony instead of the originally scheduled two o'clock wedding.

Maxine Thomas checked the bride over before the service. Ann was wearing Something Old—her suit; Something New—her cyclamen gloves; Something borrowed—she secured a lace-edged handkerchief from Maxine; and Something Blue—her suit again.

It was a lucky thing that she borrowed the handkerchief because Ann wept quietly through the entire ceremony. A double-ring service was used, and she tried to place Bob's ring on the wrong finger. When the minister nodded to indicate that the time had arrived for the kiss to seal the vows, Bob took his new wife into his arms and held her for so long that the Reverend Mr. Theodore Henderson cleared his throat. "Ah, shall we—er—break it up?" he whispered. "There are a few more sentences to go."

Outside the church, an enormous group of fans had assembled. Someone conceived the idea of giving Bob a terrific military salute as he emerged with his bride. "It wouldn't be right," some authority piped up. "He's still a cadet. He won't be an officer for several weeks yet." So the bleachers compromised by waving enthusiastically and calling congratulations. "May all your troubles be little ones," shouted an approximate wit.

Ann had to return to work on Monday, and Bob's furlough was a brief one, but there will be time for a honeymoon later. Meanwhile, Ann and Bob Sterling are a pair of very joyous people. This is a good marriage, and your reporter is willing to predict that it will be permanent and eminently happy. Hear those bluebirds, people?

Baby Bulletins:

Brenda Marshall, like every other girl in the world, had always dreamed up miscellaneous scenes covering that moment when she should tell her husband that a newcomer was on the way. Now that the time had come, she learned that husband Bill Holden's leave had been postponed, and she had to tell him over the long distance wires. His reply was a yell of delight that reached Brenda without aid of the telephone.

In the midst of her happiness, Brenda had one small crumb of regret. She had just started work on her new 20th-Century Fox contract and will be able to complete only one picture, "The Night Is Ending," before her temporary retirement. Holden, Jr., is due in November. (Continued on following page)

Sweet Siren You!



When you wear your Exciting Alix-Styled Shade of the New Jergens Face Powder



YOUR ALIVE ALLURE!

A half-alive looking face is all wrong today. Fluff on new Jergens Face Powder and see your skin come to life! For Alix, famous designer and colorist, styled Jergens shades to give that gloriously young and *alive* tone to your skin.

YOUR VELVET-SKIN LOOK!

More manpower for you—and here's the reason: An exclusive process gives luscious Jergens Powder a different, *velvetized* texture. Makes your skin look gorgeously smoother, more flawless (helps hide tiny skin faults).

WHICH SHADE FOR YOU?

Naturelle—to give flower delicacy.

Peach Bloom—for that dewy, colorful look.

Rachel—a pearly, glamorous shade.

Brunette—vivid, alluring.

Dark Rachel—for that striking tawny look.

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The stormy Mario Montez and Pierre Aumont at Mocombo, M., hair 4 shades darker for pic, is queen of Univ. lot—rules from Dietrich's dressing room.



Joon Fontaine finished "Jone Eyre" same week she became a full-fledged American citizen. Straight-way put popers to use on trip across border to Mex.

GOOD NEWS CONTINUED

Five-year-old Maria Cooper came to her father with a problem. She had discovered a loosened baby tooth, and she thought something should be done about it.

Gary procured the traditional string and tied it to the tooth. Then he began to have qualms. "I think perhaps your mother should do this," he said, but Maria shook her head. "You."

"Perhaps we ought to take you to the dentist tomorrow," he decided. Maria still shook her head. "You."

The chap who has lived through cinematic Indian tortures, Northwest Mounted Police raids, Spanish wars and various other uncomfortable experiences, quailed before his task, but Maria was adamant.

Gary fastened the string to a door knob and closed the door with satisfactory results, but he was a shaken character for an hour afterward.

* * *

20th Century-Fox learned that it was going to become a godfather a second time when Gene Tierney announced from Junction City, Kansas—which is near Fort Riley where her husband, Oleg Cassini, is stationed—that she was busy knitting blue booties. The wearer of same will make an appearance in October.

* * *

By the time you read this, Frances Neal and Van Heflin will be singing lullabies. Whether the newcomer turns out to be a boy or a girl makes no difference to Van, so long as the youngster has the excellent taste to have red hair like Mommy's. For Mother's Day, Van gave Frances a lapel pin, fashioned in the form of a pair of triangular slacks (high fashion for babies since the world began) from which dangled a pair of tiny baby shoes. In cloisonné it is inscribed "The Three Of Us . . ."

* * *

Lana Turner's hair is blonde again because Stephen Crane prefers it that way. Steve also hopes he's the father of a girl and that she, too, will be a blondie.

Spookiest of Orson Welles' magician acts at Army camps is whisking Rita Hayworth off into thin air before their very eyes! In Rita's latest film, "Cover Girl," she plays her own 60-year-old granny!



Mr. Guy Kibbee, a patient man, has been having ration point trouble. It seems that his young daughter, Shirley Anne, had heard a good deal about the grocery problems of those living in her neighborhood, so she decided to do something about it. She set up a small retail stand and there dispensed canned goods, filched from her family's cupboard. When Guy caught up with the racket, all his Pepsi-Cola—a rare item—had been disposed of, not to mention a can of peaches, one of apricots and some jars of sliced chicken. He had a talk with his daughter.

Afterward she was describing her problem to a girl friend. "My father is upstairs now, tearing his hair," she sighed.

The friend leered at her. "Are you kidding?" she said.

* * *

Miss Alice Faye Harris, Jr., made her official bow to the world recently when she was christened by the Reverend Mr. Harley Wright Smith at St. Nicholas Episcopal church in Encino. There were twenty babies christened at the same time, and all exercised the junior right to yell at the top of their lungs in protest. In telling about it afterward, Alice said thoughtfully, "But I think *our* baby didn't cry *quite* as loudly as some of the others . . . or maybe it was just a bit more musical."

At any rate, Alice, Jr., now hums. She is crazy about the radio and will sit quietly teetering back and forth in time with the music while doing her best to follow the tune. Because Alice wants to be with the baby every possible moment during these months when she is developing so rapidly, Alice announced her retirement from the screen. That brief statement, printed in the daily papers, brought on a flock of postal headaches. Practically ever member of the armed forces, not to mention a quantity of frantic civilians, wrote to Alice in stunned protest. Staying home with your baby is a fine idea, was the gist of the correspondence, but what about us? We need you, too. Come on, Alice, don't leave us.

As this goes to press, the decision is still in the making. Alice would like to do a slightly different type of picture—a romantic comedy without too much music for a change, or a dramatic part. Perhaps the final answer will be largely decided by future studio story policy.

* * *

Baby with the longest list of tentative names was Rosalind Russell's son. Before he arrived on May 7, weighing 8 pounds, 1½ ounces, he had been tagged "Christopher," then "Carl" in honor of his grandfather, Carl Brisson, then "Russell." As things stand now he will be called "Fred, Jr." We'll let you know if there are changes.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Henreid were invited out to dinner one night; after deliberation, the invitation was accepted. However, whenever social usage would permit, Paul glanced surreptitiously at his watch. Finally he arose, after a glance at Lisl, and made his excuses. "We want to get home to see the baby get her ten o'clock feeding," he explained. "My daughter is so cute when she is hungry."

Which statement introduced Miss Monica Henreid, a very young citizen who has been adopted and installed in the Henreid nursery.

* * *

One of the October days you'll pick up your pet mag and find a picture of Cobina Wright, Jr. Jr. (Continued on following page)

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Soon's Vic McLaglen finishes his current crop of films, he's off to stock his 670-acre ranch with cattle. Above, at son Andrew's wedding to Margarita Harrison.



Back from Eastern camp tour, I-A Red Skelton's awaiting call to arms as buck private. Since split, dates model Muriel Morris; wife Edna trades gags with Army looney.

GOOD NEWS

CONTINUED

Yes, Cobina--whose husband, Lt. Palmer Beaudette, Jr., is in the South Pacific and didn't know the news until long after practically everyone else had been notified--is planning on dating the stork this fall. Since Cobina is a Jr. and her husband is a Jr., the baby is going to have to be Jr. Jr. or Jr. II. It's just a question of which looks better.

* * *

Some time ago Ray Milland purchased all the exotic equipment beloved of home carpenters and installed the stuff in a garage work room. There, he whirled buzz saws and chiseled out various items of furniture until he got mixed up with a blade one afternoon and nearly lost a thumb. That settled it. No more carpentry for Mr. Milland.

Recently Franchot Tone was a visitor at the Milland house (for the purpose of discussing poultry raising). As the two men returned from the fancy Milland poultry apartments, Franchot happened to glance into the garage and see the cob-web-gathering workroom. "Hey, what a layout," he gasped. "What a swell bunch of equipment."

A deal was made. The contents were transferred to the Tone garage, where Franchot is busy making nursery furniture for his expected heir.

* * *

Along in 1963 you present-day jitterbugs are going to feel a new thrill along your hardening arteries when this new musical sensation with her hundred-piece girls' band begins to beat it out. The melodies and tempo will be styled in the Goodman manner, and the name of the beauteous twenty-year-old switching the air with the baton will be Rachel. Yowsah, Benny Goodman is now the proud papa of a six pound, one ounce musician whose premier yowl, according to nurses, was uttered in a C chord.

* * *

Veronica Lake, at once the most sensible and the most unpredictable of glamour girls, has just finished giving the press and her studio the dithers. In an interview with a national magazine writer, she un-ched two minor details of biography (*Continued on page 63*)



In line of duty as guardian of Cover Girls working for Col. prexy Cohn's put a regular Gestapo guard around their house. One of them, Noro Eddington, skirted rules, dated Errol Flynn.

ALAN'S NEW GIRL!

(Continued from page 31)

Bob. The keys were still in the ignition.

After a conference, Bob and Alan canvassed the business district in search of a store, still open, in which to buy two lengths of stout wire. This obtained, they returned to the car and went through a series of fancy poses in an attempt to trip the door locks. Gradually, the curious gathered.

The messieurs Hope and Ladd removed their hats, loosened ties and collars. They perspired freely. It was some 20 official minutes, by which time half the town had gathered to see the fun, before the doors were opened.

slow freight . . .

So, a few weeks later, Private Alan Ladd was given a brief furlough by the Air Corps, out of respect for that accomplished aviator, the stork. However, his furlough was drawing to a close and the flier with the twin rudders hadn't landed with his passenger.

Delmar Daves telephoned one evening to ask Alan and Sue to see the sneak preview of "Stage Door Canteen." Mr. Daves and Alan have long been close friends, and Sol Lesser is also one of those high on the Ladd guest list.

He and Sue went early and secured excellent seats in the very center of the centermost aisle. They sat through "Lucky Jordan" for the fifth time.

Then the preview started. Sue, watching the picture, still thought she heard the distant flapping of wings.

"Gosh, Delmar and Sol are going to think we're walking out on their production," Alan groaned.

"They'll understand when they hear our news in the morning," Sue whispered.

So, from the very center of the theater, in the full glare of many of the leading lights of Hollywood, Mr. and Mrs. Ladd managed to crawl over other previewers and to make their way to the lobby where they telephoned the doctor. This was at 11 o'clock.

At 2:30 A.M., Miss Alana Sue Ladd was sleeping quietly in the nursery. At 3:30 A.M., Miss Ladd's mother was looking quizzically at Miss Ladd's father.

"You look all worn out," she said.

He had already notified half of Hollywood that he was a father. On several calls, when he had found it necessary to look up numbers, Sue herself had taken over the telephone and dialed a friend to proclaim, "The baby's here. She's a girl, and I feel wonderful."

Now, studying her husband's moist forehead, Sue said, "I think we've called everyone who is interested. Honey, you're sort of quiet. Is anything wrong?"

In the manner of a new mother since the world began, Sue plucked at the covers for several moments. Diffidently, haltingly, she asked after a pause, "You're glad the baby is a girl, aren't you? You aren't disappointed because she wasn't a boy?"

He arose quickly and came to her side. Looking into her dark eyes, he said, "I'm crazy about her. She's wonderful, honey. Don't ever say that again."

Sue rested her hand on Alan's forehead and looked at him more closely, then she rang for the nurse. "Will you please take Alan's temperature?"

The nurse, being practical, took Sue's temperature first. It was normal. Then she took Laddie's. He was running a fever of 103 degrees.

The nurse summoned the doctor, who

promptly ordered Private Alan Ladd to his home and to bed for three days.

On the second day of Alan's absence, Sue received a huge box of flowers in which there was a card reading, "Because our happiness is now complete, and because I love you so terribly much."

On the fourth day, Sue's hospital door slowly nudged itself inward to reveal a stack of packages behind which moved a determined—an overburdened figure in khaki.

Santa Ladd . . .

With infinite care, Alan closed the door—using a cautious knee and heel. Then, his eyes still on the pretty girl in the hospital bed, Private Ladd moved to a stand and deposited his bundles.

He selected the largest box and lifted the lid to reveal a satin comfortable.

"But how on earth did you think of this?" gasped his astonished wife.

"You like it?"

"What a question! It's much prettier than anything I've seen in years."

Alan grinned. "I just remembered that you said a comfortable was one of the final touches we needed in our room. And I bought this to go with it," he added.

The "go-with-it" turned out to be a white wool robe, light weight, very soft, very warm. Appliqued on the skirt was a series of blue satin love knots.

Box No. 3 contained a blue-grey sports coat, veddy veddy swank. And Box No. 4 revealed a dark brown clipped beaver coat.

Every girl who has ever had a child will appreciate the thoughtfulness that inspired Alan's buying clothes for the new mother. Sue hadn't bought a single thing for herself, with the exception of a few maternity dresses, for a year.

Box No. 6, and the last of the lot, was a tiny thing, no more than an inch square. On top of the cotton padding there was a folded note saying, "To my mommy from Alana Susan." And beneath that cherished card was a tiny gold heart for Sue's charm bracelet.

Her brown eyes misted, Sue drew her husband's face down to thank him with all the sweetness of which she is so completely capable. "Now," she whispered after an interval, "go down to the nursery and check up on your daughter."

He was gone what seemed like time enough to plant and harvest a Victory garden. When he returned at length, he was beaming. "It seems funny to say this about a little tiny baby," he confided, "but she actually looks like me!"

"I hope she grows up to look exactly like you, darling," his wife glowed.

Alan sat down, the responsibility of being a new father swathing him in thought as thick as a deep-sea diver's suit. "Another thing," he mused. "The nurse let me look at her feet, and they are exact miniatures of mine. I think she's going to be a swell swimmer."

When Sue began to giggle, he looked up in some surprise. "I really think so," he reiterated.

"I think she's going to be an actress," said the little lady's mother.

Not all the telephone calls were from friends or studio people. Sue had left a request at the hospital switchboard that all calls be put through to her. She doesn't like the chi-chi thing of having telephone callers queried about their identity, then announced. So, when the

telephone rang, she simply answered.

"Is this Mrs. Ladd?"

Sue said it was.

"You don't know me," continued the voice, growing more breathless with each syllable. "I'm just a fan of yours and Mr. Ladd's. I wanted to ask how you're getting along."

Sue said she and the baby were fine.

The voice, now five octaves above normal, asked what the baby had been named. "But I thought you were going to call her 'Victoria Susan'!"

That had been the plan until the day before the baby was born. But Alan had felt that Victoria Susan was a huge label for such a tiny person, so he had wanted to shorten it to Vicki Sue.

She received dozens of cards from everywhere in the United States, and—by parcel post from New York—a three-foot teddy bear that can be wound up to play a lullaby. This gift was accompanied by no card, so Sue hasn't been able to write a thank-you letter.

When Miss Ladd was six days old, she and her mother were moved to the Ladd home. Alan had rented a standard hospital bed for Sue and had it installed in their beautiful blue bedroom. "It looks weird," Sue told him, "but it was nice of you to think of the nurse."

Alana was installed in her own private room, a gay nursery done in yellow, white and blue. There is already a small bed, a tiny dressing table, a play table and a rocking chair installed against the day when she will be large enough to abandon her blue and white bassinet for a young lady's boudoir.

bathinette blues . . .

On that first day at home, Sue told the nurse, "We'll have to figure out some way to give Alana her bath comfortably. A friend gave me a bathinette, but when I started to clean it, I found that the rubber tub section had gone to pieces. I've shopped high and low, but I haven't been able to find a replacement."

"We'll manage," said the nurse in that capable way that crinkles with starch.

Her genius at ad libbing a baby's bath tub wasn't needed, because the first thing she saw when she entered the nursery, was a gleaming new bathinette. There was a card on it reading, "To Alana from Dad with love."

On her seventh day in this interesting world, Miss Ladd looked up in the general direction of the gentleman who was holding her, and gave out an expression which her father proclaimed as a grin. "She'd be a glamour girl if she only had her hair fixed a bit," he said.

The nurse explained that the only thing lacking in Alana's wardrobe was a baby brush, one with very fine bristles.

Somewhat later, Sue asked the nurse where Alan was. "I don't know," was the answer. "He left in quite a hurry about two hours ago."

Another hour elapsed before Alan parked his car and came upstairs, a-grin from ear to ear. "Fine way to spend my last day of furlough. I've been to practically every drugstore and baby shop for miles around, but I finally found it," he gloated, holding up a white brush.

At the door he turned to wink at his wife. "I hope," he said, "that I never have to use this on any spot but her head."

We will let you know about this and other developments in a later issue.

"Put Magic in Your Make-up"

By Carol Carter

*Make-up is a beauty-maker . . . as
any bright girl knows. Here are
Hollywood hints on how to use it!*

● Vacation-bound? Or Victory-gardening in the back yard?

Whatever your mid-summer plans, they'll go all the merrier if you plan-for-prettiness! Says pert Dona Drake, "The surest way for any gal to put magic in her make-up is for her to learn correct application. A hit-or-miss lip-sticking job never brightened anyone's life." 'Tis true, we agree. And so we have gathered together for you some first rate cosmetic-cues from out Hollywood way!

Beauty Base

Comes sultry weather, but you'll look really fresh and



Dona's in "Let's Face It," but here she turns a shoulder. Reason: to apply lotion.



After every face-creaming, Dona makes a beauty point of always using a skin freshener.



Par's Dona Drake has slim legs and pretty feet . . . here she's treating her dancing toes to a coat of bright polish. A pedicure is a summer "must"!

inviting. There's no special trick to it—except the magic of today's make-up bases. Take special care with your powder base, so that your skin will stay dewy fresh no matter how the mercury bubbles.

With every new make-up of yours, be sure to apply your skin-matching foundation base—either in cream, stick, cake or lotion form—and blend it carefully, evenly. Begin your application at the neck and smooth upward. It's really beauty-wiser, don't you think, to have face, neck and throat match?

As to color. Remember that you've probably been tanned by the energetic summer sun . . . decide upon a complementary sun-warmed color for your make-up. If "beauty under the sun" is causing you any complexion worry, turn, my pet, to page 60 where the Beauty Dept. has an answer for each and every problem.

Lipstick-Lure

When you've given yourself a complexion as pretty as a filmland belle's, you'll want those lips of yours to share in the glamour. And what's more, you'll want that glamour to stay with your lips, no matter how many Pepsis you down these thirsty, sun-scorched days. It helps lots if you know a few swift Hollywood application tricks!

First, decide upon the "ideal" mouth for your type. Then pattern your own as nearly like it as possible. If your lips are too grimly thin, give them an added bloom by bringing the color slightly beyond the natural lip lines. If your lips are too full, stop the lipstick a little inside the outer borders. Could be that you think your mouth is too ear-to-earish (though Hollywood girls rather prefer wide mouths). If that's your problem, stop the coloring a little before the ends of your lips. To give added width and expression to a too-tiny mouth, extend the color a bit beyond the corners. Be sure to slant the "addition" upwards, not down. That way you'll avoid a sad expression.

After you've decided upon the perfect mouth for you, the idea is to apply it artfully. Here's another Hollywood magic-trick that will help: Draw your lip outline carefully with either a special brush or pencil. You're sure to get a smooth even line. Fill in the outline with (Continued on page 102)



LINDA DARNELL, IN "THE GIRLS HE LEFT BEHIND," A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

How her luscious SUMMER Skin-Tone
can be YOURS



Linda Darnell says—

"For the sun-kissed look that can keep eyes turned your way, I've found nothing to equal this gorgeous Sun Peach shade of Woodbury Powder. You see, while Woodbury shades blend with skin-coloring, of course, they don't stop at that. They give just the right tone for glamour. And Woodbury Sun Peach brings the rich, clear, rose-gold glow that means summer allure."



Honeymoon ahead—

Girls, there's man-appeal for you in Woodbury shades. For film directors helped create them. And thanks to the Color Control process, plus 3 texture-refinings, they give a smoother, younger look. Exciting summer shades: *Sun Peach*, *Tropic Tan*, *Brunette*. Other shades include: *Rachel* (Hedy Lamarr's choice), *Natural* (Veronica Lake's choice). Boxes of Woodbury Powder \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



WOODBURY POWDER
Color-Controlled

NEW! Matched Make-up. Now with your \$1 box of Woodbury Powder (any shade), you also get rouge and lipstick in matching shades—at

BEAUTY UNDER THE

Sun

● It's the season when beauty flourishes . . . and short-sleeved, low-necked dresses display healthy, copper-colored suntans. Though they be real or faked (acquired under the summer sun or poured from a bottle), they're mighty becoming. Besides being a wonderful health builder-upper, a flattering outdoor glow is bound to intrigue your favorite male, and that's important!


When the week-end rolls around, gather your sunburn cream, lotion or oils and set up residence in your back yard. If you're a city dweller, the roof top may be your spot. Or could be you're fortunate enough to be near a beach. Those of you who can possibly spend time tending your home-grown radishes and tomatoes will find Victory-gardening gives you an excellent chance to acquire a tawny, golden color. But wherever you do your sunning, set about it intelligently!

TAN WHILE YOU CAN

If it's a-gardening you must go, slather on one of the sun-filtering creams or transparent lotions in generous dabs over your face, neck, arms and legs. Even if you're just doing

(Continued on page 98)

By Carol Carter



Paulette Goddard, of "So Proudly We Hail" fame, helps herself to a luscious, gypsy tan by smoothing on sun lotions and creams.



MY SKILLET'S best friend is Mazola . . . it fries food so deliciously, digestibly, economically. I save precious butter for table use.



MY BISCUITS seem to have wings—they're so light when I use Mazola for shortening.



FRESH SALAD DRESSINGS are so quickly and easily prepared with Mazola—I wouldn't *THINK* of serving any other kind.



BIG BARGAIN

*Saves Points!
Saves Money!*

Mazola now comes to you in a crystal clear bottle, enclosed in a sealed carton. This carton safeguards the quality and golden goodness of Mazola against light, which often affects salad oils.

MAZOLA SERVES AND SAVES 3 WAYS

PRESSED from the hearts of full ripened corn kernels, Mazola is America's finest vegetable oil. It contains no animal fat, no air or water. Mazola is *all* food value.

For all frying, Mazola heats quickly without smoking or sputtering. It sears over foods, seals in their rich natural juices. After frying, strain Mazola and use it again.

For shortening, in cakes, pie crust, biscuits, Mazola is exceptional. As a liquid shortening, it is ready to use, needs no melting, and you can measure it accurately. In most recipes you can use $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ less Mazola than solid shortenings—which saves both ration points and money.

For all salads, Mazola makes delicious fresh dressings, adding both flavor and food value. Mazola is a pure vegetable oil and blends well with all other salad ingredients. That's why Mazola dressings always taste better, and, of course, they cost less.



Fish fried in Mazola browns delectably, tastes delicious and is rich in protein and other nutrients. Serve Mazola-fried fish often. It stretches your food budget—helps to save ration points.

Other Fun-to-Fry Hints

Eggplant cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch strips dipped in egg and crumb mixture, sautéed in Mazola . . . sliced green (or ripe) tomatoes dipped in egg and crumb mixture, sautéed in Mazola . . . summer squash cut in cubes and sautéed in Mazola . . . scallions chopped with their tops, or thinly sliced onions, sautéed in Mazola . . . sweet corn, cut from the cob, and chopped green pepper, sautéed in Mazola . . . new cabbage, cut in quarters, smothered in a skillet with Mazola.

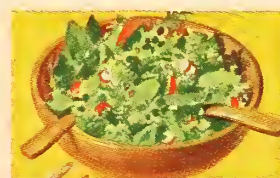


To discover the advantages of Mazola-for-shortening, try this simple recipe for delicious muffins.

Fluffy Mazola Muffins

$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Argo Corn Starch
3 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Mazola

Sift together flour, corn starch, baking powder, salt and sugar into mixing bowl. Combine beaten egg with milk and Mazola. Add, all at once, to dry ingredients and stir just enough to dampen dry ingredients (the mixture will be lumpy). Fill muffin pans (which have been oiled with Mazola) $\frac{2}{3}$ full. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 large or 18 small muffins.



Green salads are rich in vitamins and minerals. Freshly made Mazola dressings enhance their flavor and goodness.

Mazola French Dressing

$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Mazola
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard

Measure all ingredients into mixing bowl or glass jar. Beat with rotary beater or shake to mix thoroughly. Shake or beat just before serving. Makes 1 cup dressing.

Variations

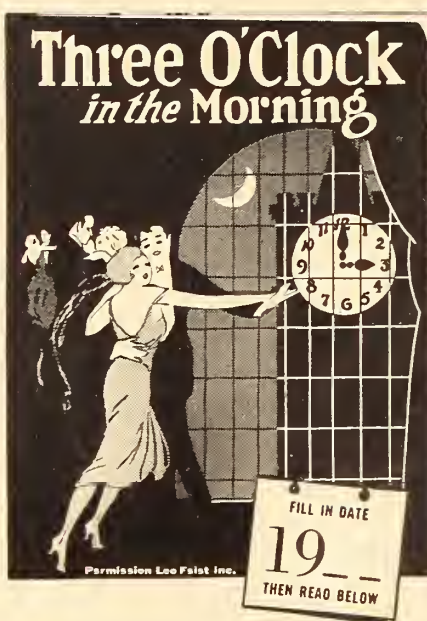
Spicy: Add 2 teaspoons grated onion, dash cayenne and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce to above.

Chiffonade: Add 1 chopped hard-boiled egg and 3 tablespoons each chopped beets and green pepper to above.

Can you date these songs?



War songs, war shortages. Even skirts were shortened—to the ankle! Shapeless fashions. High buttoned shoes, spats. First permanent waves. It was 1918, and army hospitals in France—short of surgical cotton—welcomed a new American invention . . . Cellucotton* Absorbent. Soon nurses began using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.



Flappers flaunted first champagne-colored stockings. Everything smart was "the bee's knees." People mad over radio. Mah Jong. And women everywhere enthused about the new discovery in sanitary protection . . . disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. In 1922, millions of women gladly paid 60¢ a dozen for this convenient new product.



"Flaming Youth." Women plucked eyebrows; discarded corsets. "Collegiate" slickers, knickers (baggy plus-fours for golfers). The Charleston. Famous "Monkey Trial" in Tennessee. As the silhouette became slimmer in 1925, Kotex laboratories planned an improved, narrower pad with new rounded ends replacing the square corners . . . softened gauze, for greater comfort.



Empress Eugenie was everywoman's hat. Transparent mesh made stocking history. "I'll Tell The World" was current slang. Challenged by the clinging fashions of 1931, again Kotex pioneered—perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands of pads, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby . . . don't cause telltale outlines.



Jitterbug Era. A king and queen ate hot dogs in America. New York's World's Fair: parachute drop and Aquacade. The Conga. Bustles. Wasp waists. "Cigarette silhouette," and women in 1939 grateful for the latest Kotex improvement: a snug, softer, cushioned pad with a double-duty safety center to prevent roping and twisting—to increase protection by hours.



It's a Woman's World today. Women are working for Victory. Far more active, yet far more comfortable in this war, for today's Kotex provides every worthwhile feature. Choice of more women than all other brands put together, Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Not that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents!

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 56)

that had been bothering her for a long time. In the first place, she wasn't born at Lake Placid as she had said for years, but in Brooklyn. In the second place, her name wasn't Constance Keane but Constance Okelman. The name Keane is that of Veronica's step-father who is as beloved as any natural father could be.

These items clarified, the press asked Veronica about those motherhood rumors. Nothing to them, she said. Absolutely absurd. The press shook its columns and wondered, mindful of the fact that Veronica denied the impending arrival of her daughter, Elaine, until a scant eight weeks before that young person was cooing in her basket. On that occasion Veronica had kept her stork commitment secret because she wanted the gamine part in Preston Sturgis' picture "Sullivan's Travels."

This time, much the same situation prevailed. Veronica was ambitious to play the Javanese girl in deMille's "The Story Of Dr. Wassell." But once the rumor was started, Veronica seemed unable to squelch it. Still sighing over the dark-skinned part that she would have to relinquish, Mrs. John Detlie announced that late August or early September would find a second occupant in Elaine's nursery.

* * *

Remember when Butch Romero built his house with an extra suite to be decorated at some time for a bride? Well, a lady is going to occupy it at last, but don't jump to conclusions until you finish this item. She is a very small girl, the infant daughter of Cesar's sister who is moving into the Romero house for the duration.

When you read this, Cesar will have been in the Coast Guard long enough to be saltier than delicatessen mackerel. And the enlistment in the Coast Guard will step up considerably when word gets around that Butch is one of the most entertaining guys alive and definitely a good shipmate.

Double-Takes:

Gig Young, enlisted seaman in the Coast Guard, finally had time to get away from his base to see "Air Force," the picture in which he had the most satisfying part of his career. When he reached the theater, he found his name in lights on all three sides of the marquee. He stood there alone, in the glow of the neon, and stared just as you or I would.

The screening over, Gig emerged from the theater, unrecognized, and thumbed a ride in order to get back to his station. The motorists who picked Gig up had seen the picture the previous week. They said they thought it was swell and that young newcomer, what's-his-name Young, would make good. They discharged their passenger and told him good night. If he ever got leave and was lonely, they enjoined, he was to call them up. They gave Gig their names, but they didn't ask his.

Gig waved them out of sight, then walked the remaining distance to his station, smiling.

* * *

Your reporter had luncheon with Miss Fontaine on the "Jane Eyre" set one noon. She is tucked away comfortably in Tyrone Power's old dressing room. On one side of the room there is a three-sectional mirror, hiding the wardrobe. Plastered up and down all over the mirrors were dozens of

small yellow squares of paper on which lines had been inscribed in red.

Investigation proved that each of these yellow squares contained a poem, written by one of the technical crew to Joan, who is always a favorite with the workmen. Some of the verses were neat, to wit:

I never saw a Vitamin
I never hope to see one.
But here's the plight that I am in:
I'd rather C than B.

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Remember the way it goes? Below there are 20 clues. On pgs. 85 and 99 there are two more sets of clues, and on page 102 are the answers. If you can guess, after mulling over the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the second set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you guess on the third try, the question's worth 3. For a perfect score you'd have to guess all 20 questions on the first set of clues. 20 questions . . . at 5 points each . . . adds up to 100, and a shiny gold star for you. Simple, no? Go ahead, you quiz-ical brighties, and no cheating! 50's normal, 60's good, 84 or so is in our class this month, and anything over is strictly genius. No fair peeking at pg. 102 for the answers, either.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Mickey's master
2. B.B. (also signifying Big Bruiser)
3. Little Colonel
4. Foiled Kitty Foyle
5. New baby . . . Alan-a
6. "Moider" she says
7. Johnny Eager
8. Out-crooning Crosby
9. Loves Ladd in "China"
10. Bogey
11. Elephant Boy
12. Payne's dame (past tense)
13. For whom no bell tolled
14. Burlesque graduate
15. Cowboy (in Pop's footsteps)
16. Perc
17. Dusky delight
18. 20th-Fox's star clown
19. Henreid's heart (cinematically)
20. Lover: Fr. version

(Continued on page 85)

Claudette Colbert, looking out of a back window, noticed a delightfully vacant spot that would be ideal for the culture of tomatoes. She drove down to a greenhouse and purchased several flats of small but thriving plants. She spent several hours preparing the soil, then setting out her plants. That night she counted her tomatoes before they were ripe.

She awakened the next morning to the twittering of enchanted birds. "Hmm," mused Claudette, smiling sleepily to herself, "the sweet things."

A second later realization struck. Leaping up, she glanced out of the window. The birds had finished a lavish breakfast of junior tomato plants, leaving havoc behind.

The Social Life:

A slim, lovely girl—her hair piled high in the manner of svelte little Helen Morgan—stood beside a piano for four hours at a recent Hollywood party, and sang. She sang Morgan's torchy "Bill" and "Can't Help Lovin' That Man of Mine." She sang "Why Was I Born" and "Melancholy Baby." She said she had worked with Morgan in shows, and she knew the routine, the tricks, the technique.

It happened that Jimmie Fidler was in another room, so someone enticed him in to hear the singer. He was bowled over. "I didn't know that you sang!" he said to the brown-eyed girl dispersing mellow notes. He added, "Warner Brothers are really lucky. They own the rights to the life story of Helen Morgan, and they have the logical candidate for the part right under contract on their own lot. It looks like a natural for you, baby."

The singer?

You know her well, kids. That beautiful button-nose, Jane Wyman. How about dropping a line to Warners' to let them know how much you approve of seeing Janie as the celebrated piano-sitter-oner, Helen Morgan?

* * *

House guest each week-end lately at the Arrowhead Springs bungalow of Captain and Mrs. Bill Howard has been incandescent Betty Hutton. She has been teaching Dottie to jitterbug for Dottie's part in "And The Angels Sing." After last week's jive session, Dottie was too tired to finish cooking the dinner, so Bill and Betty took over. After dinner, Betty did the dishes, then started to practice some jitter steps for Dottie's livelier education.

"I don't see how you do it," sighed Dorothy from the depths of the lounge.

"Easy," chirped Betty. "Zing, zing, zoot, zoot. I'm the fragile type."

* * *

Judy Garland and her best friend, Betty Asher, went to the beach one Sunday and took in the concessions. They tried the shooting galleries, the baseball games, the serpentine slide and finally the merry-go-round. A group of enlisted men, spotting the gorgeous Garland head, had formed a tentative queue. When the merry-go-round started, they watched Judy's determined attempt to catch the gold ring. "Atta girl, Judy," one of them called when she emerged triumphant.

Judy looked down and smiled. "Want to ride with me?" she called. This was like asking a lady, whose goat has just eaten her ration book, if she wants a case of canned goods.

So Judy ordered practically a mile of tickets and she, with a platoon, rode ten trips. Afterwards the entire gang lined up at an ice cream counter, and Judy treated them to cones. Everyone had fun—Judy most of all.

Brass Buttons:

Captain Clark Gable is, according to latest dispatches from London, accompanying American bombing crews on their missions

(Continued on page 66)

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES:

No. 7. "For Whom the Bell Tolls"

PICK A NUMBER!

1ST PRIZE.....\$500 in WAR BONDS*

2ND PRIZE.....I. J. FOX FUR COAT

Try and try again prizes**

3rd—1,127 Prizes..... \$1.00 each in War Stamps

*All Bonds and Stamps donated by Paramount Studios.

**If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.

It's dizzying . . . the thought of winning a \$500 War Bond or a Persian lamb coat on just a guess! Yet that's the set-up . . . or shall we start from the beginning?

This month we ask you to guess the number of fan letters Gary Cooper received between Sept. 30 and Oct. 31, 1942. That's the contest! The WHOLE contest! And frankly, we're proud of this brain-child of ours because it's so marvelously fair. Since no skill or talent or special knowledge is required, everybody's got exactly the same chance to win.

We picked the dates, Sept. 30 to Oct. 31, because that month wound up Gary Cooper's work on FWTBT. That was the month Coop's fan mail practically scaled a mountain. Matter of fact, it zoomed to somewhere between 18,000 and 23,000. That's all we're telling you . . . not another crumb. All you have to do now is pick a number between 18,000 and 23,000, mail in your entry and then curl up in a corner and think what a \$500 War Bond would look like in YOUR mail box.

We don't expect you to guess the exact number of letters received by Gary Cooper during the month. If you did it would be a miracle, and we don't base our contests on miracles. What we're doing is awarding prizes to the 1,127 people who come closest to the true number.

RULES:

1. Guess how many fan letters (between 18,000 and 23,000) Gary Cooper got between Sept. 30 and Oct. 31, 1942. Write your guess on the coupon.
2. Fill in your FULL name and address on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (If Mrs., give your own surname—not your husband's.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.
3. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.
4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company, Paramount Studios and members of their families.
5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than Sept. 10th.
6. Neatness will count, though elaborate entries will receive no preference.
7. Prizes will be awarded each month to different persons. No one can win more than one big prize in the entire 1943 series. If you haven't already won one of the big prizes, you are still eligible for this one.
8. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
9. The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.



Yours for the winning . . . a gorgeous black Persian lamb coat—complete with latest tuxedo front and turn-back sleeves. Guess the number most nearly correct, and this prize is all yours.

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES

No. 7—"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"

Please Print or Type

Full Name _____

Street _____ City _____ State _____

Coat Size _____

I think Gary Cooper got..... fan letters

between Sept. 30 and Oct. 31, 1942.

Mail this coupon to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

How to Win Out in your **BIG MOMENT**



by
LORETTA YOUNG

Star of Paramount's
"CHINA"



1 When a girl knows she's met the man, how sad it is for her if carelessness has spoiled the soft, smooth beauty of her skin!

2 It's foolish to take chances. Screen stars take Lux Soap beauty facials *every day*. **ACTIVE** lather removes dust and stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—gives precious skin protection it needs.

3 This beauty facial's so simple. All you do is smooth lots of the creamy lather well into your skin, splash with cool water, pat to dry. Now skin feels smoother, looks fresh.



4 Its soft, smooth skin does the trick! In your big moment—your *tender* moment—smooth, adorable skin will make his heart turn over, make him whisper, "You're *beautiful!*"

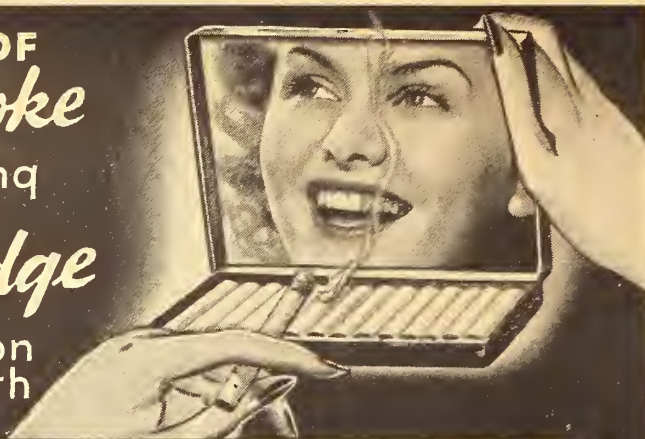


IT'S SMOOTH,
ADORABLE SKIN
THAT WINS
ROMANCE AND
HOLDS IT! YOU'LL
FIND DAILY
**ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIALS** WITH
LUX SOAP A
WONDERFUL
BEAUTY AID!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—

**A WISP OF
Smoke
A warning
wisper
Smudge
may be on
your teeth**



Start using Iodent Paste or Powder at the first sign of telltale smudge on your teeth. Iodent No. 2 is made by a Dentist especially to clean hard-to-bryten teeth and Iodent No. 1 is made

for teeth that are easy to bryten. Iodent Powder has all the desirable qualities—safety, effectiveness, refreshing flavor—which has made Iodent Tooth Paste famous for over twenty years.

SAVE with SAFETY for YOUR SECURITY
Get War Bonds and War Stamps Today!



IODENT
TOOTH POWDER
or
PASTE



GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 63)

over France and Germany. With the knowledge so gained from actual experience, he will be able to direct training films for flying fortress gunners now being prepared for overseas duty.

Did you know that Lt. Tyrone Power of the Marine Corps was graduated with the standing of 17th man in a class of 142?

Greer Garson got the thrill of her life one night when she and her mother were seeing a newsreel showing the landing of troops and supplies in the Aleutians. Participating was Ensign Richard Ney.

Coxswain Victor Mature did the New York night spots with Choo Choo Johnson after having placed a pyrotechnic telephone call to Rita Hayworth. The next day, Rita announced that her wedding plans with Victor had been indefinitely postponed. Bumble Bee in the ointment: Orson Welles.

Air Cadet John Payne is currently stationed at Independence, Calif., undergoing a course of intensive Air Corps training.

While Craig Stevens was in Los Angeles on a three-day pass, he and Alexis thought they had tickets reserved for a play. However, when they arrived at the box office, there were no cardboards reserved and none available. Just as they were turning to leave, a dejected private clutched Craig's sleeve. "Here, buddy, I'll sell you my tickets," he said. "My girl friend was supposed to meet me here, but she didn't show up. Yours did, so you get the break."

For Lt. Bill Holden's birthday, Brenda secured, among a number of other things, an autographed photograph of Gary Cooper—a gesture that pleased Bill immensely.

Newcomers You Should Know:

Jennifer Jones, who is starred in her first picture, "The Song of Bernadette." As the inspired little French girl who became a saint she has had an intensely difficult task, but awed photographers have been going around the studio, telling one another in astonished whispers that here is an actress who never takes a bad picture. No plane of her face is other than lovely. And, because of the connotations of the part she is playing, Jennifer is wearing neither false eyelashes nor lipstick in the picture.

Dorothy McGuire, from the New York stage, is another newcomer who is making a hit at 20th Century-Fox where "Claudia" is being screened. She's the sort of girl who drifts around on Cloud No. 7. She knew nothing of camera technique when she started, and her first day was made terrible by a fit of mike fright. The next morning she came back with a lower lip thrust out and performed like a veteran.

Dane Clark made such a hit in "Action In The North Atlantic" that you will probably be seeing him in scads of Warner Brothers pictures. His first job in a theater was that of spear-bearer at \$12 per week. One Sunday he had a chance to play on a pro football team for 50 bucks so he told his manager that his father was ill and he would have to take care of him. Just two things occurred to blast this mild deception: He returned to work on Monday bearing an interesting cleat mark on his cheek, and the sport sections carried an exciting photograph of Dane Clark in possession of the ball.

Words to the Wise:

Did you know that the Betty Grable-Harry James romance may well be serious. . . . Ida Lupino has a cure for insomnia: "I lie quietly counting Lupinos coming through a gate." . . . Shirley Temple is having her first young romance with a nice San Francisco boy. . . . Bob Hope, appearing at a bond rally in New Orleans, did a strip tease down to his shorts, thereby selling half a million dollars of bonds. Look out, G. R. Lee. Hope has written a book, too, you know. . . . Sonja Henie owns a dog named "Skippy" that has been gumming up the works on the set of "Wintertime." Skippy is supposed to remain in Sonja's dressing room, but each time he hears his name, he lunges against the door until he sets himself free. He hears his name often, brecking up a take, because Jack Oakie's name in the picture happens to be Skippy. . . . Betty Hutton has decided not to buy that house for Mom. Real estate values too high at present. There is no truth to the rumor that Betty and Perc Westmore are singing in rhythm again. Perc is going to marry vivacious red-haired Margaret Donovan whose legs, according to Bette Davis, are the prettiest in the world. . . . Deanna Durbin, that old party-giver for her fellow workmen, recently gave a wedding shower for Sally Wohl, her secretary. She's working hard in her new Universal picture titled "Hers To Hold" . . . Lou Costello is recovering from his battle with rheumatic fever and will be able to go back to work in September if he continues to improve.

Animal Kingdom

Ray Milland, having conquered the chicken raising business, is now branching out. He recently acquired a pair of rabbits. Now he is studying the multiplication table.

Nancy Coleman was sitting up in the still hours of morning reading "The Uninvited," a book to turn a longshoreman pale at high noon. Suddenly she heard an inexplicable rustling in the fireplace and, taking no chances on entertaining a zombie, began to scream the house down. Her mother came running in and apprehended the spook—it was a baby barn owl that had done a Santa Claus down the chimney.

Sonja Henie's dog likes to skate. No fooling. It follows her onto the ice, slipping and sliding like a freshman on a dance floor, and yelps until she picks him up and carries him along in her arms as she glides.

Sentimental Stuff

Van Johnson is so much better that he was allowed to go to Romanoff's for dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Keenan Wynn to help celebrate their wedding anniversary. Incidentally, while he was still in the hospital, Irene Dunne came to call on Van one afternoon. His temperature had been normal, but the nurse—noticing an admiring flush—popped the thermometer into Van's mouth. A few seconds later she nodded to Miss Dunne. "You have a very stimulating effect upon Mr. Johnson; I'm afraid, in the interest of his temperature that you mustn't stay any longer."

Women Are Quaint Creatures Dept.

Guess who plays tennis with whom each day? Garbo with Hepburn. No fooling. Local photographers are slowly losing their minds in an attempt to think up some way to get candid shots of this activity.

* * *

Betty Grable had thought that "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" was finished, so she went to Palm Springs and got a thorough-going sun tan. Then she was recalled for retakes. Betty had to be done up in a white facial make-up, and for the dancing sequences, her bronzed legs were encased in pink mesh tights. Art, now, is a wonderful thing.

War, Women and Lipstick—



by **CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**
Head of the House of Tangee

A recent portrait of
Constance Luft Huhn
by Maria de Kammerer

For the first time in history woman-power is a factor in war. Millions of you are fighting and working side by side with your men.

In fact, you are doing double duty—for you are still carrying on your traditional “woman’s” work of cooking, and cleaning, and home-making. Yet, somehow, American women are still the loveliest and most spirited in the world. The best dressed, the best informed, the best looking.

It’s a reflection of the free democratic way of life that you have succeeded in keeping your femininity—even though you are doing man’s work!

If a symbol were needed of this fine, independent spirit—of this courage and strength—I would choose a lipstick. It is one of those mysterious little essentials that have an importance far beyond their size or cost.

A woman’s lipstick is an instrument of personal morale that helps her to conceal heartbreak or sorrow; gives her self-confidence when it’s badly needed; heightens her loveliness when she wants to look her loveliest.

No lipstick—ours or anyone else’s—will win the war. But it symbolizes one of the reasons why we are fighting...the precious right of women to be feminine and lovely—under any circumstances.

The Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick of your choice will keep your lips smoother... longer! It will bring an exclusive grooming and a deep glowing “life” to your lips that defy both time and weather.

BEAUTY—glory of woman...

LIBERTY—glory of nations...

Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



TANGEE

WITH THE NEW
SATIN-FINISH



FOR THE MODERN MISS

By Elizabeth Willguss

Ooh, a spot!



Well, do something about it. Don't wait. Even if you're down on a farm far from a dry cleaner and all your clothes are summer washables, anyway! No matter how careful, you'll spill milk down your front or juice from a ripe peach or upset the iodine bottle after fixing that thumb. So here are some special spot tactics for you summer Victory croppers:

- DO wash *milk* stains with soap and water.
- DO treat *iodine* to a whiff of ammonia.
- DO tamp *cooking oil* spots with dry cleaning solvent.
- DO give those letter-writing *ink* spots an equal dose of glycerine and water; on white fabrics, follow with scant ammonia and peroxide.
- DON'T expose *tannin* stains (coffee, tea, fruit, mustard, soft drinks) to heat or soap. Use water.

SUMMER HINTS . . .



Do they fit?

Fine stuff, the liquid hose you smooth on so expertly. But while you're saving stockings, you don't want your marathon tootsies and their lighthearted pumps to rub each other the wrong way, do you? Your answer is foot socks that *fit*, even without elastic tops. So five-and-ten shop your suntan Footlets in exact stocking size in cotton, lisle or rayon, and they won't slink into the heel!

Stay cool on the job



Let the temperature hit a steady 90. Let everyone else look damp and wilted. For yourself, though, choose *city black* with *frosted white*, and you'll be every bit as fresh after a day's work as you were at nine in the morning. Your "light colors are cooler" champions can go their namby-pamby way. You're smart. You'll take a sleek duco dot or a pin stripe and walk away with all the office compliments. Besides, you can slide neatly into fall by merely changing your summer white accessories!

Try these!

Now in Warners' "Thank Your Lucky Stars," Ann Sheridan shows you how in a trim suspender dress.



If you don't own a jumper dress, you're way off somewhere. Think of your suit blouses and the possible changes! Don't rush out to buy now, however. Wait awhile, have your pick of the fall variety. Meantime, why not cut down an old dress?

Kay Aldridge, Republic's serial queen, who looked mint-julep cool the other day in her green dress and big brim, says, "If you can manage to *look* cool, you've solved half the problem." And, she adds, you do it with one solid color and no fussiness!

"Starched linen blouses in watermelon pink or pale blue will freshen up any summer suit." There's your tip from Ruth Hussey, M-G-M's star of "Tennessee Johnson." And even if you can't find such a luscious shade of linen, you can dye it just the color you want, can't you?

Rita Hayworth tells you...
**HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR NEW
 BLENDED MUSKRAT**

This is what she advises her fans: "When you buy furs, look for the Hollander mark — it means beauty that lasts." And that's true of all the Hollander furs — Featherlite Persian Lamb, Beaver, Hudson Seal-dyed Muskrat and others.



RITA HAYWORTH,
 star of Columbia Pictures' forthcoming Technicolor production, "Cover Girl," sees that her furs have expert care. Many stores feature Hollanderizing — fur cleansing and rejuvenation by the very same methods used by Hollander in processing the original pelts.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOLLYWOOD'S PAUL HESSE



Rita Hayworth tells you
WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR OLD FUR COAT

Fur is Precious

That's why Rita gives the coats she no longer wants to friends, relatives or worthy charities. She won't let them idle their lives away when they can make someone else warm, beautiful and happy.

Fur is Precious

Rita often finds an old coat of hers has a lot of wear left in it. She advises you to do as she does: have it repaired or remodeled at the place you buy your furs to recapture your pride of ownership.

Fur is Precious

Every scrap of it can be used. Your local furrier, department store or specialty shop will be glad to accept your old furs for the FUR VEST PROJECT. They will make warm vest linings which are given free to our seamen.



THE FOODS OF OUR ALLIES

GREECE

BY MARJORIE DEEN



The heroism of the embattled women of Europe who believe strongly enough in their cause to die for it, is embodied in Katina Paxinou's portrayal of Pilar.

A dynamic stage star, Katina Paxinou—as yet completely unknown to movie audiences but famous on the Continent—was the person finally picked by Paramount to play the coveted role of the indomitable Pilar in Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls." "There could have been no better choice for the part," you'll soon be hearing on all sides. Nor could there be a person more logical to represent Greece, in our series on *The Foods of Our Allies*, than this fine actress, known in better days as "The First Lady of the Royal Greek Theater."

At first Madame Paxinou demurred when we explained the nature of our interview. "In discussing the foods of my country," she explained sadly, "we can speak only in the past tense with regret, or in the future tense with hope. Of the present we must speak with sorrow and pity—and with a deep determination to do all we can to ameliorate the tragic lot of my starved and tortured fellow countrymen."

She then went on to describe the food relief program being carried out under the auspices of the Greek Relief Association—while at the same time urging us all to purchase the useful Atlas of War Maps sold for the benefit of this worthy cause; and to make any other contributions we can towards a program on whose continuing success depends the survival of an historic race.

Finally, however, Madame Paxinou did tell us about some of the native dishes of Greece which she thought would be popular with Americans. These specialties are necessarily of the simpler sort. Featured among them is Chicken Kapama—as prepared by the chef of one of New York's famous hotelries which caters with equal success to people of Greek descent and to those Americans who appreciate the semi-oriental undertones of Greek cookery.

A simple sweet like Hosafi—instead of the more familiar, but too-hard-to-make-at-home dessert, Baci—could follow the Kapama; while Avgolemono might well precede it, if you would have an entire meal of Greek inspiration. Then too, if you wish to have a starchy food with the main dish, by all means follow their custom of serving—in preference to potatoes—rice cooked in such a manner that each grain stands out distinct from its fellows. Here's how it's done. And here also are other recipes for dishes long favored in Greece—to serve as reminders of a happier past and as signposts on the road to a brighter future for a brave and still active ally.

ADJEM PILAFF (Fluffy Cooked Rice)

Wash 1 cup rice through several waters. Drain thoroughly. In a deep, heavy saucepan melt 4 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add the rice; cook and stir until golden brown. Add 2 cups water (or 2 cups stock) and 2 teaspoons salt. Boil gently 25 minutes in covered saucepan, without stirring. Turn off heat, stir with a fork, cover with a doubled towel and allow to stand on back of stove, or in hot oven, for 5 minutes.



The recipe for Chicken Kopoma, pictured here, was given to us by the chef of the Hotel St. Moritz—whose restaurant features, each day, dishes which are outstanding examples of the best in Greek cuisine.

AVGOLEMONO
(Egg-Lemon Soup)

- 3½ cups chicken stock
- 2 tablespoons rice
- salt to taste
- 2 egg yolks
- ¼ cup lemon juice

Bring chicken stock to boiling point. Wash rice, add to stock and cook until soft. Add salt to taste. To well beaten egg yolks add the lemon juice; beat together thoroughly. Dilute with a little of the hot soup, then add to remaining soup, stirring well as you add. Allow to stand several minutes over hot water. Serves 4.

KAPAMA
(Baked Chicken)

- 2 (2 pound) chickens
- ½ cup butter (or chicken fat)
- 1 carrot, sliced
- 1 celery stalk, sliced
- 6 small white onions
- ½ cup sherry wine
- salt and pepper, to taste
- 1 bud garlic
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 2 cups stewed tomatoes
- additional seasonings
- 2 whole tomatoes

Have chickens cut into 4 portions each—reserving the wing tips, neck and giblets which should be cooked in a little water to make the 1 cup broth called for in recipe. Place chicken portions in large skillet containing the butter or chicken fat. Fry on both sides until well browned. Remove chicken to casserole, add the carrot, celery, onion and sherry. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. To the fat in which chickens were fried add the bud of garlic (more garlic may be used if the flavor is liked—but care should be exercised so as not to “mask” the delicate flavor of the chicken itself). Stir in the flour and cook and stir until slightly browned. Remove garlic and add the strained chicken broth. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Add the stewed tomatoes. Taste and add salt, pepper and also a pinch of mixed herbs, if desired. Pour this sauce over contents of casserole. Cover and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 30 minutes. Uncover, add the quartered tomatoes and cook 15 minutes longer. Serves 4.

MOUSAKA
(Meat and Eggplant Casserole)

- 1 large eggplant
- fat for frying
- 1 pound chopped meat
- 1 onion, chopped fine
- salt, pepper, bayleaf
- 2 fresh tomatoes
- 1 tablespoon butter

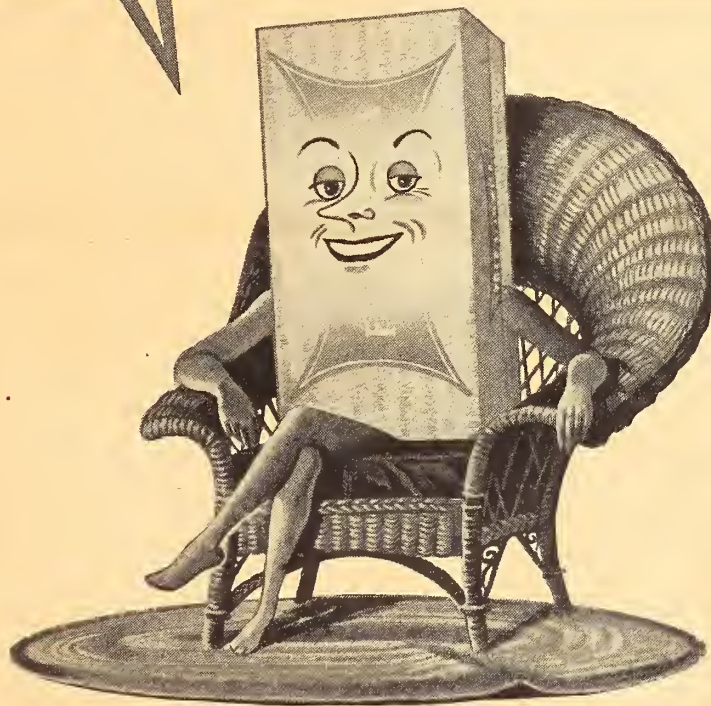
Pare and slice eggplant. Sprinkle with salt, place on a plate, top with second plate and place a weight on top plate. Allow to drain for 1 hour. Fry slices on both sides in a little fat, until well browned. (Eggplant may first be dusted with a little flour, if desired.) Meanwhile brown the meat and the onion in a little fat in a separate skillet. Add salt, pepper and a bit of bayleaf. Add the tomatoes cut into very small pieces. Cook and stir 2 minutes longer. Cover the bottom of a greased casserole with pre-cooked eggplant, top with a layer of meat, then add a second layer of eggplant. Dot with butter and bake in hot oven (400°F.) 15 minutes.

HOSAFI

- 2 cups (1 pound) seedless raisins
- 3 cups water
- peel of 1 orange
- 2 tablespoons sugar

Wash and drain raisins, add water and peel cut into thin strips. Simmer 30 minutes. Add sugar. Chill well.

Now...let's talk about you



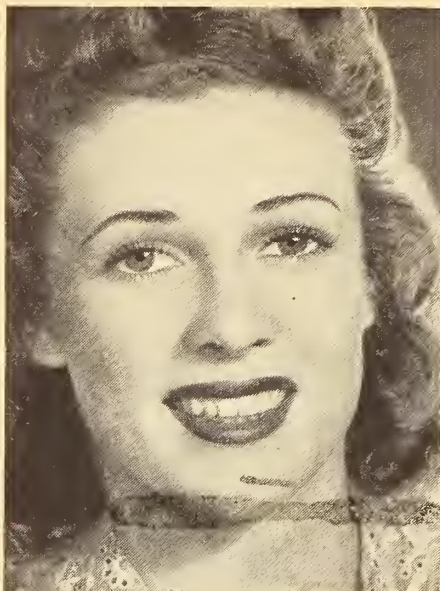
You've had your share of worries lately . . . what with shortages and soaring prices, saving 'points' and stretching pennies . . . it's a full-time job just to keep your family clothed and fed.

Then there's the weekly wash. More than likely you're doing it yourself. And now—the last straw—you can't always get your favorite laundry soap!

It's hard to be patient about these things. But—please believe that the makers of Fels-Naptha are doing everything they can to keep you supplied. Working day and night at it. If your grocer doesn't have Fels-Naptha Soap in stock today—he *will* have it soon. So *please keep on asking.*



FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



WOMEN WHO KNOW have a better chance for happiness!

**IMPROVED NEW
FEMININE HYGIENE WAY
gives continuous action
for hours!**

● Knowing the truth about feminine hygiene—the real modern facts—is bound to mean greater happiness for any wife! Are you sure your information is up-to-date?

Today you can know! Today no woman need trust half-truths. No woman need rely on weak, ineffective home-made mixtures—or risk using over-strong solutions of acids, which can burn and injure delicate tissues.

Intelligent, well-informed women everywhere rely on Zonitors, the new safe convenient feminine hygiene way!

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories! Non-greasy. They spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize, by actually *destroying* odor, instead of temporarily "masking" it. Give continuous action for hours!

Powerful, yet so safe for delicate tissues! Non-poisonous, non-burning. Zonitors help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 7809B, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Zonitors
~ SO CONVENIENT



CO-ED

(Continued from page 16)

ironing). Foot-wise, just about anything goes, they do say, as long as it's divinely comfortable. Moccasins and saddles are most popular, and some coupon-conscious gals wear no shoes a-tall. You'll need a bandanna or two to do up your hair on damp or windy mornings, and if you're going to live at the farm rather than commute, you'll need a few crisp cotton numbers for evening. We can't warn you enough against packing a lot of coy pinafores for working clothes. They couldn't cut less ice with the farmers.

One fine day you'll be called and asked to report for work. Perhaps to help out on a dairy farm, if you live in the cow country. Your chores may involve butter-making, running a separator (electrically, lest the mere thought put you out of commission), machine-milking, mixing grains and feeds and seeing that the cows eat their spinach. You'll be shown the ropes, so stop brooding over the thing. On a poultry farm, you'd feed and water the feathered friends, clean, grade, candle, and crate eggs and prepare poultry for market. On an agricultural farm, you'd pick the produce, wax vegetables, can 'em.

safaris cost dough . . .

If your state is a dairy country, and you crave to work on an agricultural farm, specify that in your original application. If you're a Westerner and you'd love to work in the East, write to the Volunteer Land Corps, 51 E. 42nd Street, New York City. They'll try to place you on a selected and supervised New England farm, having first blown you to a four-week course in agriculture at Farmingdale, L. I. If you're an Easterner with a yen to work in the West (that's human nature, you know), write to the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in the capital of the state you choose, and ask for job data. However, unless you have some spare cash to throw around, don't undertake a long safari. You pay your own way, you know, and it mounts up.

Now, the vital question department: What about wages? They vary from state to state, but these are fairly typical. Thirty-five cents an hour if you work for a day here and there; \$30 a month plus roof and rations if you live at the farm. During harvesting, you're paid by the piece, so much per bushel of corn. Are the farms co-ed? Some will be, but the majority won't. Check with the Farm Bureau first if this matters, and assure your shocked parents that the farms are well house-mothered. Can girls of all ages co-operate? Yes, if they're hale and hearty. Child labor laws prevent the very little women from pitching in, however.

Here's one way to combine fun and farming. Get your gang of kids to sign up for work one day a week as a group. Bring a lush picnic lunch and your bathing suits. When you knock off around four-thirty, hie yourselves to the creek for a long dip, then home to one of your houses for much food and square-dancing. Important point: Don't loaf on the job. You'll get fired ultimately.

A word or two of warning. Don't offer your services directly to the farmer, or you'll have absolutely no assurance of fair treatment or maximum pay. (If the farmer in the case is your uncle or something, ignore this, of course.) Don't, in a fit of misguided patriotism, offer to

work for nothing. You'll force the wage scale down. Don't fib about your prowess.

hey, you with the green thumb! . . .

If you're out of school and career-shopping, give a thought to farming. Seriously, it's going to be one of the professions for women. You see, the Department of Agriculture has analyzed the potentialities of female farmers and found them good. Ladies, it seems, have green thumbs and a way with animals. They are patient, dexterous and diligent—all of which adds up to this. You can, after a stretch at agricultural college, land a \$2,600-a-year Civil Service job as a crop production specialist or a junior soil conservationist. If you're interested in farming as a way of life—a peaceful, deep-down happy, profitable way, drop a card to your State Director of Rural War Production Training.

* * * *

Co-Ed Bulletin Board: This is the month to sneak up on that gorgeous MODERN SCREEN contest on page 64. What with everyone knee-deep in summer and lazy as anything, the time couldn't be riper for you. Give it a try right this minute. The prizes are as out-of-this-world as James on the trumpet, and we'd like nothing better than to send you one of 'em!

And here's another beautiful thing. The whole string of charts in our Super-Coupon (all but Horoscope and the Super Star Information Chart) is being offered for exactly nothing, beginning now. No nickels . . . no box tops . . . no stuff. Super-Star Information Chart is simply staggering—combines three of M.S.'s former charts with miles of added dope on Hollywood people. For a dime it's a terrific prize. In fact, we expect the 100,000 we've printed to disappear in two winks, so take action, chum . . . and quick! Too, we've added fresh this month a beauty chart for making you a regular dream, in seconds flat! Leaf over to Page 18 for more Super-Coupon dope!

200,000,000 PLATTERS

Remember what your Saturday nights used to be like? A mob of you around a phonograph . . . a stack of records a mile high? A lot of those records are tucked in the attic now . . . cracked and dated and useless. A lot of guys are sitting around a phonograph in a camp, somewhere, playing "Java Jive" over and over and remembering those nights. In many cases, there isn't much besides a vic to brighten their evenings. Trouble is, there's a terrific shortage of discs. That's where you come in, with sleeves rolled up.

The American Legion and their Auxiliary will buzz your bell sometime this month asking for old records and broken ones which they, in turn, will sell to record manufacturers as scrap. They're looking forward to 200,000,000 of 'em, and the money raised in this way will be used to buy brand new records for all servicemen both here and abroad. Better whisk through your stacks of records right now. And remember, it doesn't matter a bit how old or broken they are; they'll make simply luscious scrap.

MURDER! SHE SAYS

(Continued from page 47)

mother. She wasn't meant to worry. I'll take care of you both." For Betty, her mother's hands became the symbol of drudgery and heartache. Lying scarred and seamed and idle in her lap for a moment, they never failed to bring the tears stinging to Betty's lids.

Mother has the car now and the fur coat. She's married to the man who waited 16 years, because she wouldn't say yes till the girls grew up.

Marion's happily married and has a baby, so Betty doesn't have to worry about her any more either.

lady with a capital I . . .

The way things are, you'd think she wouldn't have to worry about herself either. At 22, she's covered considerable ground—from a Detroit tenement to Hollywood's plushy lap—from singing for pennies to stardom at Paramount. But there's a devil that keeps her keyed to fever pitch. Every goal is just a stepping-stone to the next.

She's always aimed for the top. Half-way doesn't suit her. As a kid in Detroit, she said, "Some day I'll sing at the Fox—" where the big shots sang. She wants to be a fine actress, because that's tops in Hollywood. She wants to be a lady, because that's tops in womanhood.

"I don't mean the kind of lady who's dull. I mean someone who has humor, has charm, isn't cheap. When you see Colbert, you don't say hello to her like you would to Joe Blow. You say it with respect. I want that look in my face like hers—that careless look."

That's Betty talking—the kid who was honest with herself from the day she could think, who looked at her plain freckled face in the mirror and said grimly, "Nobody thinks you're going to be anything but you. Well, maybe you're not, but I tell you one thing, my girl, you're going to kill yourself trying."

It's also her mother talking. Mrs. Hutton had her own goal, driving toward it with the same intensity that burns in

I want to Join the W-I-V-E-S



1 You see she was a very lonely girl indeed. There was no romance in her young life... 'cause she looked old and faded... and love stayed away. And it was all her face powder's fault... its shade was dead and lifeless... which added years to her age!



2 Then she tried a glamorous new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. What a difference! For these new youthful shades are perfectly matched to the vibrant, glowing skin-tones of youth! And, listen... there's an alluring new shade of Cashmere Bouquet to bring out the natural, youthful coloring of your complexion, too... no matter what your age!

3 Look at her now... our sad Miss is a glad Mrs.—thanks to that smooth, downy look of youth Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! What's more, this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color-true, never streaky... color-harmonized to suit your skin-type... goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly, for hours!



4 So glorify the youthfulness of your complexion! Thrill to the glamorous new allure Cashmere Bouquet can bring to your skin! You'll find a new, youthful shade that's perfect for you... in a 10¢ or larger size, at all cosmetic counters!

**CASHMERE BOUQUET
FACE POWDER**
In the New Youthful Shades



Winners in MODERN SCREEN'S Contest No. 4 "Hello, Frisco, Hello"

1. Miss Edith Jacobs
Roslindale, Mass.
2. Mrs. Robert A. Swan
Portland, Ore.
3. Mrs. Thomas Parrish
Kalamazoo, Mich.
4. Miss Ruth Luark
Spokane, Wash.
5. Mrs. Betty Sullenger
Crestline, Kansas
6. Mr. Richard Swearingen
Lexington, Ky.
7. Miss Georgia Alderigi
Gallipolis, Ohio
8. Miss Billie Chenault
Wichita Falls, Tex.
9. Miss Louise Goldberg
New York, N. Y.
10. Mrs. Milton Thomas
Dayton, Ohio
11. Mrs. George Hales
Birmingham, Ala.

Betty. She'd been handicapped by a lack of schooling. Her girls wouldn't be. No factory work for them. Marion wanted to be a nurse. Betty was smart; she could be a secretary. Both respectable callings, something you could hang on to earn a decent living.

It almost killed her when Marion had to quit. Marion didn't want to quit. She really wanted to be a nurse. But as mother grew older, work grew harder to find, and the choice lay between stark necessity and a dream. So Marion quit and got a job in a drugstore. Well, Betty then. They'd both put Betty through school. Betty was a whizzbang at school.

At 12, Betty'd made up her mind to be a singer. Mrs. Hutton owned a guitar—one of the few relics of her girlhood—and had taught the children songs like "Dinah" and "Show Me the Way to Go Home." One night she took them to a restaurant patronized by her friends. Betty was moved to get up and sing, and when people clapped and threw money on the floor, her eyes popped. Money for singing! Zowie! This was for her!

She became a familiar figure at the rollicking Italian weddings, haunted amateur nights, where you hollered the name of your song to the orchestra.

But it wasn't only the money, it was the fun. Amateur nights were her substitute for the movies and skating rinks she couldn't afford—the color and music and tingle of life. She had a swell time up there on the stage—swinging into it, letting herself go, drawing applause.

Mrs. Hutton said, "So she's singing, so what? As long as it doesn't interfere with school."

She even agreed to let Betty go to New York one summer. "But only for the summer mind you." Fred Winegar, a bandleader, thought he could get some dates, with Betty as singer. Mrs. Hutton cooked enough chicken for their meals on the train, but nobody gave them chicken in New York. They were down to crackers and cheese when they finally got a date with a music publisher.

One look at Betty was enough. "How old are you?"

Her rouge and lipstick were too thick. So was her lie.

"Listen, kid. If you'll be a nice girl and go back to school, I'll pay your fare."

up popped fate . . .

To Betty he'll always be a prince, even if his advice stank. Back home, she plunged headlong into her singing rounds again. Now she ventured into nightclubs, took her crowd along so they could lead the applause. And one night fate

poked a finger into the pie.

The spot was appropriately called The Nuthouse and, after Betty's song, the head waiter came back, looking respectful. "Vincent Lopez wants you."

"Who's Vincent Lopez?" (That was the awful part. Hot bands were her dish. The smooth Lopez lay beyond her ken.)

"He's just playing at the Fox, that's all."

Her tottering legs took her to the bandleader's table. Next day he gave her an audition and offered her \$65 a week to go on tour. What did her mother say? What would you say if a blazing-eyed hurricane hit you with news of more money in a week than you'd ever been able to put by through years of back- and heartbreak?

Betty learned more than her songs on that tour. She learned about food and clothes, about good taste and bad, grabbing knowledge where she found it.

mom does it . . .

Billy Rose had engaged the Lopez band for the opening of *Casa Manana* in New York. On tour Betty had been all right, but hardly the hoped-for sensation. She'd been brooding over this, but brooding hadn't brought the answer.

They'd set her for the opening spot, the warm-up spot. She'd be pitted against names like Morgan and Richman and Lou Holtz. Out there in the audience they'd still be eating, so she'd also have food to contend with.

Her mother was with her. In the dressing room they knelt and prayed, as they do before every performance. Betty's no formal churchgoer. "I just talk to Him," she says, "like I talk to you."

Mrs. Hutton sat in the balcony, shaking. Betty came on and sang "A Tisket, A Tasket." The applause was mild. She was about to go off, having been told to do only one number, unless they clamored for more. Then she lifted her eyes—to her mother's smile, to her mother's thumb and forefinger rounding in an O. Unexpectedly, even to herself, Betty winked. And out front they laughed—

That did it. It was only a laugh, but it sent power surging through Betty. She remembered Detroit—"like somebody feeding you a steak, like having wings—"

She broke into "Where's My Little Dog Gone," and blasted it in the style that needs no description today—hurled the music around, threw the microphone over, tore off the stage and on to the tables, had a wonderful time going mad and inviting the world and his brother to go mad with her. They did, too. They refused to let her go. She sang "Old Man Mose Kicked the Bucket," and then,

being only 16 and delirious, she broke down and bawled. That made the women clap harder in sympathy and nudge the menfolk to keep their big hams going. Lou Holtz had to come out and stop the riot. Past caring now, Betty grabbed the curtain and swung off on it like some exultant Valkyrie.

Billy Rose called them all backstage after the show for suggested changes. Betty's turn came last. Reaction had set in. She was scared blue.

The little showman narrowed his eyes at her. "Young woman, I've got just one thing to say to you. Don't tear my curtain down."

Next day he sent her a black fitted case by Elizabeth Arden—the first good thing she'd ever owned.

From 21 weeks at *Casa Manana* to vaudeville—to "Two for the Show"—to "Panama Hattie," produced by Buddy De Sylva. "Some day," said De Sylva, "I'll do a show for you." Out of many who don't, he's one who sticks to his word. Shortly after he became production head at Paramount, Betty got a wire. "Have a part for you in 'Fleet's In.'"

He calls her his pet protégé, and she calls him the boss, and for Betty's money, he wears a halo. Because he believed in her, she got her chance to slip from clowning into acting. Because she made good, she's landed the Tex Guinan plum, to follow "And the Angels Sing."

Her only objection to screen acting is the absence of applause. She thinks Hollywood's swell. She blows across the Paramount lot like a breeze, calls De Mille lover boy. She broke her engagement to Perc Westmore because he wanted to marry soon and she didn't. Her career came first. They're still on good terms, and she sees him now and then.

She's still mad about jewels and furs, though no longer about dripping them.

bell-bottom trousers . . .

She likes hamburgers and skee ball, and anything heavier than light fiction gives her a headache. She rents a bigger apartment than she needs, because she can't stand the hemmed-in feeling of her childhood. The maid's got to bring breakfast the minute Betty's up.

Her best friend is Doris, who's been her hairdresser since "Fleet's In." She doesn't have a good time with terribly sophisticated people who've put on an act so long that they wouldn't know their real selves if they met 'em in the dark. She despises people who come to your house and, if it's not big enough, look down their noses and say, how quaint. She likes Doris. Doris is down to her level, and Doris likes sailors, and Doris has a new sailor story every day.

Happy-go-lucky is not the word for her. The iron of her childhood has bitten deep. She's still running from nameless terrors, forever on the move. If something bad happens, it gets tied up in her mind with the place she's living in, so she moves to another place. She drives herself to sleep. "Hurry, hurry, you've got to be up at six."

Worse than anything, she hates being alone. When she hasn't a dinner date, she calls her mother and stepdad—or she runs over to Lucey's opposite Paramount and has a sandwich at the bar and talks to the philosophic bartender.

Try to probe her dread of being alone, and she turns on you the eyes of a tormented child. "I get lonely and lost and frightened. There are so many things yet to do that I haven't done—"

Like learning to be a lady, for instance. Well, we all have our own ideas of what makes a lady. For a very gallant one, I give you Betty Hutton.

ARE YOU NOSEY?

Like to know what goes on? In our new Super Star Information Chart we've got the straight dope on 511 stars, including band names and a special division for Westerns. Answers every question we could think of, from their pics and studio addresses right down to their love life. For a sample, here's what we've got on Alan Ladd.

NAME AND STUDIO	BORN	HEIGHT—WEIGHT	HAIR—EYES	NUTS ABOUT
LADD, ALAN, Par.	Hot Springs, Ark. Sept. 3, 1913	5' 9" 150 lbs.	Blond Hair Blue Eyes	Bad man roles
KIDS	LOVE LIFE	USED TO BE	LAST 4 PICS	BELIEVE IT OR NOT
2	M. Sue Carol	Trying to get in	China, Glass Key Lucky Jordan Star Sp. Rhythm	Was stage hand before break.
MOST RECENT EVENT	See Super Coupon on page 18 for exciting FREE offers.			
New baby Army—Corporal				

"GENTLEMAN BOB"

(Continued from page 49)

was too great to land: either that or the runway had congealed in a strip too small for Bob's plane. He poured on more coal, took on some altitude and looked down on the field where his teacher was doing plain and fancy nippups.

Maybe, thought Bob, the wind had changed, so he flew down for a look at the wind sock. Nope, the wind was still coming from the proper department. "Make a landing approach from a thousand feet" his instructions had said, so Bob went back to a thousand and came in again. When he reached the approximate landing point, he still had too much speed.

By this time he was doing the heaviest thinking of his life. He was wondering why no one had ever equipped a plane with an anchor and a reliable stairway.

Being a patient soul, he tried a seventh time and had no difficulty at all in cutting down air speed and making a perfect three-point on the accepted runway spot.

As Bob climbed out of the plane, his teacher came sagging over on a pair of Leon Errol's knees. He also had an explanation: The day was so hot that strong and erratic air currents had been set up; just as Bob had tried to land, six times, the wind had swung around in exactly the opposite direction.

Bob summoned up a grin for the moment. "My thirteenth hour in the air . . . that must explain such a freaky thing."

After 35 hours in the air he earned his private pilot's license, whereupon he telephoned his mother. "How would you like to go for a ride with me?" he demanded.

"I'd love it," she said instantly, then she paused. "Do I have to look at the ground?" she wanted to know.

She took to flying like a bird—so long as she could look straight ahead into the sunset, or to either side into cloud banks. What she didn't particularly enjoy was the panorama directly below. "Down is such a long way," she observed.

When she landed she patted Bob's shoulder. "You're a good driver," she said. "Any time you can take me, I'd like to fly with you." This is known as family solidarity.

ordeal by air . . .

When Bob broached the subject of giving Barbara passenger privileges in his plane she was grateful but unmoved. She explained that she liked solid earth. Things grew in it, and a person five feet two inches tall had no great distance to fall to reach it.

But the air—something else again. It didn't look like anything, yet aerial engineers insisted that it resembled, in its flow, the golden laze of molasses. It harbored thunder, lightning, hurricane, cyclone and simoon. Practically anything could loom out of air including clouds, birds, rain, hail and other planes. No thanks, said Barbara.

It wasn't until Bob had well over 80 flying hours written up in his log book that Barbara finally consented to a brief trial flight. She liked it—but not enough. She has never been up since.

Immediately afterward she bought a St. Christopher medal to be placed in the plane's cockpit; then she bought a second to be worn on a chain around Bob's neck. Then a new medal for fliers was introduced, and Barbara bought that.

Bob, while not superstitious, approves of any charm; although non-Catholic (Barbara is Catholic), he is grateful for blessed medals. "Anything she says is good for me, I'll wear. It's a fine idea."

香點請
糖美你
國給
口我

"WILL YOU GIVE US SOME AMERICAN GUM, PLEASE?"



YANKS SHARE A "BACK HOME" FAVORITE WITH THEIR ALLIES IN FOREIGN LANDS!

All over the world, a winning Yankee smile . . . a friendly gesture . . . are saying, "We're your friends" to people who don't speak our language.

That's why so many of America's men in uniform are offering Beech-Nut Gum to natives in foreign lands.

They're sharing a good thing and making good friends.

And if there are times when you can't get all the Beech-Nut Gum you want, it's because the needs of the men and women in the Armed Forces, both at home and abroad, come first of all!

Use your free time this summer to serve your country!

In many areas, men and women, boys and girls will be vitally needed for work on farms and in food-processing plants to save America's crops. Volunteer when your local Community Committee asks for help. Yes, you will be paid!



Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval

"SOAPING"

DULLS LOVELY HAIR!
HALO MAKES IT RADIANT!



New-Type Halo Shampoo Reveals Hidden Highlights...Your Hair Sparkles

YOU will be thrilled the way your hair sparkles with all its natural color, the way hidden highlights are revealed the very first time you shampoo with Halo. Halo cannot leave dulling soap-film on hair. *This is a promise no soap or soap shampoo can possibly make.*

All soaps and soap shampoos—even the finest—leave soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap—therefore cannot cloud the radiance of your hair with soap-film.

Halo removes loose dandruff—rinses away completely without a lemon or vinegar rinse—leaves your hair easy to manage and curl. 10¢ and larger sizes.

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Sonatural they even have half moons.

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Will not harm nor soften natural nails. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20¢. All 5¢ and 10¢ stores.



DEFENSE WORKERS

To protect your nails against injury—splitting, breaking, or discoloration, always wear NU-NAILS! Marvelous protection for defense workers, housewives—women everywhere.



NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS
5251 W. Harrison St., Dept. 15-K, Chicago

winged plan . . .

It was a week or so later when Bob had his funniest mishap. He landed satisfactorily at a small airport, but as he taxied along the runway a determined wind sprang up—in answer to some gremlin's call—and began to nudge Bob's plane merrily into an adjacent field.

Bob's apprehensive glance noted that the terrain was planted to some sort of crop, but not until juicy morsels began to spatter against his windshield, and black seeds began to fly, did he realize that he was systematically manufacturing watermelon crush. It took Bob a long time to live this down, not only with the farmer involved, but with the pilots and crews at the airport.

On another occasion, when a picture company was on location in Arizona, Bob flew down to join them. There had been a good deal of studio opposition to his learning to fly, but once he had his private pilot's license, the censure died.

While flying happily through the Arizona sky, Bob felt that he was maintaining a very respectable air speed: 110 the speedometer read. Behind him he heard a zooming, and an Army plane passed him as if he had been a badminton bird in an April breeze. The Army pilot dipped his wings in greeting; it was a beautiful gesture and one that Bob tried, after a fashion, to return.

He was still brooding over the non-grace of his greeting when he made his landing in full view of the Metro crew which had come down in cars to meet him. To this day, Bob isn't exactly sure what happened. However, he did a beautiful ground loop that threatened to tear off a wing . . . all in the general direction of the Army plane which had landed some minutes before.

Despite the delight Bob takes in telling his friends, in detail, about his sloppy landings, his miscalculations and his general confusion, there is no doubt in anyone's mind that Lieutenant Taylor is a respectable pilot. Bob had over 100 air hours to fulfill the 50-air-hour requirement for the job he is to do.

Bob's friends sometimes say that his attitude reminds them of a story told about Gentleman Jim Corbett. As Jim Corbett was entering a hotel one evening he was jostled by a small, paunchy man of questionable sobriety. This character, instead of going on about his business, turned around and gave Corbett a violent tongue-lashing.

Corbett could have lifted the chubby one by his shirt front and set him aside with one hand; instead, he apologized. Afterward, the man with Corbett asked why he'd been so courteous.

"I can afford to be polite. I have the punch to back it up," Corbett answered.

So with Bob. He can afford to be funny about his rare mishaps because he so seriously hopes to deliver properly when the time comes.

As a combination fourth anniversary present and going-away gift, Barbara bought Bob his Navy luggage—stout bags of dark blue canvas. She selected them herself, and Bob was pleased pink; exactly, he told her, what he needed.

Bob, to celebrate the occasion, bought Barbara a fox jacket.

She lifted the lid from the box and said "Oh"—using space enough for about 20 words. "It's beautiful," she added.

She slipped into the coat and viewed herself in the mirror. Her ecstatic expression dwindled, vanished and was replaced by quizzical eyebrows. She didn't want to say anything, but . . . through the glass, she exchanged glances with Bob. He was moving his head slowly.

Suddenly they were laughing together. "Still it was a nice try," Bob said.

"You never know about a coat," Barbara said comfortingly.

"You can take it back and be given a credit," Bob suggested. "After all, on our fourth anniversary I'd like to give you credit for a lot of things."

For birthdays, anniversaries and holidays as long as Bob is in service, he and Barbara have worked out a unique gift solution. Barbara has established a special bank account, and each time she wants to give her husband a present, she will deposit in that account the amount she would logically spend.

sailor's booty . . .

When the war is over, Bob will have a neat nest egg. He is already thinking up possible purchases; mmm, might be nice to buy a new hunting dog . . . or some new guns . . . or a station wagon.

In addition to Barbara, another person is vitally concerned in Bob's military experience: Dion (Skip) Stanwyck.

Skip has decided, on the strength of Bob's goggles and leather flying jacket, that he too is going to be a pilot. But his inclination is to join the Marines in preference to either of the other two branches of service. "There's something about the Marines," he confided to Bob.

The night that Bob brought home his summer tan uniforms, Skip suggested a preview. "I'd like to see what sort of a looking Navy man you're going to make," he explained.

So Bob did a quick modeling act. Skip stood, legs wide and hands on hips.

Finally he nodded. "You're okay," he decided. But innate honesty had to be served, too. "Even so, I think Tyrone Power looks better. He's a Marine."

Bob promptly adopted this paragon. "In his last picture, Tyrone Power was a Navy man," he announced.

Skip nodded. "It would have been nice if, in your last picture for the duration, you could have been a Marine."

That made it game and rubber for Skip because Bob was all out of cards. His last picture, currently titled "Russia," will probably go through a number of name and address changes before it hits your local marquee. It is not, as you might judge from the present title, a story of Stalingrad or Rostov or any other beleaguered Muscovite vicinity. It is the story of a composer-conductor.

Albert Coates, the great Russian-born Englishman, has been coaching Bob in the attitudes of the symphony conductor.

As soon as "Russia" or reasonably exact facsimile is completed, Bob is to report for indoctrination training. Where, he doesn't yet know. He has only one plan. That last night in town—that last civilian evening, when the average man plans to visit some romantic rendezvous or favorite nitery—Bob is going to spend at home. He and Barbara will have a quiet dinner—"the food there is the best in the world"—and a quiet talk—"Barbara's company is the best in the world."

Probably a wandering set electrician, spoke the best possible send-off line for Lieutenant Taylor.

"There's a guy," observed the electrician, "who has never changed one bit from the time he hit this lot as a kid beginner up to the present when he's large potatoes. He doesn't have a mean bone in his body, nor a windy idea in his head. He's got manners. He's got a swell sense of humor, always telling stories, and they're the kind you can tell in mixed company, too. For my money, he's a prince."

And a Lieutenant (j.g.) in the United States Navy.

ARMY WIFE

(Continued from page 37)

tell as much about the marriage of Captain and Mrs. Howard as one could put into an entire novel. They indicate that a proud and self-reliant man of exceptional background has married a famous girl simply because she was the wife he had been waiting for. As for Dorothy, she has never asked more of life than a splendid husband and a happy home.

mutual adoration . . .

It all began one Sunday in November, 1942. A soldier stationed at San Bernardino happened to see Dorothy at Arrowhead Springs Hotel where she was resting, having just finished "Riding High." This military character knew there was to be some sort of entertainment on Sunday at the camp, so he asked Miss Lamour be requested to sing.

The officer in charge of entertainment deemed this a sterling suggestion and telephoned Dorothy to ask if she would oblige. She would, gladly. She was told that an executive officer would be sent to the hotel to fetch her.

And—you've guessed it—the executive officer was Captain William Ross Howard, III, of Baltimore, Maryland. Dorothy glanced at the height of him, the breadth of shoulder and the twinkling eyes, and she liked what she saw very, very much.

To manufacture conversation on the trip from hotel to base, Dorothy asked Captain Howard which of the 48 states was his home state. His answer brought forth the statement from Dottie that she had spent several weeks in his home town when her mother had been in the hospital last autumn.

They reached the entry to the air base in so short a time that the trip seemed to have been taken in the space between two heart beats. Just time for a girl to begin to think that this was a man with whom it would be easy to fall in love.

And Captain Howard? With a great deal of commendable male pride, he was undoubtedly telling himself that he wasn't going to be impressed by a movie star, no matter how natural, unaffected, and genuine she appeared to be at first meeting. No indeed. He'd wait.

He'd wait to decide, when he drove her back to the hotel that Sunday afternoon, that it would be very pleasant to have dinner with her that evening. Dorothy said yes, if he wouldn't have too long a drive back to base afterward.

"I'm living at Arrowhead Springs, too," said Captain Howard.

It comes up Fate, kids.

Between that first dinner date and the afternoon of April 7, 1943, when Miss Dorothy Lamour became the wife of Captain William Ross Howard, a good many things happened.

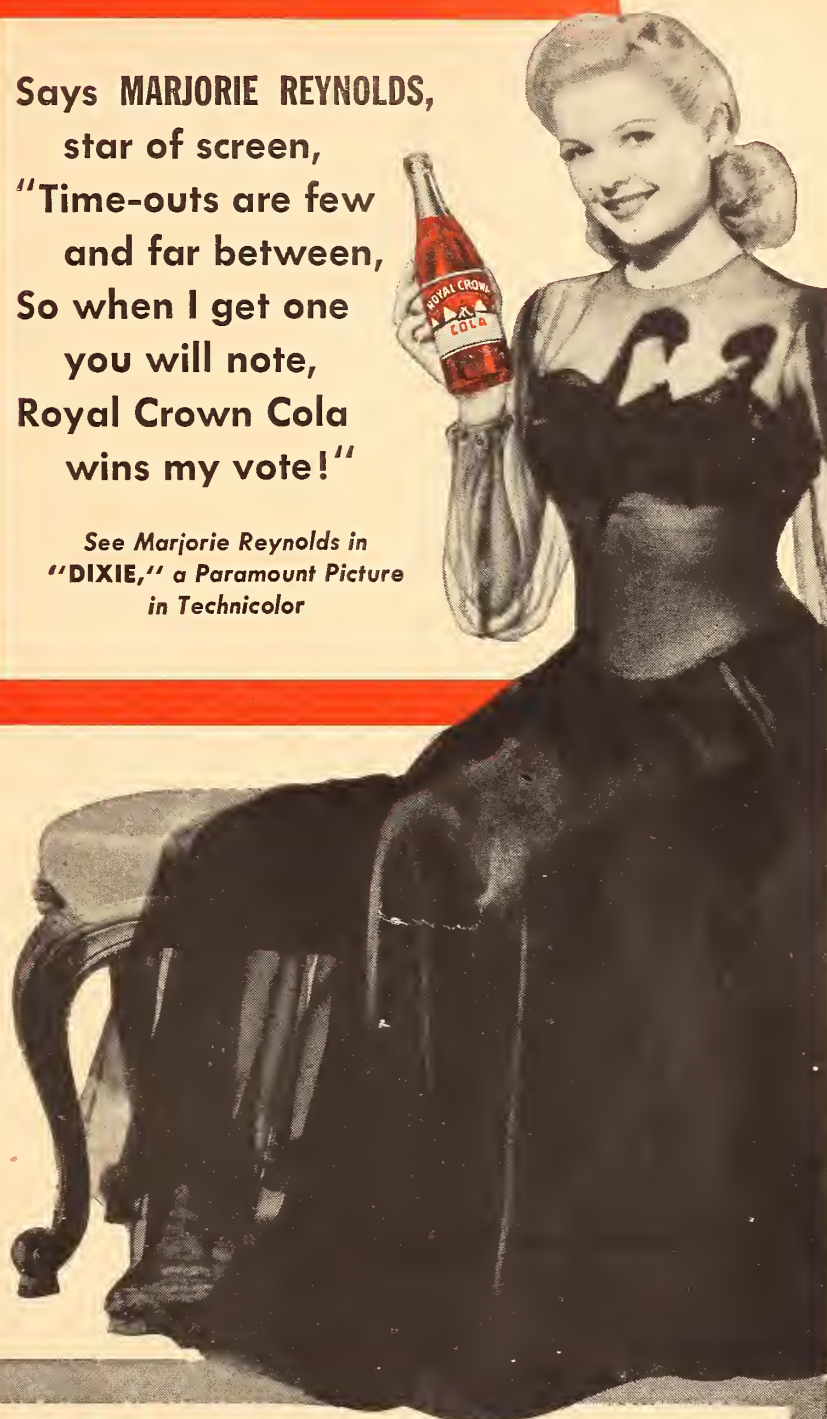
For one thing, Dorothy changed her mind about hats. She had always adored cartwheels, with now and then an ample bonnet that could have doubled for a beach cabana.

On their second or third date, Captain Howard expressed himself on the subject of big hats. The gist of this speech was simply ixnay. Shortly afterward, Dottie became the skull-cap specialist of Marathon Street.

Another thing: Dottie has always been known around Hollywood as the Orchid Kid; they were her favorite horticultural exhibit. Suddenly Something New Had Been Added. Bill Howard's favorite flowers were gardenias—because they have a glorious fragrance, whereas

Says MARJORIE REYNOLDS,
star of screen,
"Time-outs are few
and far between,
So when I get one
you will note,
Royal Crown Cola
wins my vote!"

See Marjorie Reynolds in
"DIXIE," a Paramount Picture
in Technicolor



Marjorie Reynolds has a double job these days—making pictures for Paramount and entertaining soldiers for Uncle Sam. So whenever she takes a moment off, Royal Crown Cola gives her a lift and a fresh start. "I took the famous taste-test," she says, "tasted leading colas in paper cups. I tried each one and picked my winner—Royal Crown Cola! Winter or summer, it's my favorite 'quick-up'!"

TAKE TIME OUT FOR A "QUICK-UP" WITH

ROYAL CROWN COLA

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Best by Taste-Test!



BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY!

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WEST'S
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**IN CARTONS
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FOR HEALTH
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1935

Made by the makers of the famous 50¢
DR. WEST'S MIRACLE-TUFT TOOTHBRUSH

POEMS WANTED

For Musical Setting

Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. **DON'T DELAY**—Send us your Original Poem at once—for immediate examination and **FREE RHYMING DICTIONARY**.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

Is Your Skin DARK, DULL, ROUGH?



*Let Nadinola, the 3-way treatment cream,
help make it Lighter, Brighter, Smoother!*

Don't give in to unlovely skin! Try famous Nadinola Cream, used and praised by thousands of lovely women. Nadinola is a 3-way treatment cream that acts to lighten and brighten dark, dull skin—clear up externally caused pimples—fade freckles—loosen blackheads. Used as directed, its special medicated ingredients help to clear and freshen your skin—to make it creamy-white, satin-smooth. Start today to improve your complexion—buy Nadinola Cream! Full treatment-size jar only 55¢, with money-back guarantee; trial size 10¢. Or write Nadinola, Dept. 31, Paris, Tenn.

orchids obtainable in California smell like ice in a vacuum.

Almost immediately Dorothy's taste in flowers veered in favor of gardenias.

The romance itself bloomed. At Christmas time, Bill and an officer friend were invited to be house guests of the Castleberrys. Dorothy and her parents had just returned to her Coldwater Canyon house, so celebrated this event with open house on Christmas Eve. Bill had asked her, in as roundabout fashion as a man can usually manage, what she would like for Christmas, and she had told him merely a picture of himself.

It sounded like a good two-way deal to Bill, so each gave the other a picture.

On Christmas morning, Dorothy and her mother awakened early to sniff the aroma of sputtering bacon and frying eggs. When, in robes and an anticipatory mood, they descended to the kitchen, they found that the Air Corps in the busy persons of two competent officers, had prepared a larrupin' breakfast.

In February, Dorothy and Bill went to the Academy Award Banquet together. She cautioned him in advance that she would know practically everyone there, and she hoped he wouldn't mind if she were kidded about her military escort.

old acquaintance . . .

As they entered the Grove, Dorothy saw Commander Jack Bolton advancing rapidly. She smiled vividly and started to say something light and charming, but Commander Bolton was obviously attending merely to the usual social gestures with her; his eager glance went right over her shoulder. "For heaven's sake—Bill Howard!" he jubilated.

From the ensuing flood of conversation, Dottie learned that Jack Bolton and Bill Howard had grown up a block apart and attended secondary school together.

One March night, Dorothy and Bill had a dinner date. It was a divine evening . . . but by that time this pair would have found thunder and lightning lovely as long as they were together. Bill started to say something important; something that most men find exceedingly difficult to frame in words. He managed a few phrases, then several uncertain sentences. At that moment, Dorothy was called to the 'phone.

The caller was Ted Whitehead, husband of Dorothy's best friend, Kathleen Coghlan Whitehead. Mr. Whitehead said that Kathleen was to be taken to the hospital that night, and he thought Dorothy would like to know this fact.

"I'll be there as soon as possible," Dorothy answered. She returned to Bill, explained her mission and left for L. A.

Several hours later, she was allowed to see Kathleen for a moment. Dottie had already observed, through the nursery window, the lusty young man who was Kathleen's brand new son and Dorothy's godchild.

"That's a wonderful baby," Dorothy said, chuckling. "I just want you to know that you and Ted, Jr., interrupted a proposal."

wedding belle . . .

The interruption must not have made much difference, because only a few days later, Mrs. Castleberry announced the engagement of her daughter, Dorothy, to Captain Howard. There were, the announcement stated, no immediate wedding plans. This is like saying that a hungry juvenile, catching sight of a box of candy, has no immediate intentions.

Scarcely was the ink dry on the statement before Dorothy and Bill appeared at the license bureau. Dottie

had some trouble filling out the forms. "What's my profession?" she asked her fiancé naively.

This indicates one of the nicest things about Dottie; she has never taken her sarong seriously. Other girls in pictures, made a stooge for a pair of ace comedians like Hope and Crosby, would have cried for more dramatic parts, for scripts that gave them breaks and for a more extensive wardrobe. Not Dottie. She is, and has always been, Miss Easy Does It.

After Dottie's marriage, a friend said, "I imagine Dottie has more rooters hoping for her happiness than any other bride in Hollywood."

The day before the wedding was to take place, an agitated Captain Howard telephoned Dottie from San Bernardino. It seems that he had purchased a handsome new pair of officer's "pinks"—the light trousers worn for dress occasions with the O.D. blouse. And, just to get accustomed to the new clothes, Bill had worn them that morning . . . but, while going through the warehouse, he passed too close to an inquisitive nail.

"So I'll have to wear my old ones," Captain Bill allowed.

"That's right in keeping," laughed Dottie. "My dress is sort of old."

This was partly true. The dress was hyacinth blue crepe; she had worn it in "Riding High." It was one of the few Lamour wardrobe items capable of living a truly social life, so Dottie loved it with a consuming admiration. She asked Edith Head, her great friend and Paramount's gifted designer, if it couldn't be whipped into an enchanting wedding dress. Edith said it could.

The night before the wedding, Bill arrived at the Castleberry house with all his bridegroom trappings. Someone said, "It's bad luck for the bride and groom to see each other on the actual wedding day, before the ceremony!"

That was a pretty problem, but one that was brilliantly solved. The next morning, Mrs. Castleberry stationed herself in the upper hallway and called directions. She announced Dottie's turn to brush her teeth; Dottie's turn for a shower. Dottie going downstairs on an errand, and so leaving the coast clear for the groom and his best man. All in all it was a fairly frantic morning, punctuated by a traffic director's voice ringing through the house, but Bill and Dottie didn't catch a glimpse of one another until Dottie, on her father's arm, came slowly down the circular staircase to the strains of the wedding march.

Theirs was a double ring ceremony, with the bridal couple exchanging plain gold bands. The service was read by Captain E. I. Carriker, chaplain at the San Bernardino Air Depot.

There were only 26 guests invited to the wedding, but after the ceremony the newlyweds drove down to the Beverly Hills Hotel to receive 250 guests at the reception held in the Officers' Club.

The following evening Captain and Mrs. William Howard entered the dining room at Hotel Rancho Vegas—where they decided to spend their brief honeymoon—and looked for a table. A voice demanded, "Did you want to be seated?"

Dottie whirled around and uttered a delighted shriek. The query had come from the kidding tongue of Dorothy's publicity adviser from Paramount who had had no earthly idea where the Howards were going on their honeymoon, but who had personally come north to the famous resort for a rest. It just proves that in all states west of the Rockies there is no non-Hollywood spot.

That Dorothy Howard is becoming very much of a tradition of the Army

post is proved by two recent incidents. Upon entering the gates one evening to collect her husband, she stopped at the sentry's station to be identified. At approximately the same time a huge convoy of Army trucks came to a halt behind her car. The sentry was oblivious to this impatient military train. "My little girl would just love to have your autograph," he admitted. So, while the convoy waited—with extended necks and irate voices demanding some reason for the delay—Dottie signed a notebook.

On Sunday morning they attended services at the post church and were greeted by a private soldier. Saluting smartly he said to his superior officer, "Good morning, Captain Howard." Then he grinned at the Captain's lady. "Hi-ya, Dottie," he said.

So, if it's true that the ideal marriage is a mixture of dignity and laughs, of serious accomplishment and joyous escape . . . the Howards are just 49 years and 8 months away from a golden wedding anniversary!

YOUR HANDWRITING AND YOU!

(Continued from page 33)

(Mountain-to-Mohammed stuff), and for three days he held continuous court.

Betty Grable is likewise no hermit. She had more fun on her Army camp tour than she's ever had in her life. Saw hundreds of thousands of guys, and instead of coming home on the proverbial shutter like most of the stars, she checked in blooming but lonely. "Hollywood," she complained, "is dead."

Exactly opposite, temperamentally, to Betty is Sonja Henie, and you can see

Sonja Henie

it immediately in her small compact writing. Perhaps you've noticed that your soldier beau's penmanship is becoming firm and strong, à la Henie. Well good. That shows he's developing a disciplined mind through regular training and routine. Your bombardier or engineer especially should have acquired a lot of Sonja's precision. After all, doing skating turns on a dime requires a bit of the same stuff it takes to drop bombs on postage stamps of ground.

Sonja's precision trails her around after working hours, too. She doesn't like a picture to hang even slightly off the beam; hates wrinkles in her clothes; can't bear sloppily arranged flowers. If you detect a new neatness to your swain's letters, kids, be assured he's growing more fastidious, and go easy on the blots in future billets-doux!

Well, how much are you learning? You know two things already—that large writing indicates an emotional nature, and small writing a controlled one. There are innumerable variations on both themes, of course. Look at Ray Milland's writing, for instance. Notice that it's

Ray Milland

vertical, fairly large with rounded, well-spaced letters. This straight up and down writing reveals a nonchalance or placidity. Writing which slants forward shows warmth and friendliness. When it slants to the left it shows shyness. When it's neither one nor the other, like Ray's, it indicates aloofness. If you knew him

How my "30 Second" Secret keeps me *Fragrantly Dainty* all evening....



"DID YOU ever stop to think that loneliness and heartache might come to you, simply because you don't suspect yourself of—well—body staleness? It happened to me! But I learned a lucky secret... and now, in just 30 seconds, I make sure I'll be fragrantly dainty the whole evening through! Listen...



"FIRST, after my bath, I dry myself ever so gently! Just barely patting those "danger zones"—those places that might chafe!

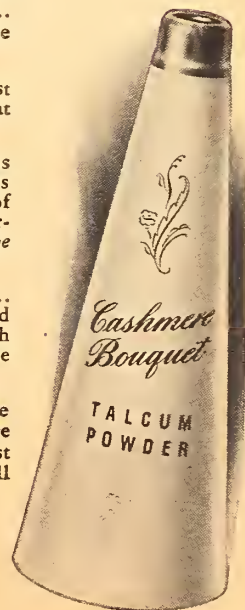


"THEN, I treat my whole body with the soothing coolness of Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! Its silky-smooth caress delights my skin... quickly absorbs the tiny traces of moisture I missed. And there I stand, delicately perfumed all over... knowing now why they call it—the fragrance men love!



"AND NOW, to dress! How luxurious my clothes feel... no chafing or binding, now or later! I feel confident and carefree, for I know that Cashmere Bouquet's smooth protection lasts all evening... and so does the fragrance men love!"

Discover for yourself this 30 second daintiness secret with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! Learn why its superb quality, alluring fragrance and long-clinging softness have made Cashmere Bouquet the largest selling talcum in America! You'll find it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters.



Cashmere Bouquet

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics. Use Arrid regularly.



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At any store which sells toilet goods

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Beautiful Natural Tone Enlargement mounted in a De Luxe Studio Folder—both absolutely free. Just send this ad with any photo. Enclose only 10¢ for mailing. Canada also. One Oil Tinted sent C. O. D. for 38¢, plus postage. Nega. 39¢.

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BLONDES

All Ages All Shades



New 11-Minute Shampoo Washes
Hair Shades Lighter Safely

This new special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Called Blondex, it takes only 11 minutes to do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights, keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe for children's hair. Blondex is sold at 10¢, drug & dept. stores.

well, you'd see that he is much more a spectator at the Hollywood scene than a participant. Typical of his attitude is this little incident from his very lean movie days. He and wife Mal were at the Coconut Grove. They'd eaten hash for months in order to amass the wherewithal for this great binge, and somehow it just wasn't coming off. Ray, resplendent in white tie and tails, turned to Mal, a vision in black satin. "Wouldn't it be awful to be a part of all this?" he whispered. He still feels that way, and in spite of being one of the hottest boys in Hollywood, right now glamour bores him.

Writing with a lefthanded slant, as we've said, denotes shyness. The writer is an introvert—one living largely within himself—who often appears cold and disinterested. This is especially true if the writing is heavy, like Bette Davis's. If

Bette Davis

it is a more delicate backhand, like Jimmy Stewart's, the writer is on the shy side but with plenty of the old

James Stewart

charm. Jimmy's endearing diffidence was never more obvious than in the early days at Camp Moffett. He steered clear of the first few Saturday night dances because he was sure the local gals would be heartbroken when they saw him—so long, lean and strictly private. Later he couldn't bear to stay home because his buddies were so disappointed when he didn't show!

If the writing is large and has a great deal of movement to it, like that of Dennis Morgan and Gene Kelly, then we

about personality

(Dennis Morgan)

personality

(Gene Kelly)

know there is restless activity held in check by will power. Notice that both these gents use long, heavy t-crossings, showing energy and drive.

Look at how close to the stem Sonja crosses her t's. This again indicates her

about my personality

(Sonja Henie)

fabulous caution and exactness. (Did you know she won't let any of her troupe wear hairpins in case one might drop on the ice and trip her? If that ain't caution it'll have to do . . .) The t-bars used by Janet Blair are light and flexible,

personality Character

(Janet Blair)

while those that Alan Ladd uses are normal for that type of writing.

Character

(Alan Ladd)

And speaking of Alan's writing, you may be wondering why the supposedly tough guy doesn't write a more vigorous-looking script, like Paul Henreid's, for

Paul Henreid

instance. Well, chums, that's one of the advantages of being a hand-writing analyst. It gives you an edge on the hoi-polloi. Mmmm, you've guessed it,

Alan's really a nice Ladd—affectionate, home-loving and not a bit hard-boiled! His rounded, regular script is in contrast to the angular writing of that European smoothie, Paul Henreid.

Now before we go any further, have we got all this straight? Those last few rules sum up thusly. If his letters are rounded and the strokes sort of light-to-medium (like Alan's), he's definitely a good guy. Jolly and tolerant from the word "go." When the letters at the end of his words are as large as those at the beginning, he's very trusting, a bit naïve, in fact. Angular forms and heavier strokes are the tip-off on a terrific brightie and also on a more sophisticated outlook.

Now let's look at Rita Hayworth's writing. Note the tall upper loops. They

Rita Hayworth

show her ambition and present intense joy. And who wouldn't be slightly slap-happy? As we go to press—after a serious tiff—she's once more Columbia's fair-haired girl. Her yen for the spotlight shows up in those inflated loops and giant capitals, and you can notice the effect of mood on writing by contrasting her present frivolous script with that of a few years back.

Moods do show up in handwriting, you know, and you can tell whether or not a writer is happy or depressed by the tilt of the lines. An oncoming illness might give warning through downhill writing. Fatigue and homesickness will make the lines temporarily droopy.

We've just learned that tall and full upper loops indicate a state of mind. Inevitably, then, long and full lower loops have physical implications. They mean that the writer is sports-loving, an Arthur Murray-ish dancer and fuller of rhythm than Krupa's drums. You will find these loops in nearly all of the stars' writing, because graceful physical movement is part of their stock in trade. The loops are especially exaggerated in the

my handwriting

(Betty Grable)

my personality

(Rita Hayworth)

handwriting of Grable and Hayworth—for here is an extra strong sense of rhythm. Since skating is a more disciplined art, the loops in Sonja's writing are long, but they never get out of proportion to the rest of the writing.

I have told you that letters which increase in size at the end of the words reveal a naïve nature, and you can see that by these standards, George Montgomery is of the naïvest. Until quite

writing reveal

(George Montgomery)

recently, he admits, he thought a Zombie was nothing but a Haitian ghost, a Sidecar was the bathtub business on a motorcycle, and Manhattan was a nickname for New York!

my handwriting

(Ray Milland)

Now look at the end of the words in suave Ray Milland's writing. They get smaller and smaller, and the "ing" just runs off into a wavy line. This shows the diplomacy that is part of Ray's charm.

If Rita Hayworth's addiction to applause is apparent in her large capitals, take a look at the "b" in the signature

Betty Grable

of Betty Grable. Betty's self-esteem has gone soaring into the stratosphere! She's even given herself an underscore, something only the much older and well-established actresses add to their signature.

A tip for you boys: Your girl may not

Linda Darnell

look like Linda Darnell, but she may be a lot like her in temperament! If her writing is small, round and conventional, she's the sweet, feminine type. Nothing flashy, but a honey of a disposition. She's the girl of your dreams, the girl just like the girl that married dear old dad, and all that. Briefly, that simple, unaffected hand indicates a good long-term investment. Sergeant Pev Marley has thought just that about Linda for quite a while now. He recently made her Mrs. Pev, and after three whole months he still considers it a shrewd move.

Well, how are you doing as a handwriting analyst? Think you could take in a few more pointers? Here are some nutshell rules that you can learn easily.

Capitals: Large capitals show ambition, pride and independence. The more flourishes the capitals have, the more praise and attention the writer wants. Small, plain capitals indicate modesty.

Heavy pressure shows strong feeling, ardor and intensity—even though the words themselves may sound uninspired.

Slant: Whether or not feeling is easily expressed is shown by the tilt of the writing. A right-ish slant is a trademark of the demonstrative type, while an inclination to the left shows a shy nature—one not given to sweet talk.

Loops: Lots of full, tall upper loops show a romantic, talkative and dreamy nature. Unlooped letters (like Henreid's)

handwriting reveal

(Paul Henreid)

indicate intelligence, realism.

T-bars: Flying t-bars (Milland's)—enthusiasm, imagination, eagerness. Long,

character handwriting

(Ray Milland)

heavy and fast-moving t-bars (Kelly and Morgan)—strong will power, energy,

personality

(Gene Kelly)

handwriting

(Dennis Morgan)

aggressiveness. Short, heavy bars—caution. T-bars to the left of the stem (we haven't any in these handwritings because these are all successful people) show procrastination, indecision, lack of will power, courage or energy to take the initiative. T-bars slanting down-

"You'd think there was a Love Shortage!"



1. Look at him, will you? That's my husband, Pete, but you wouldn't know it. He just sits there night after night—ignoring me. I'm so mad I could chew nails!



2. "I'm glad, I don't have to stand Pete's indifference tonight!" I say to Doris, as we go on plane-spotter duty. She's all sympathy—and soon I've told her the whole story. "But Joan, darling," she says, "it might be your fault! There's one neglect most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."



4. Yes, ma'am, she was right! I've used Lysol disinfectant ever since—it's easy to use and inexpensive, as well. AND... I can't complain about any love shortage now!



3. Well, that takes me down a notch or two—but I listen. "Why don't you do as so many modern wives do?" says Doris. "Simply use Lysol. My doctor recommends Lysol solution for feminine hygiene—it cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes—doesn't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. Follow the easy directions—that's all."



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Do you know who's going to win the beautiful Persian lamb fur coat in our "F.W.T.B.T." Contest? No? Well, we don't either, but we *do* know that someone who leafs over to page 64 and sends in the entry blank is going to snag it. Could be you!

ward—love of arguments, and if in a heavy angular writing, downright pugnaciousness. Long light t-bars (Janet

Handwriting

(Janet Blair)

Blair's)—a flexible will.

I-dots: Circle i-dots (Alan Ladd's) indicate artistic appreciation. This type of

my handwriting

(Alan Ladd)

dot in women often shows a rather faddish taste in dress, perhaps a liking for perfume. Often those with a gift for interior decoration or one of the adapted arts use this circle i-dot. It's rather an

my handwriting

(Ray Milland)

"arty" sign. Angular i-dots (Ray Milland's) indicate a quick and critical mind. Heavy dots like those in the writing of

my handwriting

(Paul Henreid)

Paul Henreid show an emphatic and aggressive nature. Small, perfect dots

personality and character

(Sonja Henie)

precisely placed over the i (Sonja Henie) indicate a methodical mind.

Baseline: An even baseline (especially noticeable in Sonja's writing) indicates

personality

(Sonja Henie)

balance and self-control, dependability. Writing running uphill indicates optimism, and if very uphill shows an impractical and visionary person. Writing which runs downhill shows a temporary state of depression caused by disappointment, illness or fatigue.

Size: Large writing shows wide interests, lack of mental concentration and a dislike for routine or restriction. We call these scrawlers the vital type—they love action and dislike mental work.

Small writing indicates concentration, and if very small, shows capacity for detail. If angular, either light or heavy, a scientific bent is shown. (This type of writing is predominating right now in the handwriting of the young men in the service.)

Rounded writing—even disposition, good-nature and tolerance.

Angular writing—keen mentality, sharpness and skepticism.

What does
(Betty Grable)

Shape: Open "a's" and "o's" (as in Betty Grable's writing) indicate a tendency to be generous and talkative.

Closed letters (Sonja Henie's, Paul Henreid's and the poker-faced Alan Ladd's) show reticence about personal

my personality

(Sonja Henie)

personality and character
(Paul Henreid)

Alan W. Ladd

matters. The leftward swing of the terminals in the name "Ladd" indicate this same tendency.

Which way do you slant? Handwriting which slants first in one direction and then in another and can't stay on a straight line, reveals a changeable person, perhaps fickle and unstable. And if the writing is full of heavy, inky spots or has dagger-like t-bars where the pen has been pressed down on the paper viciously, then don't expect sweetness or light from the writer.

"Personality" stuff: If writing is extremely careless and full of flourishes, then don't count on the writer's fulfilling promises. He likes to show-off and talk a lot about what he will do when and if—but his big talk adds up to nothing much.

If a writing is small, cramped, heavy and sharp, the writer will be critical and skeptical. You will have to apologize forever for any of your lapses. He's the demanding and jealous type.

If the writing is light and small with sharp t-bars and letter forms, go easy—the writer is sensitive and his feelings bruise easily.

Don't expect a backhand writer to be demonstrative. He's reserved and must be drawn out gradually.

Don't make the mistake of being indifferent to the gal or man who uses large letters. They like curtain calls, and they resent it if your attention strays from them even for a second.

Now get out those letters you've been hoarding and have fun. Betcha you're due for some surprises about the little man—and here's hoping they're all good!

If you'd like to learn more about yourself or him, whip me off a handwriting sample, and I'll go to work on it. Perhaps you're dying to know which star's writing is like yours. I'm the lady who can tell you that, too. It's fun to get one of these analyses and gratifying as anything to know it's not just bull. My method is as scientifically worked out as the multiplication table, and I'm kind of proud of its uncanny accuracy.

I'll be waiting to hear from you via the coupon below.

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(Samples of friend's writing will be returned.)

"MISS MEASLES, 1943"

(Continued from page 41)

her foot down, she puts it down to stay.

So when Betty got home after her first day of exhausting dance rehearsals for "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," mother took one look at her face, and down came the foot. "You're going to the doctor tomorrow." Daughter's mouth opened, then closed. She knew better than to argue with the voice of authority. Besides, she couldn't argue the pain away, hard as she tried.

But she wasn't prepared for the doctor's verdict. "This thing's got to come out. You're going to the hospital, young lady."

"When?"

"Right away."

"Oh, I can't do that," she gasped. "It would hold up production."

The doctor turned to Mrs. Grable, whence he knew his help would come. It came. "You might as well call up the studio now, doctor, and get it settled."

The studio doesn't trifle with anyone's illness, let alone Betty Grable's. They made no difficulties. They were all solicitude and kindness. Which should have relieved Betty. But her face remained clouded. "What now?" asked the doctor.

"You couldn't," she suggested, not too hopefully, "put it off till after my Canteen night?"

"I couldn't. This is Saturday. You report to the hospital Tuesday evening. And between now and Tuesday, no Canteen."

Betty's feeling about the men in ser-

vice is something special. "Every one of them who goes over there to risk his life," she once said, "is doing it for me. So I can be safe. I and millions of others. Each of us has his own debt to pay. Somehow I feel that whatever we can do is too little."

Every Monday and Tuesday night she was at the Hollywood Canteen. For a while Monday night was Harry James night, too, but that's another story. Harry James or no, Betty was always there. Like a blonde flower, you'd see her head bobbing among the heads of boys eight and ten feet deep. Three steps with one, and another'd cut in. She wore low-heeled shoes, so she could dance longer without tiring. And her feeling for the service men in general was personalized by the boys she met.

There was the Marine who said after their dance, "Now I know I can go out and kill every Jap I meet." There was the big young Texan who said, "If you'll pardon my sayin' so, ma'am, you don't act like I thought movie queens acted. You're like the girl back home I used to take out dancin' Saturday nights."

almost twenty-one . . .

There was the sailor who looked so terribly young and said he was almost 21. It turned out that his 21st birthday was 11 eleven months off. "Why don't you say 20?" laughed Betty.

"Almost 21 sounds better."

Several weeks later someone came to Betty on the set and told her that a sailor had been standing at the gate for

two hours in the pouring rain. It was Almost Twenty-one. He'd brought her a box of chewing gum, "because chewing gum's hard for civilians to get." All day he sat in a corner watching her work, then she took him home with her to dinner.

Then there was Jack. When Jack was four and Betty five, they'd lived in the same hotel and played together. Their mothers had grown to be friends. Last December came the telegram, telling Mrs. Stark that her only son had died of wounds received in the battle of North Africa.

"What can we do, Mother? If there was only something we could do!" Betty cried in that passion of helplessness so familiar to all of us.

There was nothing they could do but beg their friend to come and stay with them. It was Mrs. Stark who went down to the hospital with Betty and her mother that Tuesday evening.

Betty'd done her own packing. Nobody's ever allowed to help her pack. "If I put 'em in myself, I know where to find 'em." At the hospital, she hung up the bed jackets and folded the nightgowns away. On the bedside table she put a bottle of Shalimar—her favorite perfume. The room was lovely with chintz and soft lamp light and deep armchairs. Except for the bed, it didn't look like a hospital room at all. And if Betty was nervous, she didn't show it. All her concern was for her mother. "Are you sure you'll be all right, Mother? Are you sure you won't worry about me at all?"

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ether dreams . . .

Mother lied like a trooper. Her faith in the doctor was complete, but when it comes to an operation, you can't not worry. The doctor had said he'd operate at nine next morning. When she and Mrs. Stark arrived at eight-thirty, they were wheeling Betty out of her room. You can be the most reasonable person in the world but, if you've ever had a similar experience, you know how the sight of that still form on the stretcher affects you. Moreover, they'd said the operation would take an hour. It was 11:10 before they brought Betty back. Yes, mother worried all right—

Till the doctor came and said everything was fine. Betty was sleeping like a cherub. The nurse had instructions to rouse her, but found it tough going. Betty wanted to sleep. At last she dragged her lids open and muttered, "Mother." When mother answered, she went sweetly off again. As the day wore on, she seemed to have persuaded herself that she was giving a tea party. "Have some cake, do," she'd murmur drowsily. "Delicious stuff. Been in the family for ages." Once she groped toward the table. "I could have sworn there was a bottle here."

"Scotch or bourbon?" quipped the doctor.

"Scotchimar, silly," smiled Betty, her mind on her perfume, and went to sleep again.

All the rest was sort of fun. She felt weak, but no pain. Her always healthy appetite remained happy, demanding three squares a day and huge milkshakes in between. For the first week, few visitors were allowed. Later her room became a rendezvous for the staff. Internes dropped in for a hand of gin rummy between rounds. Nurses brought news of other patients. When Nan Gray's baby was born at the hospital, Betty, clamoring for hourly bulletins, practically went through the whole thing with her. Boys from the Canteen phoned her for permission to visit her. Almost Twenty-one showed up, shy and happy, bearing gum in one hand and Hershey bars in the other.

Then there was the radio. With a radio on hand, Betty can't be bored. She'd tune in on every record program going. She prefers recordings, because you don't have to listen to commercials. The Make-Believe Ballroom is one of her favorites. But so long as it's swing, she'll listen—and the wilder, the better. If it's Harry James' swing, that's best of all.

Sitting up in bed, she looked so well and rested that her friends parked their sympathy at the door. Not their grins of approval, though. You couldn't help grinning at the picture Betty made. Her nightgowns were long-sleeved, high-necked affairs of flowered French challis, with lace edgings or rickrack at wrist and throat. A brief, ribbon-tied pigtail flopped over either shoulder. Her face did the rest.

They had to move extra tables in to hold the flowers. Though she'd broken with George, he sent flowers as any friend might, and being George, he sent them every day. So did Harry James.

Jules Stein, her agent, had asked: "What can I send you to the hospital, Betty?"

"Oh," she'd flipped, "an eligible man about 30."

What man she meant, Betty's not saying, though lots of other people are. Anyway, Harry James won't be eligible till his divorce goes through. So Jules Stein sent her a snowman of white carnations, complete with hat and pipe.

In the room next door a small boy was

convalescing from a mastoid operation. "This darn thing's so cute," said one of the nurses. "Do you mind if I take it in to show him?"

A few minutes later came a wail from the next room, followed by the appearance of a rather flustered nurse in the doorway. "What's wrong?" Betty asked.

"Oh, the kid's just so crazy about the snowman—"

"He wants to keep it. Well, for heaven's sake, give it to him."

Later, Betty got a note. The printing we can't reproduce, but it read like this: "Der mis grabbel thanku he is on the tabbel whar i can see him al the tim wen i go hom i will stike flars in him frome mi gardine der miss grabbel thanku for bene 'so swit solong"

She kept that with another treasured communication from some boys who were down with measles in a faraway camp. "Dear Betty," they wired. "We've chosen you as the girl we'd most like to be quarantined with. You're nominated Miss Measles of 1943."

After two weeks at the hospital, she was sent home in charge of a nurse. A few more days in bed, a week or so under the desert sun at Palm Springs—then, said the doctor, she could go back to work. The Canteen? Well, that would have to wait a little—

some punkin . . .

If you've got to be sick, Betty's room in the new Bel-Air house is a nice room to be sick in. A restful, modified-Victorian room. No flounces or gimcracks. Solid comfort in tones of gray-blue and American-beauty. Fireplace in the alcove. Desk converted from an old spinet. Oil lamps, wired. A clock that used to belong to her grandmother. A pair of old Victorian fans, framed and hung over the wide, wide bed with its gray spread and glazed chintz ruffles. Punkin, the French poodle, is crazy for the bed, and Betty's crazy for the poodle. When's she's sick, he's allowed on it for company.

Punkin's why Mrs. Grable didn't go to Palm Springs. Betty'd broken her heart over one French poodle, killed by a car while she was away from home. She wasn't taking any chances on Punkin.

"Of course we could send him to a hospital. But he wouldn't be happy in a hospital, Mother."

"Look, I'd be charmed to stay home and keep Punkin happy, if you can get Marie to go down with you." (Marie Brazelle's Betty's hairdresser and friend, no bigger than a minute, but the kind of small package that all good things come in.) "If Marie's there, I won't worry. It'll be the same as if I were there."

So one morning Mrs. Grable kissed her good-by, said, "Now you mind Marie, hear me?" and wondered what was so funny about that to set the girls howling.

They stayed at the Racquet Club. Betty was good as gold, in too much of a hurry to get well to do anything but just what the doctor ordered. People phoned, but she turned down all invitations. Mornings she'd read and take sun baths. After lunch, she'd sleep from two to six—which was more than she's done at the hospital. Then she'd dress for dinner—which meant changing from shirt and shorts to a slack suit. Before going to bed, she'd call her mother, and every night but the last she was asleep by ten.

Food was the great adventure. Betty, all-American, has a mania for eating in drugstores. The unglamorous fact is that she'd rather eat at a drugstore counter than at Ciro's. It's got to be the

counter. You can't get her into a booth. She likes sitting on a high stool, watching them fix sandwiches and jerk sodas while she downs her orange juice and eggs, bacon and coffee and toast. "I dunno," she says, "there's something pally about it." They tried out every drugstore in town for breakfast and lunch. Even at dinnertime, she'd cast a sidelong glance at a drugstore. But Marie said nothing doing, twice a day was enough.

making history . . .

Movie stars are taken for granted in Palm Springs. They're not gawped at, and they're not bothered much for autographs. But in one of those same drugstores which she loves so dearly, a harassed clerk took fair advantage.

Like stores everywhere now, this one was short of help. The clerk was doing her best, but there was the lady—as there generally is—who wanted preferred treatment. Her foot tapped, her eye flashed, her mutterings threatened to become explosions. Our clerk spied Betty at the stationery counter. "Lady," she said with labored gentleness, "there's Betty Grable. You don't often get a chance to see Betty Grable. Look at her, lady. Do us both a favor and keep looking at her till I get through with this customer. Then you'll have something to tell your grandchildren."

On her last day at the Springs, Betty really got to feeling at home. The soldiers did it. She went to meet the noon train, which was bringing her sister Marjorie down to see her. Brown as a berry, in white shorts and shirt, she stood on the platform—and when the train pulled in, it wasn't Marjorie's but a troop train of convalescent soldiers.

They went mad, and Betty, conscious of her shorts, scooted like a rabbit for the car. The top was down, so they could see her perfectly well as she laughed and waved. They wanted a close-up. Some of them started clambering through

Marjorie's honor—a late dinner, to avoid the crowds, because it was Saturday. For the first time Betty wore a dress—a gay print. They reached the restaurant at nine-thirty, but it was 12 before they got any food. The military had taken the place over, and they made a beeline for that corner table. For two hours Betty signed autographs and talked. A soldier finally hustled them out, so the girls could eat. But at the door they went into a huddle, and the tears stung Betty's lids as their young voices rose in "She's a Jolly Good Fellow."

She came back to finish "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," to dance at the Canteen. As this is written, Harry James is in New York and Betty's headed East. We've already said that Betty won't talk about him, that she's letting others do the talking.

altar-trekking? . . .

They're saying it started on "Spring-time in the Rockies." They're saying it's serious—that the Jameses, who have long been separated, will get a divorce—that it's going to be wedding bells for Betty and Harry.

We don't know, of course. All we know is that Betty's a normal girl, with a normal girl's desire for marriage and children. We know that she doesn't flutter from man to man—that she waited three years, passionately loyal to George Raft, in the hope that they might be able to marry.

Well, that's finished now. We're sorry about George—he's a grand guy. But if Betty's to be Mrs. Harry James, we on MODERN SCREEN want to wish her every happiness. We think she's got it coming.

QUIZ CLUES

(Continued from page 63)

Set 2

1. Donald's designer
2. Pal-y with Laddie
3. Little Princess
4. Daddy of three
5. New mail attraction
6. Blonde bombshell
7. Arlington Brough
8. Dorsey's discovery
9. Lucky Lewis
10. Crime paid
11. Indian
12. Albert's Annie?
13. Balanchine's ballerina
14. Gay Nineties figure
15. In "Hitler's Children"
16. Was heaven to Hutton
17. Torchy-voiced
18. Mr. 5 by 5
19. Peter's pet
20. Sloe-eyed, husky-voiced

(Next set of clues on page 99)

the windows, till the c.o. put a stop to that. "C'mon over, Betty!" they yelled. "Be a good kid, and come over. We've only got five minutes." She compromised—drove the car as close as she could and stood up, waving, till the last face vanished from sight.

That night they decided on a party in

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INGRID BERGMAN

(Continued from page 28)

with most large families, they'd learned the art of give-and-take, of attack and self-defense. Ingrid hadn't. They meant no harm, they were no more thoughtless than the average child, but Ingrid was more sensitive—so self-conscious that when visitors spoke to her, she could find nothing to say in reply. So the cousins poked and prodded her tender spots. Not till much later, when they'd reached an age of reason, did they realize that what had been routine teasing to them was torture to Ingrid.

To talk of being an actress in that household would have been to throw herself to the lions. Where Aunt Ellen had wept, her uncle would have stormed. Where Aunt Ellen had pleaded, he would have flatly forbidden. Not that it would have made any difference. Timid on all other scores, Ingrid was ready to battle tooth and claw for her dream.

But at 12 she could battle only by hiding her feelings. So she saved the weekly allowance from her father's estate, bought a second-hand phonograph, some records and the loudest needles manufactured, locked the door of her room and, under cover of the music, read Shakespeare aloud. It wasn't a foolproof device. Sooner or later there'd come a knock at the door, a request for less noise, please.

devils' play . . .

Eventually what was bound to happen, happened. Her cousins caught on and broadcast the news in high glee, this being too good a joke to keep to themselves. Now, when other diversions palled, they could always ring the changes on "look who wants to be an actress." She dreaded going home from school, she dreaded mealtimes. Her uncle knew all about it now, though his method was to ignore such folly.

Next day she'd take her sore heart to Uncle Gunnar, who wasn't really her uncle but a friend of father's and her only haven. Uncle Gunnar didn't think it was crazy to be an actress. He thought it was quite a sensible thing to be, always supposing you had talent. Whether Ingrid had talent or not he never said, and she never asked him. But now and then, after hearing her read one of Andersen's tales, he'd pronounce her "not bad." "Not bad" from most Swedes is equivalent to cheers from Americans.

At 15, she took her first bold step. Each year the school gave a Christmas party, featured by entertainment from the girls. A student committee arranged the program. Ingrid spent days in combat with her quailing spirit. "Very well," she threatened. "If you don't grab this chance to do something in front of people, you'll never be an actress, and serve you right." The echo of that menace drove her committee members.

"I'd like to say a poem."

Oh, poem! Poems were silly! Summer's gone and the leaves are falling and everything's dreary, and who wants to listen to that stuff!

"It doesn't have to be dreary. I know some funny ones."

"All right, let's hear."

The gay little verses made them laugh, and they put her on the program. The audience laughed, too, that Christmas Eve. Her cousins were astonished and privately impressed but didn't show it. Ridicule had become too strong a habit. It did, however, lose some of its cutting effect. Ingrid had scored a success among

her classmates who eyed her with new respect and liking.

They organized a dramatic club in which she became prime mover. Most of her allowance went for theater tickets. She patronized the special performances given for school children at reduced prices. Her memory was fabulous and, having seen a play once, she could put it on. The dialogue may not have been accurate, but it served. She cast the plays, coached them and doubled in all the parts nobody else would have.

magic touchstone . . .

The following year she won a prize. That was really something, for every school in Sweden took part in the contest, and one of the judges was an honest-to-goodness actress. It would have been nice if she could have framed her scroll, but no matter. Even hidden in a drawer, it proved a touchstone against barbs.

She needed a touchstone for the crucial battle was at hand. Spring brought graduation. She must be ready next fall for the state dramatic school's annual scholarship tryouts. Any youngster could apply, but only with parental permission. Ingrid went to her uncle.

If hers was the irresistible force, his was the immovable body. No and no he said, and let that be the end of it.

"It won't be the end. You can stop me now. When I'm 21, nobody can."

They locked horns for weeks. "You can't open your mouth to a visitor in my house. What will you do on a stage? Stand there and give them the pleasure of looking at you?"

"On a stage, it's different." How could she explain that acting released her from herself, gave her by some magic the poise and assurance she lacked. He wouldn't understand. She hardly understood it herself.

Aid for Ingrid came from an unexpected quarter. And if the intention was hardly benevolent, that made exactly no difference to her. Why look a gift miracle in the mouth? It was her cousins who pointed out that the whole headache could be banished by letting her test. The state set high standards. There'd be dozens of candidates. She'd never get in, their big gawky Ingrid, afraid of her own shadow. Let her test and be done with it. There was the simple way out. She couldn't pass.

Uncle must have been very weary of her doggedness. What it cost him to say the words, she could only guess, but say them he did. "Very well, test."

ORCHIDS DEPT.

I am one of those girls who lives alone and loves it, but when one lives by herself, her biggest problem is bound to be loneliness. Tonight I stopped into the corner store for a pint of milk and saw the April issue of MODERN SCREEN sitting on the newsstand, smiling at me. What could I do but smile right back.

Then it struck me; it is magazines like MODERN SCREEN that put dabs of color in one's dull, gray life. You're as important to the morale of people like me as the rudder is to a ship.

D. O.

Vancouver, British Columbia

Jubilant as a colt untied in a daisy field, Ingrid worked with a coach all summer, preparing three scenes totally different in mood. One was a peasant girl, hearty and jolly and plump—you had to make them feel that she was plump. One was Rostand's "L'Aiglon." One was a spectral woman from Strindberg, wandering by the sea.

On September 1st she stood waiting with a hundred others in the wings of the students' stage, and she felt as if the top of her head wasn't there.

Teachers, directors, the president of the school, actors and newspaper men made up the audience. Names were called, figures went out and came back.

"Ingrid Bergman," she heard. Her feet carried her forward. She started the peasant girl scene, and suddenly she felt as if she had wings. This was wonderful. This was what she'd been waiting for all her life.

For two minutes heaven opened. Then somebody coughed, and somebody laughed and somebody turned to talk to somebody else. They weren't listening. She was so bad that they hadn't been able to stand her for more than two minutes. On that wave of horror, her lines washed away. She stumbled, faltered, reached frantically for whatever word she could catch, then stopped in rigid despair.

"That's enough. You can go."

curtain call . . .

Blindly she walked the streets of Stockholm and thought, "I haven't the courage to do it myself, but if a car would come and knock me down, the easiest thing would be to die." The hardest thing to face was her empty future, the second hardest, her family. In the end she went home, told them and locked herself in her room. Her cousins had seemed a little sorry, her uncle quite pleased.

She was called to the phone by a friend who had tested with her. You were supposed to go back to the school that evening to get your results. A large brown envelope, stuffed with your papers, meant that you'd failed. A small white envelope meant that you returned for a supplementary test.

"I'm not going," said Ingrid.

"But after all, you can't be sure."

"When they won't even listen, you can be very sure."

"Well, anyway, I'll look in your box."

It was perhaps an hour later when the phone rang again. For Ingrid. "Crazy woman, come right down. Your envelope is white."

Her cousins will never forget the way she screamed, just stood there and screamed. She's got to take their word for it, her own memory being a blank.

Much later she sought an explanation of that day from an actor who'd been in the audience. "How could you all be so cruel?"

"It wasn't cruelty. We'd heard so many who were mediocre. Then you came on, so natural, so funny that we couldn't help laughing. But what was the sense of wasting time? We cut you short, because you were clearly all right, and there were so many others left to hear."

They held the second test in a real theater. Ingrid was called last. She did "L'Aiglon." This time the house was very quiet. The phone message came that night. She'd been accepted. Ingrid was very quiet this time, too, a little numb now that it was all over, a little afraid to touch her happiness.

Among her treasures is a pacifier, never used by any baby. She keeps it in memory of her first evening at dramatic school. All the new students were blindfolded, seated in cars, driven to some

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mysterious spot, stripped of shoes and stockings, led into shallow water. Water was sprinkled over their heads and a ritual murmured, dedicating them to the service of Thalia. To dissipate any delusions of grandeur, pacifiers were then stuck into their mouths. "So you won't forget how stupid you are."

From then on, life changed. The lonely heartsick child was a thing of the past. Warmth flooded in—the warmth of friends, of approval and understanding—above all, the warmth of work which filled her being and touched every day to glory. From then on, the only thing that worried Ingrid was her great good fortune. "This can't go on," she'd tell herself. "It isn't right for one person to be so lucky. Some day I'll get a terrific slap in the face."

tactical surrender . . .

You committed yourself to three years of schooling. For the first two years, you studied and played supers. In the last year, if you hadn't been sifted out, you might get a part. Ingrid entered in September. Two months later the school was disrupted by a psychological tornado. One of the directors wanted Bergman for a part. This, according to certain classmates, smacked of rank favoritism. They howled to high heaven and the president, who told the director to find somebody else. That was fine with Bergman. She got the glow of having been wanted and the relief of postponing her acid test.

Ingrid felt pretty lofty about the movies. Play in them if you must, but if you do, don't call yourself an actress. So she played in them the following summer.

It happened this way. At vacation time the students were encouraged to strike out for themselves. Mostly they worked

with provincial stock companies. Ingrid preferred Stockholm, and in Stockholm only the movies were open to her. Well, for a little three months they couldn't hurt. Besides, she could then despise them with more authority.

One studio needed several girls and offered her a contract. They'd work as a group, and nobody would stand out. Before committing herself, she managed to get an appointment with the woman casting director of a larger company, who gave her the once-over and a scene to read and said, "I'll let you know."

"Hm," thought Ingrid the Shy on her way home, "that's what they all say. But if they know somebody else wants you, they might sing another tune."

The casting director's phone rang. "I just wanted to tell you," said a girlish voice, "not to bother about letting me know. It was so kind of you to see me, but I have another offer which is definite, and I don't dare hang around on a chance."

"We've decided we want you." The wire fairly snapped. "Come out at once." She should have seen Miss Bergman shaking hands with herself.

They gave her a six-weeks contract at \$250 a week, which impressed uncle. They gave her one of those ingenue parts which doesn't require much acting, but at least you can be seen. The nose she'd stuck up at the movies came down fast. She roamed round the lot, sticking that same nose into all the fascinating mysteries of film-making and came out a convert. The regard was mutual. When the picture was finished, they asked her to stay.

Oh, she couldn't do that. She had to go back to school.

They fished out a script and shoved it under her nose. "This will be your next

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part. We start immediately.

It was incomparably better than the first part, and she eyed it as Puss eyes a saucer of cream. What to do? They'd be furious at school if she quit. Besides, there was so much to learn yet. She couldn't give up all that training, which she'd fought so desperately to get and which only the teachers at school could give her. On the other hand, here was a chance to act and to act now, instead of waiting for years. Back in her mind a shadowy plan took form—

She talked to Peter Lindstrom about it. Peter was a young man she'd met at the home of a friend. A tall young man, whose hair was exactly the same shade as hers. It was his eyes you noticed first though—such a curious gray-green, like the sea under clouds. He taught dentistry and was studying medicine. He felt about medicine as Ingrid felt about acting and pursued it with the same driving intensity.

She'd been a little timid of him at first. His lean face with its high forehead looked almost austere. But suddenly he'd laughed—and that laugh changed him to the gayest, friendliest person in the room. As she came to know him better, she realized that he was also the best-balanced person she'd ever met. With him, you didn't have to justify your single-minded devotion to your chosen work. He took it for granted and thought it was fine.

So she told him about this idea of hers, and he laughed and said if it worked, she had everything to gain, and if it didn't, nothing to lose. And at least she'd find out how badly they wanted her.

Armed with so much encouragement, Ingrid marched in with her proposition. Yes, she'd stay—if the studio would pay her teachers at dramatic school to give her private lessons.

They agreed. She made two more pictures, and the studio made a grave blunder. Heady with enthusiasm, they began sending out publicity raves on their find. Stockholm may not be Hollywood, but film biz the world over shakes the same bag of tricks. Ingrid Bergman! Sensation!! WAIT TILL YOU SEE HER!!! The words may have varied, but their gist was the same. Public and press sat up and took notice. Okay, we're waiting, they said—show us this new wonder.

without glory . . .

On the wings of this fanfare, her first picture was released—the one where she played a milky ingenue. Swedes, like everyone else, resent being gypped, and their gentlemen of the press came out and said so.

"Nothing but a new little face in the background," read the kindest notice in the dramatic sections.

The toughest sneered, "So that's the wonderful Bergman. Well, they can keep her. Or better still, send her back to school."

That was low tide in Ingrid's career. She crept back to the studio, firmly convinced that those awful words would ring forever in her ears and half expecting to be fired on the spot. To her amazement and relief, the studio flipped its fingers. "That for the reviews! Wait til your next picture comes out. They'll change their tune."

From then on, her professional stock mounted. As a rule, success stories tell of climbing and slipping and recovering and climbing again. Ingrid's is unique. It shows neither dip nor decline. That's what she means when, her face like a child's at a party, she says: "One person has no right to be so lucky."

first love . . .

Her popularity kept her from returning to the theater. Every time she said, "Now I'd like to try the stage," the studio stuck another fat part under her nose. Eventually she extricated herself long enough to do two plays, with pleasure and profit to all concerned. But they remained flyers. The movies and the movie public claimed her as their own, and she was content to have it so.

Perhaps her greatest triumph lay in uncle's complete and unconditional surrender. While Ingrid was still at school, little doubts had begun nibbling at his certainty. To him the words "acting" and "wild" had been synonymous. It puzzled him that these people, with whom his niece associated, should seem like other people, except harder-working.

Out of mingled dread and affection, curiosity and duty, he went to see her first picture, and he went, poor man, in fear and trembling. Heaven knows what sinister changes he thought the screen would have wrought in his Ingrid. And there she was as he knew her—no bold, forward minx but a charming young figure, going about her business like one who'd been born to it. As he knew her? No. Lovelier than he'd ever known her. For she'd never walked in his house with this grace, nor addressed people with this new-found serenity. Uncle was flabbergasted, and uncle was bewitched. Generously he acknowledged his error, became an ardent Bergman fan and took in good part the teasing which was now his portion.

"Going to see Ingrid's picture? But you've seen it twice."

"Is there a law which forbids me to see it a third time?"

Her friendship with Peter Lindstrom ripened into love. At first he had been the mentor to whom she had gone with her problems. He viewed them with interest because they were hers and with detachment because he was a man of science. More and more she learned to lean on his sane, cool judgment. From the beginning, he had understood her passion for work. Not only understood but applauded it. Many men might have shared his attitude while they remained personally unaffected. But young Dr. Lindstrom was a rarity. He didn't expect Ingrid to love acting less because she now loved him, too. For him, medicine could never be secondary to marriage. By the same token, why should Ingrid be asked to shove her work into the background?

When she was 21, they were married in the north of Sweden where Peter's parents lived on a farm. She loved his parents. That deep childhood long-

CAREFUL! IT'S CATCHING!

Like measles or joining the WAVES or falling in love, it's catching! You come home and tell the crowd what a wonderful, glowy feeling you get from being a Nurse's Aide, and before you know it, they're enrolling, en masse, at their Red Cross chapter or Civilian Defense Headquarters. If you could go into the hospitals and talk to the patients about the gorgeous job these Aides are doing in replacing nurses sent abroad, you'd join, all right. You'd join this minute because you're needed terribly. And your guy in the service will burst with pride when he hears the job you're doing!

ing to call somebody mama had never been appeased, till the elder Mrs. Lindstrom became mama to Ingrid. She wanted to go from their home to the little white tree-shaded church on the river nearby. She wanted to be the traditional bride in misty veil and gown.

Most of it went according to plan. There was the murmur of trees and stream, the scent of flowers, the simple heartwarming words in the old-fashioned church—there was Ingrid in bridal white and tall Peter beside her—there were the friends and relatives—and there, in addition, were crowds of the uninvited. Newspaper noses had pried the secret out. From near and far, from city and neighboring farms, by train and car and horse-and-buggy, people came to Ingrid's wedding, and she found that she didn't mind at all. She was too happy, too grateful for their beaming good will.

The honeymoon over, she and Peter returned to Stockholm and to work. When Pia was born, they made her name out of their own—I for Ingrid, P and A for Peter Aron.

Meantime, several offers had come from America, all of which Ingrid had turned down. Not that she wasn't interested in Hollywood, the goal of movie folk all over the world. But they scared her with their talk of seven-year contracts. Besides, she'd learned from the bitter experience of others. She'd heard how Hollywood took these European actresses, changed their faces, kept them hanging around till heart and hope sickened, then shipped them home under the shadow of railure.

A picture called "Intermezzo" and a man called David O. Selznick, who knows what he wants, changed all that. Selznick saw the Swedish "Intermezzo" and its Swedish star. He bought the American rights, with the idea nrmlly rooted in his mind that no one could play the girl like Ingrid Bergman.

He cabled Bergman. Bergman said, "No, thank you, I have a child now, I'm not interested." He urged her to come for this one picture. "And then," she thought, "they tie you up to another." He rang the changes on his pleas, so that Ingrid smiled every time a cable came, wondering what this persistent man would find to say next.

the reel thing . . .

He outflanked her by one of the canniest moves of his canny career. Where scraps of paper had failed, an understanding woman might succeed. He sent Katherine Brown, his New York representative, to Sweden.

Ingrid liked Miss Brown. Her fear of Hollywood was largely fear of the unknown, exaggerated by rumor. Miss Brown thought it was funny and a little sad when Ingrid confessed, "I didn't know Hollywood people could be so human." She talked of how human David Selznick was and with what fastidious care he produced his pictures. She said that Leslie Howard had already been engaged for "Intermezzo." That made Ingrid's eyes shine, and the tale of all her misgivings came pouring out. The other girl dispelled them. There'd be no seven "terrible years," no commitments, no hanging around, no tricks, no strings. Three months was all they asked. "Intermezzo" would start on such a date, finish on such a date. Then she'd be free as air to leave. If she didn't like Hollywood, Selznick wouldn't try to get her back.

"And I may keep my own face?" Ingrid asked anxiously.

Miss Brown roared. "Look. David Selznick's a generous guy, but he doesn't throw money around for the sake of



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throwing it. Why do you think he kept the wires hot? Why do you think he sent me over here? For just one thing. Because it's your own face he wants, and no other face in the world will do."

westward bound . . .

Peter encouraged her to go, and Peter's encouragement turned the trick. A door had been opened into what might prove a wider professional life. If she let it close, she'd always be gnawed by what-might-have-been. Three months would pass quickly. He had his work to keep him occupied, and Pia wouldn't miss her.

So Ingrid went but kept her departure a secret in Sweden. She dreaded the newspaper comments. "Aha! Another European actress, taking herself to Hollywood to be killed."

Well, you all know how Hollywood killed her, so we won't go into that story again. Selznick kept his word to the letter. At the end of three months she was on a ship, homeward bound. But from one pledge she released him. If she didn't like Hollywood, he'd promised, he wouldn't try to get her back. She liked Hollywood very much indeed. She hoped to be able to divide her time between Swedish and American movies.

The war put an end to that dream. You don't go cavorting back and forth through mine-infested waters. She had to decide between Sweden and America, and America offered a movie star broader scope. Early in 1940 she left her native land for the second time, taking Pia.

Not till he'd seen her on board, not till he was waving to her from the dock, did Peter feel sure that she'd really go. He'd had to propel her every step of the way.

"But I can't go, not knowing when I'll see you again—"

"You'll see me in June. In June I'll come to you."

"Yes, if you can. If the war will let you. I'm not going, Peter."

In the end he escorted her to the Spanish port from which the boat sailed, to keep her from turning back before she got there. He stood on the dock, smiling and calling "June." She stood at the rail, her lips obediently answering, "June, June, June," but her heart was fearful. Between now and June, anything might happen. Sweden might go to war. Nothing was stable. Nothing could be depended upon. Then, through the surging doubts and terrors gleamed a ray of hope. Nothing could be depended upon but Peter. Peter had yet to make a promise and not keep it.

He kept it all right. He came in June—and again the following Christmas, under still more difficult conditions. And he brought his wife the loveliest Christmas gift—the news that it might be possible for him to complete his medical training and get his degree in America. His application was approved by the Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester. They rented a house, found a good nurse for Pia and, after a tour in "Anna Christie," Ingrid spent the winter with her family before returning to Hollywood for "Casablanca."

"Casablanca" was finishing, "For Whom The Bell Tolls" was beginning. More than any part ever written, Ingrid had wanted to play Maria. The articulate Hemingway had indicated in words choice and forceful that, from his point of view, there was no Maria but Ingrid. Losing the part had been a blow. But she'd accepted it and put the disappointment behind her.

Then, with a week to go on "Casablanca," rumor reared its head. All was not

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**HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLES
AND NIPPLES**

well in Sonora, where they'd started shooting "Bell." Zorina was out, she was in, she was out. They were paging Bergman, no they weren't, yes they were—

Ingrid shut her ears. She'd gone through it all once. Not a second time, please. She couldn't bear it a second time. For her there was no such thing as Maria or "Bell," she reminded herself severely. She was finishing "Casablanca," then she was going home to Peter and the baby.

So that was settled. Till they called and asked her to make a test. Not an acting test. They knew all about her acting. They just wanted to see how she looked with her hair cropped. But she couldn't cut her hair. There were still some scenes to be made for "Casablanca." Oh, that was all right. They could pin her hair up and get the effect.

She made the test on a Friday. They told her Sam Wood was coming down from Sonora to see it on Sunday. All day Sunday she sat beside the phone. She couldn't read or eat or think, she could only sit. Peter called from Rochester. No, she hadn't heard. Yes, she'd let him know the minute she did. Yes, no matter how late.

At midnight she dragged her heavy heart to bed. The phone hadn't rung.

ringing the "Bell" . . .

Next day she was making stills out at Warners'. They might have served for one of those before-and-after-taking ads. Ingrid-in-the-morning plus something added equalled Ingrid-in-the-afternoon. The something added was glow. What she'd taken was a phone call from David Selznick. "You're Maria, Ingrid."

First, she went slightly loco in her quiet way. Then she phoned her husband—whose rejoicing for her left no room for disappointment that she wasn't coming home. And lest she should feel disappointment for him, he told her firmly, "It's good that you're not here. I'm far too busy. You'd be in my way." For which generous lie she sent him her deepest blessing.

Perhaps because her own happiness was infectious, people and things conspired to make it perfect. Ordinarily, there'd have been a week of tying up loose ends after "Casablanca." Warners' breezed through them in a day and packed her off to Paramount to get her hair cut. Before she could catch her breath, she was on a train, then in a car, then on a horse, riding high, high into the mountains—more excited than she'd ever been about any picture, including her first.

Her arrival was funny. Because at Sonora they'd all been waiting for her. They'd been honestly sorry about Zorina, who'd tried so hard. But the fact remained that she hadn't been right for the part, and Ingrid was. So when the other girl had taken her blow like a man and departed, their spirits rose, and they all wanted to go down to Modesto to meet the new Maria. Since that couldn't be, they kept sending lookouts to watch for her.

And of course when she did show up, the whole mob, lookouts included, were busy with the shooting of a difficult bridge sequence, and Ingrid looked round in vain for someone to say hello to. Suddenly, out of nowhere, loomed a long figure. "Hello," Gary Cooper grinned. He took her to Sam Wood, and they both escorted her to her cabin where by now a welcoming committee had gathered. At the door they'd posted a rubber soldier—the kind used for dead figures on the battlefield. Only this ridiculous guy stood upright for once, and round his rubber neck was a sign reading, "Welcome, Maria."

Her laughter pealed. The radiance brought by David Selznick's message remained with her throughout. Ask anyone who worked with her what she was like, and they all use the same word. "She glowed," they say. "She bubbled like a child."

And why not? "I'd have been a script girl, if they'd let me," she once confessed "just to be part of that picture." Well, she wasn't a script girl, she was Maria, Robert Jordan's girl, and happy as the day was long. She took an active share in all the community doings—rode or swam before breakfast, fixed fish salad for dinner—or some other delicacy that you couldn't get at the restaurant—and invited whomever could come to share it, danced in the evening or watched the rushes or some film sent up by Paramount to amuse them, joined parties going to Reno over the week-end. When they weren't shooting her, she was all over the place with her 16-mm. camera—a hobby she'd collected from her husband. As for work, it was one long holiday—whether she was wading to the waist in icy streams or hanging for hours to a tree for one little shot. No job was too hard, no fatigue too great, no hour too late or early to be called. Indeed, there was only one thing wrong with "Bell." In time, it ended.

She always dreads the end of a picture. She's always importuning David Selznick, "What next?"

"Next, you go home and rest."

"Yes, but I want to know when I'm coming back."

During "Casablanca," Hal Wallis had sounded her out about playing Clio in "Saratoga Trunk." She'd said thank you but no, the part was completely alien to her.

Clio's challenge . . .

On the morning of the day she was to leave for Rochester, Selznick phoned. "They want you to reconsider Clio. Sam Wood started it all over again. Wallis told him you'd turned it down, but you know Sam when he gets an idea in his head. They asked if you'd read the script before you go."

"What do you think, David?"

"I think it's not for you."

She read the script and began to waver. On the train going home, she began to think, why not? Her whole theory of acting was based on the premise of variety. Selznick still teased her sometimes, quoting a line she'd used when her English was less flexible than it is today. "I don't want to get stuck with a sign," she'd pleaded.

Well, call it type casting, it smelled no sweeter. Wasn't this her chance? Maria had been easy. She'd had no trouble slipping into Maria's shoes. This girl would be a challenge. She'd have to change her walk, change the tempo of her speech, it would be exciting.

She laughed at herself, grappling with the problems already. This was all very well, but David didn't want her to do it, and her American career had been built on David's good judgment. Before leaving she'd talked to Sam Wood who was set to direct, and to Coop, cast as the masculine lead. They'd both been encouraging. Counting Hal Wallis, that made three who could see her as Clio. But David couldn't.

For two months in Rochester, Hollywood kept her phone busy with argument and counter-argument. Though by now Ingrid herself was won over, she refused to say yes without David's blessing. Among them, they wore him down.

"Do you think you can do it, Ingrid?"

"I think I can."

"Then go ahead."

From that point he was on her side, even when the papers hooted! "Hollywood casting! A Swedish dove in the role of a wild French minx!" Ingrid's press book is choked with such clippings. And some of the guys and gals responsible for them are already choking on their own words. For out on the Warner lot they found a stormy, black-haired, scarlet-mouthed unknown, whom they failed even to recognize as Miss Bergman.

"I don't believe it," one of them said. "Well, who do you think she is?"

He was handsome about it. "With my profoundest apologies, she's Clio Du-laine."

reunion in Frisco . . .

She won't be going to Rochester any more. Pia's with her now. Dr. Lindstrom has his degree and is attached to a San Francisco hospital. As distances go, San Francisco is as great an improvement over Rochester as Rochester was over Stockholm. He can come down for week-ends, and she can go up to him, work permitting.

Pia looks like her mother and has the self-reliance of both parents. Once they were trying to get her to dance. First her mother, then her father, showed her how. "Now you try it."

She eyed them coldly. "When I'm as big as you," Pia observed, "I'll dance like you," and left the scene with dignity.

There was also the time when her nurse wanted to keep her outdoors.

"I'm going in for my teddy bear," said Pia.

"But your teddy bear's here."

"I'm going in for my boat."

"Your boat's here, too."

"I'm going in for my doll," said Pia, annoyed.

"But, Pia, here's your doll."

For a moment, she was baffled. Then she lifted her chin—a resolute chin—and spoke in measured tones. "I am going," Miss Lindstrom announced, "into the house." And went.

She has an hour with her mother before bedtime, and they breakfast together before Pia leaves for school. She loves school, and Ingrid loves her spirit of independence. Yet there's a little clutch at the heart—which all mothers recognize—when her four-year-old picks up lunchbox, kisses her good-by and goes blithely off to live her own life.

Though it took her a while to get used to some of our ways, Ingrid felt at home in America from the first. Sweden is more ceremonious, more impersonal. In Sweden she was Miss Bergman. In Hollywood she was Ingrid right off the bat. If this startled her a little, she also recognized it as an expression of the friendliness she loves in us.

She herself has become less Swedish—that is, less formal. She loves hamburgers and chewing gum and dressing as she pleases and going without a hat and swing bands and ice cream—especially ice cream, which in Sweden was something that topped off the swankiest party dinner. She loves the vitality of New York and the hominess of Rochester and the sunshine of Hollywood. In short, she loves America.

When you read this, "For Whom The Bell Tolls" will be released or on the point of release. They're saying about her performance—not that it will be honored by the Oscar, but that the Oscar will be honored by it. Let's leave prediction to the prophets. There was once an eager-hearted child who saw a dream and cried, "That's what I want, father." It's enough for the woman that she made the child's dream come true. And for us it's quite sufficient that she turned out to be Ingrid Bergman and that we've got her.

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FACIAL CREAM

HIS HEART BELONGS TO HEDY

(Continued from page 35)

presented his offering more eagerly.

Hedy Lamarr took the pansies from her young adopted son and patted his head. "And what kind of flowers are those that you brought to me this morning?" she wanted to know.

This required some thought. He turned his chubby cheek against his shoulder and pondered. "I sink it is a dandelion," he announced.

Hedy averted her head to keep him from seeing her amused smile. "Time to pour the coffee," she said.

morning ritual . . .

This, too, is an every-morning routine, as is the flower-gathering and presentation. Jamesy, with the care of an antique dealer fondling a priceless Meissen vase, picks up the two-cup percolator, steadies the top with one small index finger and pours his mother's coffee.

After adding cream, he takes a cube of sugar, solemnly dunks same, and puts it into his mouth.

There came a time, perhaps a year ago, when Jamesy had emerged from the baby state, but had not yet taken on the logic of a man of four. He had actually cried crystalline tears when Hedy had to leave for the studio. After several days of this, Hedy realized that she had to Take Steps.

She had a talk with Jamesy. "You like your tricycle, don't you?"

"Y-y-y-yes," said a sob.

"And you like your red farmer wagon?"

The downbent head nodded, swinging a tear to the floor.

"And you like to go to nursery school to learn things and to play with other children?"

Again Jamesy agreed.

"To buy those things for you, I must go to the studio and work," explained his mother. "I should like very much to remain at home with you all day, but if we are to have the things we want, we must work for them. Remember that always."

From that day to this, Jamesy has looked upon his mother's daily departure—excepting upon Sunday—with philosophy. He is even planning upon the time when it is his turn to go out each morning and conduct himself in a manner that will buy coaster wagons and tricycles (for his own little boy).

At present, Jamesy wants to be a photographer when he grows up. He reached this conclusion after a day-long visit to the set where Hedy is working in a tip top picture titled "The Heavenly Body."

Jamesy was as quiet as dreams forming and as big-eyed as a hungry monkey. He watched carpenters, electricians, make-up men and directors. Obviously they had exciting jobs that a careerist would do well to consider. But the cameraman! There was a king who sat on a moving throne and rode while peering importantly through a spy-glass. There was a man who curtly ordered, "Move here; move there" or "Those lights will have to be adjusted." Ah,

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now there was a job.

The next day, Jamesy prowled the house, intent upon finding an item of equipment without which his imagination could accomplish very little. He knew in general what he needed: A button-shaped gadget to press. Finally, from the kitchen, he emerged triumphant with the glass top of a percolator.

When Hedy came home, he stopped her importantly in the hallway. "Take a picture," he explained. "Smile, please." And he sighted through the top, then squeezed a chubby thumb on the bubble-peak of the cover. He has taken millions of such pictures since: of Hedy in slacks, in gingham pinafore, in sleek suits. He undoubtedly owns and operates the finest of all invisible portrait galleries.

In addition to being a photographer, Jamesy is a great author of spontaneous dramas. He came running in one day with a graphic story of a big boy, bigger than a tree, who came into the front yard and pushed Our Hero, knocking him down in a puddle, thereby soiling Our Hero's trousers. He turned around to offer Exhibit A.

At another time he arrived breathless with a story of how Pat, the dog, actually saw a bear across the road. Pat—with tremendous courage—ran after said bear and did furiously attack same. The bear stood on his hind legs and boxed, but Pat ran around behind the bear and bit him in the shaggy department. It was a great fight, but Pat won in the end.

Hedy, the recipient of these sagas, simply lifted one eyebrow and looked at her son. She continued to stare him out of countenance, until he began to grin. "Aw, I was only teasing you," he said.

"I used to tease, too," Hedy confessed to him. "When I was a little girl, I used to have a secret hiding place—in the kneehole space in my father's big desk. I used to borrow one of my mother's motor scarves, those big chiffon veils that ladies used to tie over their hats when they went out in automobiles, and I'd drape that around myself and then I'd make up games. That's what you've been doing."

"I was just teasing," Jamesy said again, indicating that he was keeping his dream world well separated from the realm of truth.

Incidentally, Pat, the dog mentioned above, has a history. He is probably one of the world's muttiest mongrels; composed of some fine English setter blood and the rest ad lib. One November ninth—which is Hedy's birthday—he simply appeared at the back door in obvious need of food. Hedy fixed up a fine blue plate breakfast which vanished in two quick swipes of a drooling tongue. "Good-by," said Hedy suggestively.

nuttiest mongrel . . .

Pat's head lolled to one side, and he sank to his belly in abject admiration. Had he been equipped with human speech he would undoubtedly have said, "Keep me, baby. I'm yours."

He had no collar, no identification. He had, however, an idea: to remain with Hedy, and there he has been ever since.

Saturdays are busy days for Pat and Jamesy, because Hedy is frequently at home. In the morning, the three of them mow the lawn. Pat rushes up and down, barking signals and making up rabbits to chase. Sometimes he spends several moments, sniffing down a gopher hole and thinking up various tactics.

Hedy pushes the mower, and Jamesy follows after, picking up odd little handfuls of grass that somehow escape the basket. He is as meticulous in his neatness in his yard work, as he is about his room.

When he undresses himself, he hangs up everything with care. His shoes are set neatly by twos like good small soldiers. He can't seem to endure disorder of any sort.

So he follows the lawn mower and scoops up the incidental grass to preserve neatness. This task completed, the trio goes out to one of the most astounding of Victory gardens. Hedy planted it herself with equal parts of horticultural ignorance and enthusiasm. In the back yard were a series of terraces; Hedy had read somewhere that terraces were fine places for gardens, so she dug neat furrows and poured in seeds. She set seedlings out and began to plan summer salads that would make an epicure drool.

Along came one of those mild California rain storms that sluice down hillsides and strip the gold from the teeth of anyone unwary enough to laugh at the high water.

When the skies cleared, Hedy's Victory garden needed the same treatment because it was cluttered and you may double that in spades. When the vegetables grew in spite of themselves, the result was like no other vegetable garden. Onions were stacked like French bread sticks in a glass. Radishes were growing horizontally out of the lettuce patch. Carrots and peas were mingled with spinach in a natural vegetable plate.

But Hedy, Jamesy and Pat loved the garden with partisan devotion. Each Saturday they went in an earnest search of weeds. Sometimes the identity of a weed was difficult to discover. "Is this a weed?" Jamesy asked his mother one day, holding up a growth covered with small white blossoms.

Hedy looked it over. Yes, she assured her son, it was a weed.

Jamesy continued to survey it. Finally he scooped up a small mound of earth and replaced the stalk. "Pwetty for a weed," he said.

On Sunday, Hedy and Jamesy usually take a brief A-card ride, just for the air and relaxation. At such times, a family concert takes place. Jamesy undertakes to teach Hedy all the songs he has learned at nursery school. (She is rapidly becoming an authority on juvenile music.) It makes him writhe if she misses a word or a note, and the song has to be stopped instantly while repairs are made. Once Jamesy is certain his mother is entirely hep—that she isn't going to flat a note or muff a word—he trusts her with the melody, and he goes off in search of what will eventually be either the tenor or the baritone accompaniment. He's astonishingly adept at improvisation, for a junior character, and Hedy hopes something good will come of it.

In the evening, after one of these outings, Hedy reads to Wise Head. At present they are deep in a thing called, rationing or not, "The Good Little Pig." This book and many others on Jamesy's shelves have been read and re-read until he is thoroughly familiar, not only with the story itself, but with the exact spot on each page whereon a certain incident occurs.

One night after a difficult day at the studio, Hedy decided to give the bedtime story a quick brush-off. She read along rapidly, then smoothly skipped two paragraphs. Jamesy stopped her at once, pointing to the missed paragraphs he said sternly, "You forgot to read that."

good little pig takes a beating . . .

Several pages farther on, after glancing down at heavy lids, Hedy decided she could leave another few lines on the cutting room floor. Jamesy came out of the clouds with an indignant grunt. "And you skipped right there," he scolded.

Ordinarily, Jamesy doesn't waste so many words on his mother. They have developed a system of conversation which is terse, but to the point. Usually it consists of a single clue. She will say, "When they are seated quietly in a room, 'Water,' and he will go get her a drink.

Or, as they are riding along, he will say "Flower," and Hedy glances around quickly, knowing that he wants her to see a bush or a tree or an entire garden that he finds particularly lovely.

One of Jamesy's favorite people is John Loder, who in turn loves Hedy's small son. At first John was in favor of arriving with pockets stuffed with gifts for Jamesy, but Hedy discouraged it. In the first place, she felt that Jamesy had enough merchandise to keep polished. He has been taught to take excellent care of his belongings. He has a section in the garage where he has a workroom "like a man's" and in it—along with his carpentering tools—he keeps his farm wagon, his small car and tricycle. These, he polishes every day.

By the way, when he is catapulting around in his farm wagon, his name is Farmer Joe. If Hedy calls him, he refuses to answer until she says, "Farmer Joe come here a moment please."

"I'm Farmer Joe—not Jamesy."

Aside from these three major toys, his taste in minor gifts favors anything that Hedy has cast off. One of her emptied perfume bottles is a boon beyond price. An ex-powder box is valuable booty.

From Mr. Loder, the quick-witted Jamesy learned an amusing stunt. He had heard John say that he had enjoyed a steam bath and rub down before leaving the studio, and felt wonderful.

The next morning Jamesy extended his chubby hands over the mild steam serpentine up from a cup of coffee. "Steam," he explained. "Good for me."

Hedy has two rules about dealing with her son. She never allows herself to remain near him when she is tired. From her own childhood she remembers occasions when she was punished—not because she really deserved punishment—but because some elder was tired or worried. The punishment she remembers most vividly was getting paddled for wearing a bow in her hair. Not that there was anything wrong with the bow, but the paddler happened not to like hair-bows, and the condition was complicated by a touch of indigestion.

Hedy's second rule is that she always tries to manage an hour of aloneness each day for Jamesy, as well as for herself. She believes that every human being needs an uninterrupted hour each day, to think, to plan or just to escape the friction of other personalities.

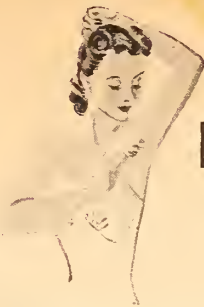
At present, Jamesy is managing several hours of solitude. He awakened one morning and proclaimed with some pride, "Mosquito bites all over me!"

The mosquito bites proved to be a healthy case of chicken pox.

There is one thing that Jamesy really wants as a general result of his malady: a little brother or sister. He thinks it would be nice for both of them to stay out of school at the same time, to celebrate their mosquito bites together.

And what does Mother say to this?

That some day she hopes to fulfill Jamesy's wish.



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"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS" (STORY)

(Continued from page 39)

"Good," said Jordan.

He watched the old man scramble through the boulder-strewn mountain-side and disappear into the trees. He was very tired, yes; still he was satisfied. This country was perfect for a guerrilla.

A little beyond, the hill fell away abruptly to a gorge. Below the gorge the bridge hung suspended like a cobweb slung between the stems of two flowers; it looked fragile. He swept the binoculars in a half arc from one side of the bridge to the other. With luck, perhaps, it might be simple; there was dynamite enough in the rucksack to blow a bridge twice the size. But he remembered Golz, in Madrid, saying carefully: "To blow the bridge is nothing."

"So?" he had said.

"To blow the bridge at the precise moment, that is everything."

"And when?"

"After the attack has started," Golz had said heavily.

afraid to die . . .

So that was it, and he had cursed to himself softly after hearing it. It was not enough to blow the bridge; no—do it after they know something is up, when they'll be waiting in every copse of trees. Still there was nothing to say; you took the order and nodded; if it was impossible, you merely shrugged and did it.

Now, at the gorge, looking at the bridge, he saw that it might be done. He crawled back toward the rucksack and slung it once more over his shoulders. He squatted on his heels, waiting for the old man to return. He saw them coming before they saw him, and he rose and waited for them silently. The old man, Anselmo, motioned to the man behind him.

"He is called Pablo," Anselmo said.

"Salud," said Robert Jordan.

The other nodded.

"A generous welcome," said Anselmo mockingly.

"What is in the packs?" said Pablo.

"Dynamite."

"What is your business here?"

"There is a bridge to blow up," Jordan said.

"What bridge?"

Jordan said flatly: "A bridge."

"I will have no part of it," Pablo said angrily.

"I have not asked for your help."

"You will," Pablo said bitterly. "And then they will come, and they will hunt us in the hills, and we will be killed."

"Killed, killed," said Anselmo mockingly. "Are you afraid to die?"

"I am afraid of nothing," said Pablo.

Still he was afraid, thought Robert Jordan swiftly, and that was bad. The man's nerve was gone; you could always tell it, always.

There were five others in the little guerrilla band that hid in the cave under the shelter of the rim rock. Five others who carried their pride in the Republic and their pride in their work; had they not blown up a train only a little while before and shot the Fascist swine that managed to escape the wreckage?

"No others?" said Robert Jordan.

"Two women," said Anselmo.

"Women?"

"Pilar. Pablo's woman. Very fierce. Very brave. Very rare."

"And the other?"

"A girl," said Anselmo.

There was no need to ask of her, for she came now out of the mouth of the cave, carrying a plate of food. Jor-

dan, looking at her, thought suddenly and very sharply: She's beautiful. I was as simple as that; and then he remembered that he had never thought that of a girl before. They were pretty, yes and nice; and pleasant; and good to look at and good to touch. But this one was different, brown and tall and moving with the easy grace of a colt. Her hair was cropped short, almost a fuzz against her skull; but she was beautiful nevertheless.

"How are you called?" he said to her.

"Maria."

"I am called Roberto," he said.

She smiled at him; he realized suddenly that they were not alone, and when he looked up, the others were grinning and the man Pablo was staring angrily. Pablo turned and wheeled away, walking swiftly. That almost did it, Jordan thought; there were two rules in Spain—give the men tobacco and leave the women alone.

"Whose woman are you?" he said gruffly. "Pablo's?"

"Pablo?" she said; and laughed again.

"Of the others, then?"

"Of no one," she said; she looked at him mockingly. "Not even you."

"Good," he said. "I have no time for women."

The Gypsy, Rafael, laughed in the darkness: "Not even 15 minutes, my friend? Not even 15 minutes for a woman?"

He watched her until she disappeared inside. His mouth felt thick and his throat was tight; for a moment he almost rose to follow her. But the image of Golz rose in his mind, Golz bent wearily over the maps in Madrid.

ugly and beautiful . . .

"We will need others for the bridge," he said. "Are there any other bands in the hills?"

"There is El Sordo," said Anselmo.

"Will he help?"

"Yes."

"He has horses?"

"Yes."

"Good," Jordan said. "I'll want to see him."

It was the woman Pilar who led him to El Sordo. She was blunt and hard, a peasant woman, and he liked her. There was a clear honesty about her, and she was a woman who knew her world. She was ugly but with an ugliness that had a quality that made it almost pleasant. Before they started she looked at him keenly, unsmiling.

"Would it disturb you," she said, "if the girl, Maria, came also?"

"No," he replied gravely.

"You care for her?" she said.

"Yes," Jordan said.

"I, too," she said. "Remember that."

THE CAST

Robert Jordan.....	Gary Cooper
Maria.....	Ingrid Bergman
Pilar.....	Katina Paxinou
Pablo.....	Akim Tamiroff
Rafael.....	Mikhail Rasumny
Fernando.....	Fortunio Bonanova
Augustin.....	Arturo De Cordova
Primitivo.....	Victor Varconi
Andres.....	Eric Feldary
Anselmo.....	Vladimir Sokoloff
El Sordo.....	Joseph Calleia
Joaquin.....	Lilo Yarson
Lt. Col. Miranda....	Pedro De Cordoba
Andre Massart.....	George Coulouris
Lieut. Berrendo....	Duncan Renaldo



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EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the
Magazine Publishers of America

"You have given her a place to live," he said softly.

"She has seen too much for a girl," she said bitterly. "The Fascist swine." She cursed softly and steadily.

"It is a war," he said.

muck man . . .

She changed the subject abruptly: "You have seen the bridge?"

"Yes."

"It can be done?"

"It can be done."

"Good. We have been stagnant here too long."

"And Pablo?" he said softly.

"Pablo will listen to me. I command."

He continued boldly: "I cannot trust Pablo."

She looked at him sharply. "We none of us can. But he was a good man. Remember that. He killed many Fascists at the beginning."

"And now?"

"I am not sure," she said shortly. She returned to the mouth of the cave. "Maria!"

She came out. And it was still the same. The same tightness in his throat and the thickness in his mouth and the sudden, startling realization that she was beautiful; he wondered how it could have happened so quickly.

"This is the way to El Sordo," said Pilar drily. "Are you coming?"

The three of them started up the mountain trail through the pines with the Spanish sky arching hugely over them and the earth, boulder-strewn and rugged, stretching before them.

El Sordo was much man; that was the Spanish phrase for it and it was true. Short, heavy, gray haired with a certain gravity and dignity; he was almost deaf and oddly that made no difference. He was for the bridge; he was for anything that would hamper, kill or destroy the Fascists. But he was a man who knew that battles are not won by emotion.

"You saw the planes today?" he said.

"Yes."

"There were never so many planes in this area."

"I have seen troops coming up."

"We have seen them, too," Jordan said.

"They know an attack will come," El Sordo said.

"Perhaps," said Jordan.

That was always the worst of it, because it was true; because they did know, and Golz's attack would end like all the rest. But perhaps not. Perhaps this time it would be different.

El Sordo said: "We could blow the bridge tonight."

"No," Jordan said.

"The time of the blowing is important?"

"All important," Jordan said.

"Then it will be done," El Sordo said.

Swiftly, then, they made arrangements as to time and place, the meeting of the two bands, the assigning of specific tasks. El Sordo listened keenly, nodded from time to time. Jordan had planned it well. If there was any chance of success, this was the way it must be done.

It was on the return from El Sordo that the woman Pilar stopped once more. Under the pine trees that looked toward a meadow that rolled evenly to the jutting peaks glistening still with snow, she turned to the two of them.

"Listen to me," she said harshly.

"There is not much time. In a war a day must serve for a year, a week for a century. I have seen it in your eyes; remember that there is not much time."

"What have you seen in our eyes?"

Jordan said.

"Don't talk like a fool," Pilar said. "You are not one. Did you think I

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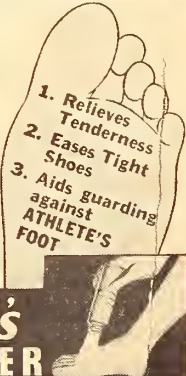
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asked Maria to come because I could not walk to El Sordo on my own feet?"

"Pilar—" said Maria. "She needs kindness," Pilar went on swiftly. "She needs kindness and softness and love, yes, love. She has seen too much hatred already in her time. Above all, kindness, you understand?"

"Yes," Jordan said. "I leave you now," Pilar said. "Stay here a while."

"There is no need," Jordan said. "I tell you there is," Pilar said. Very softly, Maria's voice said: "Let her go, Roberto. Let her go."

They watched her while she strode on ahead, her thick body like a heavy blot on the landscape. And when she was gone, he turned to Maria; and she was waiting. And it was all gone now except the single, searing thought: How beautiful she is, how beautiful she is...

That night it began to snow; softly at first and then with more fury. Standing at the mouth of the cave, looking out, Jordan watched the sky anxiously. The snow was bad; snow meant tracks, and tracks meant that they would be followed wherever they moved.

Pablo came up behind him, his voice a little thick with wine. "Are you looking for the sun?" he said. "The snow will not stop."

"It will stop," Jordan said. "Not today, not tomorrow. Not before the attack. There will be no blowing of the bridge now."

"There will," Jordan said. Pablo's voice was mocking: "You will order the snow to stop? Madrid will order the snow to stop, perhaps?"

baiting the hook...

The man was baiting him. Jordan turned away from the cave mouth and returned to the steaming pot and the group huddled around it. One of the men, Augustin, turned to Jordan.

"Don't listen to Pablo. He is drunk." Jordan squatted on the rocky floor of the cave silently. Augustin, the hot tempered, knowing Pablo's game, said softly to Jordan: "Tell us. How did you come to Spain?"

"I came first many years ago," Jordan said. "In America I teach Spanish at a University."

"A professor?" said Augustin. "A professor!" said Pablo scornfully. "Look at him. He has no beard." "Pay no attention to him," said Augustin again. "He is drunk." Jordan said carefully: "I don't believe he is drunk."

If Pablo was going to make trouble, this was the time to force his hand, now and no more waiting. Have it out with Pablo. The man was dangerous. At least he was sure of the others. If I have to kill him, he thought coldly and clearly, then now is the time, before he can make trouble.

He turned to Pablo, facing him full. "I don't believe you are drunk," he said. "Oh, I'm drunk," Pablo said. "Not drunk," Jordan said. "Afraid, shivering with fear like an old woman—"

Pablo grinned at him. "You think you will provoke me with words? You think that is the way to get rid of me?" "Coward—"

"I drink to your health," said Pablo raising his glass.

"Swine," said Jordan. "My good friend," said Pablo.

Augustin rose suddenly and swept the glass from his hand. "Fool," he said harshly to Pablo.

"Another patriot," said Pablo. Augustin's hand swung sharply and cracked against Pablo's face. Sitting at

the opposite side, Jordan reached to his lap and slipped the revolver from its holster, slipping off the safety catch.

Pablo swayed. "I do not provoke," he said.

This time Augustin's clenched fist caught him on the mouth; the blood ran down in a small trickle from the edges of his lips. Jordan didn't move.

Pablo laughed softly into the silence. "So," he said. "So. All of you, then. Speak to your Roberto of the bridge and of the Republic and of all the patriots. Ask him when the snow will stop, and where will you go when they come hunting you in the hills here?"

"Get out," Augustin shouted.

death at dawn...

Jordan slept outside the cave in a sleeping bag and, at dawn the next morning, he woke suddenly, aware, as always he felt it in danger, of a tightening of his stomach muscles. Then he heard the sound, the cllop of hooves, unmistakably the slap of a carbine against a saddle. He was up warily with the automatic in his hand at the same moment that the horseman broke through the pine trees and into the clearing. They saw each other at the same moment, the Fascist soldier on patrol and Robert Jordan. Jordan's finger squeezed the trigger and the gun roared in the dawn quiet; the soldier slumped off the horse.

They came tumbling out of the cave, all of them, their faces tense. Jordan said shortly: "Get that horse out of here. There must be cavalry out."

Tensely then, they distributed their forces. At the mouth of the pass, a machine gun; rifles covering the rear. They waited for the cavalry troop to come up, Jordan praying silently that it was only an isolated patrol, for if it was, there might still be time for the bridge, if they lived through it. They heard the cllop of the hooves long before they saw them. Jordan's finger tightened on the machine gun trigger; he whispered, down, down, down.

Then sharply, suddenly, there was the sound of rifle fire across the valley. The cavalry troop was so close they could hear the shouted orders. The lieutenant in charge called the order to halt, then the order of wheel.

the planes come...

Anselmo said softly: "El Sordo is the one today."

Jordan said: "Can he hold out?" "How many has he?" said Anselmo. "And how many have they?"

"He will fight?" "To the death," said Anselmo. "We needed him," Jordan said softly. "We could go to him now. Perhaps combined—"

Overhead a plane whined in the air, seemed to hover over the valley and then sped northward.

Jordan pointed. "Against the planes?" he said. "All of us would die. And there is still work to do."

And so it was the last night, the night before the blowing of the bridge. And in the cave that night they were all a little on edge. It had ended badly for El Sordo that day. As Jordan had seen, they had finally sent planes, and against planes there was nothing for them to do but hover in the holes they had dug on the mountainside and pray and hope and wish for a little luck. But after the planes had come once and then again, there was no hope left and no luck and the bombs tore the top of the hillside to shreds and they had all died there. Anselmo had gone to see.

"All dead," he said. "All of them."

Robert Jordan cursed to himself. "And more," said Anselmo. "Coming back there was huge movement over the road across the bridge. Many troops and machines. Armor and tank."

So they knew it was coming. And suddenly Jordan felt the hopelessness creep up in him, and he had to fight it off as if it were something physical.

"And when the attack comes," said Anselmo, "they will be waiting and they will shoot our men down like a scythe harvesting a wheat field."

Jordan said tensely: "You're sure you saw the movement?"

"With my own eyes," said Anselmo.

Jordan called in one of the young ones, a lad named Andres. "Listen carefully," he said. "I want you to go through the lines. Go to General Golz. Tell him the attack is known. You have seven hours to get there. I will give you a written dispatch, but if that is lost, tell him the message by mouth. Do you hear?"

He wrote out the dispatch, knowing all the time that it was no use. That there was no stopping the attack even if Andres got there on time. For an attack has a terrible momentum, and once it is planned and conceived and set in motion, it cannot be stopped.

He stood up wearily: "I am going out," he said. "I will see you in the morning."

Maria was waiting for him at the sleeping bag in the meadow.

"You think it will go badly?" she said. "Do not lie to me," she said. "This is our last night."

"Guapa," he said softly. "Rabbit . . ."

He took the cropped head in his arms and he bent to her.

"You love me?" she said.

"I love you," he said gravely.

"Truly?"

"With all my heart."

She leaned back against the crook of his arm and they looked up together at the stars.

"What will it be like later?" she said.

"Later?"

"After the war."

"We will go to America," he said.

"You will take me?" she said.

"You will be my wife," he said softly.

"What will it be like in America?"

"Ah," he said, "it will be wonderful."

"And my hair will be long?"

"If you want it so."

"And I will be beautiful?"

"You always are."

"I want to be beautiful for you."

"Hush," he said and bent over her so that the shadow of his face fell over her eyes, and there was nothing in the world to see but the curve of her lips and nothing in the world to hear but the sound of his voice saying over and over again: "My sweet, my lovely . . ."

In the dark, before the first false dawn, they awoke. Pilar was already moving about the camp, and there was a low steady hum of voices from the patch where the horses were pastured. There were only light traces of snow on the ground; the weather was perfect. He heard Pablo's voice. "Are you awake?"

He stood up.

Pablo waited uneasily. "Listen to me," he said. "I have come back."

"You were away?"

Pilar said, "He ran off in the night like a dog with his tail between his legs."

"I admit it," said Pablo. "But I have come back. I am with you in this."

He thought wearily: I don't care anymore, I don't care what they do or what they don't do. Let him come. Let him stay away; it is all the same.

no returning . . .

They packed the camp swiftly, for there was no return now. It was blow the bridge and go elsewhere. After the blowing of the bridge, they would no longer be able to stay in the hills.

A half mile away from the bridge, they tethered the horses. It was dark.

"Wait here with the horses," he said.

"I will go, too," she said.

"Wait here," he said harshly. "You will only be in the way below."

She reached for him wordlessly, and for a moment they clung together; then gently he moved away, calling her name. He heard her call to him once and then he walked swiftly to the group of men huddled together in the gathering flicker of the dawn.

"Ready," he said.

And silently they dispersed, each to the prearranged point. Two for the sentry box at one end of the bridge. Three for the group in the sawmill that flanked the span—he and Anselmo carrying the dynamite. Lying flat in the grass watching the dawn stain the sky, he wondered again if the attack would be called off.

He could almost see the bombs fall and then distinctly he heard the clustered sound of their thudding.

Below they had already heard the signal. He heard the spat of a rifle, and one of the bridge guards toppled over slowly like a man kneeling to pray. Then he was on his feet and he could feel Anselmo panting beside him. They broke cover and headed out for the middle of the bridge. Indistinctly around him, he heard the clatter of shots, the spang of rifles, the bitter chatter of a Lewis gun. At the far end of the bridge another of the sentries had his rifle up and Anselmo, stopping, fired and the sentry fell.

At the middle of the bridge, over the V of the span, Jordan stopped. He swung himself swiftly below the crotch of the supports.

"Anselmo," he called.

work done . . .

The old man began passing the dynamite down to him. Working coolly, he stuffed the dynamite into the supports.

He laid the pack carefully and wired it. Then he swung across the girders to the opposite side of the bridge and again the old man passed down the charges.

"Take the wire off the first charge," Jordan said to Anselmo. "If the tanks come, pull the charge—"

"And you?" said Anselmo.

"Pull the charge!"

He had the second charge packed against the supports and, unstringing the wire, he pulled himself onto the bridge and found Anselmo still waiting. At the opposite end of the bridge an armored car came down the road, spitting fire from the turret.

"Anselmo!" Jordan called.

The old man waited stubbornly.

Jordan cursed and gathered the two wires swiftly in his own hands. He pulled sharply and dove for a ditch that lay along the river bank, beneath the span of the arch. The roaring was like the thunder of a hundred storms in his ears. He lay there until the last echo died and then he rose. The bridge lay in the gorge, gaping, torn, destroyed. He started up the river bank and found Anselmo still there. The old man lay on the ground and he seemed almost alive until you saw the girder across his back.

They were gathering swiftly now, the others of the band. And Jordan said harshly: "Anselmo is dead. Who else?"

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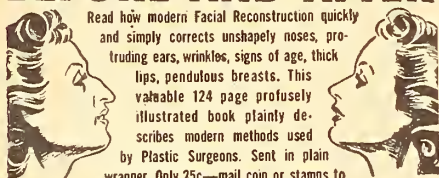
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SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

"There is no time to count the dead," Pilar said swiftly.

Across the gorge a tank was drawn up at the edge of the river bank and methodically it was pumping shells across the gully. They ran for the horses. And now they could see them, and Jordan began to run, suddenly afraid, not for himself, but for the girl who should have been there. But she called to him before he saw her and he stopped and waited for her and said: "Maria . . . Maria . . ."

They were on the horses now and Pablo had taken the lead for he knew the way and they crossed back toward the edge of the gully where the tank was still pumping shells across the gorge. "Between the shells," Pablo said.

They timed the reports, and then they started across one by one, racing for the cover of the forest that lay on the other side of the clearing. Maria waited.

"We will go together," she said.

"Alone," he said. "You first."

"Together, Roberto," she said.

He didn't answer. Abruptly he reached down and whipped the rump of her horse. It started across the clearing at a gallop and then when it had almost reached the other side, he spurred his horse out, and he knew almost immediately that the shell would be coming his way and not toward Maria. He heard the shriek and the whistle of it and then the earth seemed to reach up like a groping hand ahead of him, and the horse went over on one leg, rolling on the ground with the huge sodden weight of a frightened animal.

this was it . . .

He felt nothing at first. But when he tried to move, he found his left leg dragging and he thought: That did it, the horse did it, the leg's gone. He was close enough to the forest so that they came out for him and they dragged him in under the pines and Maria was bent over him sobbing, and he tried to grin.

"It's only a leg, Rabbit," he said.

The woman Pilar bent beside him and Pablo on the other side. He could hear Maria sobbing. "Listen to me," he said to Pablo. "I cannot ride. You

must leave me here and take the girl with you. She will want to stay. You must take her. And you must leave me. I would only be a drag on you and it would end with all of us dead."

"I am sorry, Roberto," Pablo said.

"Yes," Jordan said. "Now let me talk to her for a moment."

She bent over him and looked into his eyes; and he had no need to tell her. She said: "I will stay, too."

"No," he said. "You will go. But wherever you go, I will go, too, do you understand."

"I will stay," she said.

"Listen to me," he said. "We are one. And we cannot part. Never. I am part of you, Rabbit. You must take that part with you."

"No."

"Yes," he said softly. "You will go. That is your duty now. You understand. We are one, Guapa. We are one."

Pilar bent over him. "You need anything?"

"No," he said. "The gun?"

"It is by your side."

"Take her."

And he didn't watch while they mounted, and he didn't see Pablo and Pilar ride close against her so she couldn't slip out of the saddle and run back. He listened until he could hear their hoofbeats no more and then wearily he turned his eyes to the road again and he brought the gun up painfully so that it traversed the road and he waited.

Maybe that was all right. Maybe that was all the luck you deserved in this world. A chance to fight for whatever it was you thought right, and a chance to find some peace and even love, yes, even love. So let them come now, so let the bastards come now, and it didn't matter very much one way or another, or at least so you told yourself.

He heard the troop come clattering out of the gully where they had forded into the river and he watched very carefully for the first of them to come into the run of the road. He waited very patiently and very carefully; his finger began to squeeze the trigger as the first of them started to come through.

BEAUTY UNDER THE SUN

(Continued from page 60)

some lazy sun-worshipping, protect your skin. There are emollients and oils specially designed to keep skin soft and smooth while they encourage a delightful, delicious tan. The invisible film they leave on your skin acts as a sun screen, allowing beneficial ultra-violet rays to penetrate without burning.

sun rationing

Since rationing is a thing of today, apply it to your sunning. When you tone your skin to a nut-brown, do it gradually. Don't expect to acquire a tan in one or two outings.

Sunburn doesn't become apparent until three or four hours after exposure. Don't trust the way your skin feels! Let your skin-type decide how much sun you can stand at one session. For instance, if you're a brunette with brown eyes and fairly sun-resistant skin, you'll probably be able to hold your own with Ole Sol. In that case, your first outing may last up to ten or 15 minutes.

Should you be in the blonde-light-delicate class, limit your sun bath to six or eight minutes at the beginning. Wear a large-brimmed hat or a ban-

danna atop your locks to avoid straw-like tresses. Counteract the drying effects of the sun by brilliantine or pomade.

Tote your beach umbrella or beach coat for extra protection. Should an abundance of freckles pop out, don't fret. They're merely an irregular distribution of your tan. Sunlight brings them out and exaggerates them. If, however, you want to avoid any more showing up, use a thick layer of sun lotion or cream over the places they're likely to show. Don't, oh don't, try to remove these beauty spots by any amateur methods, but take heed of the authoritative freckle creams which lighten and make them less noticeable.

sunburned?

If, perchance, you've neglected to use a sunburn protection, and the sun's fiery rays have already burned your pretty skin to a crisp, smooth on soothing, medicated cream or lotion made to relieve aching sunburn. Another thought: A generous application of talcum or body powder has a soothing effect on hot, sensitive skin. Or you might sprinkle some of baby's antiseptic powder onto your sunburn for welcome relief.

if you don't want to tan

Should you prefer to keep your fair skin fair, use one of the protective creams or lotions that act as a foundation base and sun shield. These tinted sun protectors help keep you from tanning, yet give your skin a soft, warm glow. The various foundation bases (cream, liquid, cake and stick form) are also excellent protection against the sun. You can have a gypsy tan look without having to spend hours in the process of tanning.

If you've acquired only a partial tan, and your evening date calls for a low-necked dress, smooth one of these protective bases over the bathing suit strap marks that show white against your tan. Be sure to blend the base so as not to leave any telltale streaks.

sun-tan make-up

When you've acquired your desired south-sea lure, enhance it with a matching shade of powder. Remember, your entire summer make-up should be more "alive," more glowing than your pale winter glamour. Use color-rich tones.

Leg make-up is also important this summer. You can slip on a pair of cosmetic stockings quick as a wink. This natural-looking "hose" is easy to apply and convenient to wear. They come in liquid, cream and stick form. The delightful shades range from bronze to light beige tones.

when the sun goes down

Before you tumble into bed at night, smooth one of your favorite cleansing or soft lubricating creams onto your face and neck. Try chilling your creams, astringents and skin fresheners by storing them away in the refrigerator. Then, after your day in the sun, you'll be ever so grateful for their extra-cool, soothing results.

summer glow

Plant cabbages or just plain sit, but take your day in the sun. Only, be sure to protect your skin with intelligent use of lotions and oils. Highlight your features with color-right make-up. The result... you'll be oh-so-lovely at night!

THE TRUTH ABOUT LINDA'S MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 43)

love. She was in love with Jaime Jorba then—the Spanish boy whom she'd known in Texas and who'd gone to Mexico City to live with his uncle. Soon after, Linda was called to Hollywood for the lead in "Hotel for Women."

If it hadn't been for Pev, she might never have played the part. That's what she thought at the time, and that's what she still thinks. A lovely little green-horn, she walked out on the set shaking in her shoes, and every face was the face of a stranger. Till suddenly she looked up, and, from the camera stool, a pair of quizzical brown eyes smiled at her.

Ratoff was directing, with Pev on the camera. "How old are you, baby?" Ratoff roared.

All along she'd been terrified, lest her years count against her, so she tried to dodge. "Oh—old enough."

"Seventeen? Eighteen? What?"

She looked wildly around, but there was no help. "I'm 15," she quavered.

The crew whooped. Pev all but fell

off his stool. It was Ratoff, though, on whom Linda's eyes were fixed, and her heart sank. She could tell she'd lost face.

If it hadn't been for Pev—Fifteen, poor kid, he was thinking, and scared blue—and promptly made her cause his own. No belle of the lot was ever more carefully photographed. He turned fussy as a hen over tapelines and angles and make-up. "Little more punch," he'd whisper, pretending that light near her head needed fixing. Or, "That was swell, honey. You've got it cinched." Little by little, under the warmth of his interest, she grew more confident. And when they told her the part was hers, she ran shining-eyed to Pev.

"Oh, Mr. Marley, it's you I have to thank!"

He patted her shoulder. "Forget it." Through "Hotel for Women," through "Daytime Wife" and "Stardust," she came to depend on Pev, and he never failed her. On finishing a scene, her eyes would seek his, even before the director's, for approval. His help, his guidance, his encouragement were like a strong hand under her arm on a rocky road. Presently she found herself going to him for more than professional aid and comfort. It was funny about Pev. On the surface, he wasn't the kind of guy you'd take your troubles to. A devil sat in each brown eye, flashing mockery. But for trusting young Linda, the defenses fell, the eyes grew quiet and kind.

over the bump . . .

It wasn't love then. Pev was married, and Linda was carrying the torch for a boy 2,000 miles away. She told Pev about him. About their desperate young letters. How nobody else had ever meant anything to her. How she longed to see him. Pev was glad for her when the chance came at last to go to Mexico City. And when she got back in a daze of hope and doubt, it was Pev who listened. Jaime had wanted her to chuck the whole business and marry him now. To Jaime, with his strict Spanish upbringing, there were no two ways about where a woman belonged. She belonged with the man of her choice, in his home, bearing his

QUIZ CLUES

(Continued from page 85)

Set 3

1. Pluto's Pygmalion
2. Sudden success
3. Littlest Rebel
4. Warner warbler
5. Army corporal
6. Hepkitten
7. Billy the Kid
8. Hollywood-bound
9. Star of long standing
10. Never gets the girl
11. Tan and turbaned
12. Julie Anne's mom
13. Twinkle-toed
14. Sizzling
15. "Butch" bob
16. Glamourizer
17. Newcomer
18. Veneta is vehement
19. Stockholm star
20. Stands pat with Pat

(Answers on page 102)

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUMMER TEETHING



EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

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children. "But how could I, Pev?" she wailed. "I'm under age. I can't break my contract. Even if I wanted to, my mother wouldn't let me."

"You're both young, kid. If it's love for keeps, time'll work it out."

Then came Jaime's letter, and a broken-hearted youngster wept in Pev's arms. Jaime'd married his cousin. After Linda left, he'd realized that nothing could ever come of their waiting. She had her way of life, he had his.

Pev waited till the first racking sobs eased off. Then he lifted her chin. "You know what's today, kid? It's the day you grow up. You've had your first knock. It'll make a woman of you."

That was what she needed. Not petting, but steeling. Not sympathy, but a call to courage. She'd always been more mature than her years, and on that day she really did grow up. An adult looks forward, not back—quits brooding over the past and builds for the future. Linda found new interests, new friends, gained a new independence and security.

Pev continued to be her friend. While he was still married, she went to parties at his house. After his divorce, he took her now and then to the fights and football games he loved. But mostly she saw him at the studio. Subconsciously, she was always on the watch for him.

"Hi, kid, got a funny story to tell you."

He liked to make her laugh. He had an idiotic way of drooping one eyelid in greeting. The Fisheye, they called it. She never had a meal in the commissary without looking to see if he was there.

beloved Fisheye . . .

Still, no glimmer of what was happening entered her head. She went out with other men—much more consistently than she did with Pev. There was one in particular, who'd asked her again and again to be his wife. And that, in the end, was what opened her eyes.

Because one night she said, "All right, I'll marry you."

She was tired and low, moved by her suitor's devotion, grateful to be loved so much, thinking how sweet it would be to find a haven. His pleading swept her momentarily off her feet. Maybe Jaime had been the one love of her life. Maybe she'd never love anyone again. If that, from an 18-year-old, makes you smile a little, remember that Linda had never taken love lightly.

They stopped at the home of friends, whom we'll call the Smiths. They'd ask the Smiths to go along to Las Vegas. Mrs. Smith took one look at Linda, whose air was hardly that of a radiant bride, and said, "Let's talk this over."

Which was almost all Linda needed. It shocked her out of her trance and left her staring, terrified, at what she'd been about to do. No one could have been kinder than her fiancé-for-an-hour. His reproaches were all for himself. "I shouldn't have kept at you, honey. Come on, let me take you home."

Sitting on her bed, still dazed, she was suddenly swept by an overwhelming ache for Pev. "Like a kid," she laughed shakily, "running to mother to kiss the hurt and make it well." That was when the light broke. Why was she always running to Pev? Why was she restless and uneasy when she hadn't seen him for a couple of days? Why did just the sight of him make her disjointed world click back into place? Suppose—suppose it had been Pev tonight? She caught her breath. Well—of course! That would have been as right as the other was wrong. Whom but Pev was she in love with? Pev with the high forehead and the curly hair that she'd always wanted

to run her fingers through. Pev with his impish eyes and his cracks and his dear gentleness. Pev, Pev, Pev, sang her heart, as she sat on the bed, laughing, crying, calling herself a fool—

Dutch uncle . . .

After work next day he found her waiting in his car. "What's the matter, honey? Get another bump?"

"Will you take me for a drive, Pev? I want to tell you something."

There's no guile in Linda. She's direct as a child. Also, she prefers to look a fact in the face, even though she knows that the fact may haul back and sock her one. "I almost got married last night, Pev. I was on my way—"

"What stopped you?"

"Well, though I didn't know it at the time, you did."

"I did?"

Her hands locked in her lap. "Look, Pev, you'll have to forgive me if this makes you squirm. And I'll have to forgive myself for swallowing my pride. It's you I love, Pev. This must have been going on for a long time. Only I didn't know it until now."

Nothing happened. He didn't say a word. He went right on driving. Linda sat silent, too. What could she say, having said everything? After what seemed an eternity, he pulled up, switched off the motor and turned to her with a smile she'd never seen before—a smile that made her heart do flip-flops. "Honey," he said, taking her hands, "you've always been tops with me. But I'm much too old."

"Oh, Pev," she wailed, "I'm so much older than my birthdays."

"Look, baby, there's a difference between loving and being in love. Do you know what that difference is?"

"I know, Pev. And I know that people shouldn't marry unless they're both. Well, I'm both. I love you and I'm in love with you, too."

For a moment tenderness flooded his eyes. Then he forced it back, talked to her like a Dutch uncle and couldn't budge her. In the end he said, "Okay, let's go on as we were. Nothing can come of this, anyway, till I'm sure you're sure, and time'll fix that."

"Does that mean," asked a small voice, "that you—?"

He grinned—the old puckish grin. "I love you all right, poochface."

"And—the rest?"

"That's none of your business."

It didn't really worry her. If all Pev wanted was to be sure of her, she could wait. She was sure enough for them both. Nor did it bother her when he enlisted a month later. So now he was cameraman for Uncle Sam, instead.

Though week followed week, she didn't tease him. It was only fair to let him take his own good time. Meanwhile, she had a lovely secret to hug, a lovely joke she'd put over on Pev. In a cellophane bag in the closet hung her white wedding suit. Every night she'd take it out, whispering as she laid her cheek against it, "You're shameless, Linda Darnell. A wedding suit, and your guy hasn't even said yes."

Not in words maybe. But in other ways, he had. The wires, for instance, that came daily, unsigned, when she worked at Columbia. They were love letters in code, and the key lay in the titles of their favorite songs. YMLTMTM. What was there in that to make a girl's eyes shine? Nothing, unless she knew, as Linda did, that it meant—"You're More Lovely Than Moonlight To Me."

As so often happens, when you've waited and waited for a thing, the event

really took Linda by utter surprise. Pev breezed in one Friday evening. "Got a three-day pass." "What you doing with it?" "Drive some place maybe." "How about gas?" "Saved my coupons up." After dinner he suggested they go see Ann Miller, Linda's closest friend. There was a glorious moon, and Pev stopped the car before they reached the house. Her heart skipped a beat. All she could think was, "He's going overseas."

hush stuff . . .

Words of sentiment don't come easy to Pev. "I—I'm in love with you, Brown Eyes. Will you marry me? Tomorrow?" "Tomorrow?—Oh yesyesyesyes, Pev!" Well, as it happened, they didn't get away till four the next afternoon, so the wedding was on Sunday. She told Pev about the suit finally, and he told her about the ring, lying snug in his pocket for two weeks.

They called for Ann Miller at the studio—Linda and Pev and Corporal Bill Heath, ex-test director at 20th-Fox and Pev's best man. To keep Hollywood unsuspecting, they resorted to dodges. The girls wore slacks, sun glasses, and scarves round their heads. Suitcases had been sneaked into the trunk. Bill went to an out-of-the-way shop for the flowers—white orchids for Linda, purple for Ann. The night before Linda had phoned Las Vegas for reservations and gone panicky as one hotel after another reported, full up. At the Apache they had one room.

The boys had resigned themselves to bunking in the car. At the hotel they were oh so formal. "Terribly kind of you to come up, Miss Darnell." "You have my music, haven't you, Sergeant." "Good night, Miss Miller, we'll come for you in the morning."

At the desk Bill continued the comedy. "It's so late, we hate to drive back to barracks. Any chance of a room?" Yes, there'd just been a cancellation.

Next morning was like a swift dream. The note from Pev, slipped under the door, too sweet to tell about. Her hands shaking so, she could hardly get her make-up on. Ann helping her into the sheer white wool suit—adjusting the white pillbox hat—pinning the orchids in place. The guy with the camera posted at the front door. "Maybe he's there for something entirely different, but let's not take a chance." Sneaking out the back way. Driving to the courthouse.

And suddenly Linda wasn't nervous. For something beautiful happened. It was Palm Sunday, and Pev was standing beside her. And just as the voice said, "Dearly beloved," the church bells chimed. They smiled at each other. "I, Monetta Linda—" "I, John Peverell—" So now it was no longer a secret, and they phoned the studio. And ordered champagne with their lunch, and Linda kept one of the corks to put away with her orchids.

For the present they're living in Linda's small apartment. You'd think that a face like hers would be enough. But the girl can cook, too, and not just a steak or a chop. Pev's mad about her corn creole and her eggs with sherry and her salad dressing and her garlic toast for steak. On the other hand, she'll do no dish-washing—always leaves them for the maid in the morning.

stay-at-homes . . .

Nightclubs and restaurants rarely see them. They like to eat at home and to be by themselves. In the living room after dinner, Pev tunes in to news commentaries or the fights. Linda reads and draws. She's doing a portrait of Pev. Sometimes they take in a newsreel, the only kind of movie Pev cares about. As for Linda, she gets all the diversion she needs from her husband. He could always make her laugh, but never has he been so charming, so full of jokes and fun—so cute, as she finally sums it up.

They own everything in common. "Where's the camera?" "In my car." "In whose car?" "In our car." But there's one point on which Pev's inconsistent. Linda wants to move into his house—their house—a lovely Monterey colonial over-looking the ocean. They can't do it on his soldier's salary. When Linda says, "How about my salary?" he goes masculine, won't let her spend money.

There's another thing she wants, too. On her dressing table stands a picture of Pev at four. Some day, not too far distant, she wants a baby who'll look like Pev. "He's got to be a boy, and he's got to have the same devil in his eye and the same fat legs. Exactly like Pev I want him, but *exactly*—or back he goes straight to the Indians—"

Linda Darnell, 19, married Pev Marley, 40-odd. Because she loves him. Because home is where the heart is. Because, for the first time in 19 years, Linda's heart is at home in the world.

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS" (PRODUCTION)

(Continued from page 39)

was Zion National Park. Finally, the ideal site was discovered—Sonora Pass, 'way up in the High Sierras. When they found it, snow was piled high in deep drifts, perfect setting for the El Sordo battle sequence. The Technicolor cameras were rushed to the spot and rigged up with electric pads to prevent freezing. Then an entire troupe was flown there, and 15 days later, the scenes were cut, edited and ready to be inserted in the final production.

Menzies made a ten-foot-square bas-relief map of the surrounding terrain for Wood's guidance in planning the action, then drew more than 5,000 sketches, all in color, of the characters and the sets that would have to be built at the studio. Because of the government edict that only \$5,000 worth of new material could be used in any one picture, Wood decided to shoot as much of the footage

as possible on location. Originally, the filming schedule called for 38 days in the Sierras, but the time was extended to ten weeks.

quick freeze . . .

The temperature up there hovered around zero, dropping below that at night. Akim Tamiroff had to keep chipping the ice off his elaborate make-up between scenes. Camp was pitched at the bottom of the Sonora Pass Grade, and the crew used to fill their trucks with hard-packed snow. By the time they reached "home," the stuff had turned into ice-cubes, perfect for keeping their food supply fresh.

Members of the cast, Cooper, Bergman, Katina Paxinou, Akim Tamiroff, Arturo de Cordova spent their spare time practicing mountain-climbing and archery. They had to, to keep from freezing!

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Much of the sound was dubbed in . . . the crunch-crunch of feet on snow, even the sound of Cooper slipping into his sleeping bag was recorded later. In the scene of the bombing of Barcelona, the sounds are absolutely authentic.

When the time came for Sam Wood to start cutting the film to release size, all the other problems of production faded far into the background. Wood had thousands of feet of beautiful, exciting Technicolor film and was reluctant to

discard any of it. For a while the executives toyed with the idea of releasing the film in instalments, serial-style. Then they decided to road-show it, with an intermission period, à la "Gone With the Wind."

There is no truth to the rumor that the love scenes in the picture were so hot, they had to be photographed on non-inflammable celluloid—although those who have already seen the picture say it would have been quite a good stunt.

PUT MAGIC IN YOUR MAKE-UP

(Continued from page 59)

your lipstick. Then, and this is mighty important, lightly dust your lips with powder. Powder helps set the color, helps make it "permanent." Remove the excess powder and apply a second layer of lipstick. Now blot the excess with a folded cleansing tissue. The result? Two pretty, rose-blooming lips; come heat-wave or hot coffee!

Your lipstick (and your matching rouge, of course) needs changing to bloom under the summer sun. Sun-gypsies whose skins have been toasted to a rich, tawny color, should choose a dramatic make-up. They'll find that lipstick, rouge and nail polish of a deep, glowing tone that tends toward orange-red are more flattering than old favorites in red-red or blue-red. You who have fair skins will find that cheek and lip tones in either clear red or blue-red look best with summer pastels.

You may be a golden red-head with a pale ivory or faintly pink, delicate complexion . . . and aren't you lucky to belong to the same team as Rita Hayworth and Ginger Rogers! Like these Hollywood charmers, you'll find most flattering a soft orange-red or subdued clear red lipstick and rouge.

Eny, meeny, miney, moe . . . which will it be, cake rouge or the cream or stick type? Children, here's the answer straight from the Hollywood make-up boxes! Movie stars like cream or stick rouge because it stays on longer. But it is harder to use. That's why, for touch-up jobs away from their dressing table, most film-belles like to carry a tiny compact of cake rouge.

Here's how to use both types. Cream-form rouge goes on after powder base and before powdering. Dry rouge is used over the powder. Cream-form rouges (which include stick rouge) are meant to be dotted over your cheeks, then blended smoothly into the skin. Dry rouge should be flicked on gently, covered with a film of powder. All rouge should be placed high on the cheek bones (the better to make your eyes sparkle). If your face is long, extend the rouge down quite far, almost to the jawbone.

Apply your powder in a shade that will flatter your summer complexion and be generous when you're flicking the powder on your face. Conservation of most everything is being hammered home to us now. But Hollywood reminds us that "conservation" of face powder is, in doleful reality, a waste. How come? Well, scant face-powdering means that more powder will have to be applied at hourly intervals during the day. Which in anyone's language is much more wasteful of time and of powder than would be a generous powdering in the morning.

Julie Bishop, whose latest film chore is a number for Warners' called "Thank Your Lucky Stars," explains for you the proper, Hollywood-endorsed method of face-powdering. She says: "Dip the puff

deeply into the powder box. Scoop up a generous supply. Gently press this powder onto the neck and facial area—don't bother to waste the powder by flapping and patting the puff against your nose. More powder disappears into the air this way than ever arrives on your face."

Continues Julie, "After you have your face generously 'snowed under' with powder, whisk away the excess with a special powder brush, with an extra-soft baby brush or with a pad of cotton." When you follow this Hollywood-insured method for a lovely complexion, you'll be charmed (and charming) with the porcelain translucence it gives your skin!"

Screen glamour-girls realize that a generous fleck of mascara can make eyelashes look longer, fuller . . . and so much more flattering. For a natural effect brush the mascara up and out towards the outer corners of your eyes.

Eye-shadow is a beauty must for a summer "face." The delicately colored cream helps make eyelids smooth and sleek. For fuller, more expressive brows, an eyebrow pencil is the answer. Learn to use it in short, natural-length strokes.

More than ever in summer, your skin needs the protection of light cleansing and foundation creams to protect its satiny texture. Cleanse it with a froth of soap suds, or with a light cream and cleansing tissues, or with cotton saturated in a fragrant cleansing lotion.

happy ending

. . . to your summer beauty story, if you begin now to profit by these beauty hints from out Hollywood way. Discover the thrill of always looking your best . . . you'll find it in the pretty-making possibilities of your lipstick, your mascara, your skin freshener, your rouge, your nail polish! The reward; a lovelier you!

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 63)

1. Walt Disney
2. Bill Bendix
3. Shirley Temple
4. Dennis Morgan
5. Alan Ladd
6. Betty Hutton
7. Robert Taylor
8. Frank Sinatra
9. Loretta Young
10. Humphrey Bogart
11. Sabu
12. Anne Shirley
13. Vera Zorina
14. Mae West
15. Tim Holt
16. Perc Westmore
17. Lena Horne
18. Jack Oakie
19. Ingrid Bergman
20. Charles Boyer

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YOUR man in a million is giving up everything to help win this war! He's said goodbye till it's over—to his home and his job—his family and his friends—to you, the girl of his heart.

And are you keeping faith? Are you doing your part? Is any effort, any sacrifice, too great for your man who's doing so much?

You know the answer! So begin today to economize and skimp and save. And put every penny you can lay aside into United States War Bonds!

War Bonds are, in a very real sense, bonds between you and the one you love and miss so much.

For, every bond you buy helps to speed war production—helps to keep our ships sailing and our tanks rolling—helps to hurl more bombs and shells and bullets upon the foe.

Every bond you buy is a milestone on the road to Tokyo—another dent in the shield of German resistance.

You only *lend* the money, you know. You invest it with Uncle Sam for your sailor and yourself, and your future happiness and security together. And a more prudent, safe and steady-going investment has never been offered in all history!

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The main stem, the white way, the hardened artery or whatever you dub the crossroads of the world boasts several first run motion picture theatres. And with only a few exceptions each theatre is playing an M-G-M attraction.

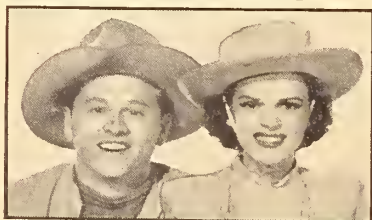
At the Astor—the de luxe long run house—they're still playing M-G-M's "Thousands Cheer" which has everything that is anything. More stars than there are in heaven.

At the Radio City Music Hall, they're playing "Lassie Come Home"—Eric Knight's remarkable story filmed in technicolor with a perfect cast that includes Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce and Elsa Lanchester.

At the Capitol—at the moment of going to press—they're still talking about the run of the gay and tuneful "Du Barry Was A Lady". At the Globe they're finishing the nth week of "Salute To The Marines". At the State they've just ended "Swing Shift Maisie" and at the Rialto, "Hitler's Madman". At the Paramount they're playing the Red Skelton-Eleanor Powell-Jimmy Dorsey musical comedy "I Dood It".

So you see it was a legitimate celebration they held, changing the name of Broadway to M-G-M Way.

With the attractions coming, every Main Street in America will go M-G-M—which is the way they should go.

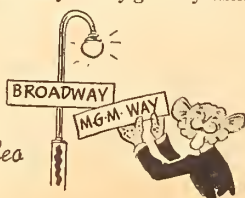


"Girl Crazy" is about to tread the boards—or rather grace the screens—of all the best theatres. We think you'll go for this one also.

Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland do their stuff in a way that is delicious, delightful and de-lovely. They got rhythm.

As for us—we've always been on the M-G-Mbandwagon.

—Lea



MODERN SCREEN

STORIES

TYRONE POWER

Ty kissed his mom good-bye at the station one day, said he'd come back an actor. The first half of this life story traces one guy's scrap for success..... 30

TWO HEARTS FOR LANA

She's walking on eiderdown these days, with a tall, quiet guy on one arm and a small, gurgly bundle in the other. 36

HEARTBREAK FOR BETTE

There are no tears in this story because there were no tears in Bette's life while Fanny lived..... 38

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A BIRTHDAY PARTY

Wriggle into your denims and scoot on over. Peg Ryan and Don O'Connor are doing a smitch of celebrating 40

FIGHTING FRENCHMAN!

Before you'd really gotten to know him, you heard that he was gone. What's he like, this smiling, tousle-headed Jean Pierre who left to join De Gaulle?..... 44

PIN-UP BABY

Betty Grable's laying plans . . . for the sprawling, white-shuttered house, a chunky, blue-eyed baby, but that'd be heaven—and it can wait!..... 46

"HIS BUTLER'S SISTER"

Deanna shoulders a dust-mop and dusts the props right out from under boss Franchot..... 48

REUNION IN MALIBU

Sun? Sleep? Night-spotting? Not on this Corporal's holiday. But Laddie wouldn't have traded a second for all the glitter in Ciro's..... 50

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS

This something's got red hair and a giggle and a voice like good, rich wine. Answers to the name of Judy.... 56

Van Johnson in M-G-M's "Madame Curie"..... 58

Robert Taylor in M-G-M's "Song of Russia"..... 60

Barbara Stanwyck in Univ's "Flesh and Fantasy"..... 61

Janet Blair in Col's "My Client Curly"..... 29

Editorial Page..... 66

Winter Skin Care..... 68

Eyes Right..... 6

Movie Reviews..... 20

Super Coupon..... 24

Co-Ed 59

Goods News..... 84

Modern Hostess..... 16

Win a Fur Coat!..... 16

COLOR PORTRAITS

FEATURES

BEAUTY

DEPARTMENTS



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II. Palmist Tam Mitchell rightly prophesies that Edw. G. Robinson will wed girl he loves, Anna Lee. Later predicts he'll commit murder, alters course of his life.



How about dreams? Episode III concerns aerial artist Chas. Bayer who dreams he sees pretty girl in audience and falls. When he sees her next night, he has to stop act.



His mgr. sends him a rest cure. On boat he meets girl of his dream, Barb Stanwyck (above, with Joseph Crehan and Lee Phelps), embarks a fateful love affair.



Question of fate governing lives is discussed in 3 episodes. I concerns ugly seamstress Betty Field who dons mask, captivates Bob Cummings. But what will happen when she unmask?

MOVIE REVIEWS

Flesh and Fantasy

Suppose you walk out your front door. Can you turn either right or left of your own free will? Or is your course as set as that of the stars in the sky? It's an old, old question, and nobody knows the answer. But astrologists, numerologists and fortune tellers live in luxury on the money paid them by those who believe their future is already determined. A girl crosses a gypsy's palm with silver, and is told she'll meet a tall dark stranger and take a long trip. So she pursues the next dark-haired man she encounters till he breaks down and takes her to Niagara Falls on a wedding trip. Perhaps the future, already determined, employs us to create our own destiny. Perhaps when we knock on wood or cross our fingers, it's an instinctive effort to modify that destiny.

In the prologue to "Flesh and Fantasy," we find Robert Benchley at his club, considering this matter of superstition. He is, to be exact, talking about dreams. Mr. B. has always been a man who could take his dreams or leave (*Continued on page 8*)



It all starts when Dick disguises himself as a poor guy to get true-to-life material for his and Franchot's Sudsy Suds radio program.



It's love at first bite when he meets Mary in her diner. She takes him in as an on-the-cuff boarder.



Her scrappy family is a riot—particularly Pop Victor Moore's handy household inventions including the disappearing bologna and the spiral staircase eggs—



And the kid sister who gets herself up as a grown-up to go on the make for Dick—



And every night Dick phones in a blow-by-blow report of the family feuds—and a kiss-by-kiss report of his romance with Mary—and Franchot puts it on the air!



Tone falls in love with his unseen radio heroine and puts on the dog—the wolf!—to chisel in on his pal's romance, while Dick still has to make like he's out of a job!



Dick even stages a phony air raid alarm to keep the folks from hearing themselves on the air—



But when Pop joins the plot to broadcast Mary's big three-way love scene—comes the pay-off, comes fireworks, comes a hep-py comedy you'll roar at.

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Hear these tunes by Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer • "The Old Music Master" • "Mister Pollyanna" • "There She Was"
 Screen Play by Don Hartman and Harry Tugend

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Sweeping across the screen with breath-taking dramatic intensity . . . a romance rich in the heritage of American pioneer heroism . . . immortalizing the men who conquered the earth for the women they loved . . . brought to pulse-quicken life by a brilliant star-crowded cast!

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ALBERT DEKKER
IN OLD OKLAHOMA

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Marjorie RAMBEAU
George "Gabby" HAYES
Grant WITHERS



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AND
STAMPS

IT'S A
Republic
PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

them alone, but the other night he had one that gave him the fidgets. He wants to know what his friends at the club think about this matter of the supernatural.

"Well," a friend says handing him a book, "take this story for instance. . . ."

This story is the first episode of "Flesh and Fantasy." It takes place in a setting of gay carnival—the Mardi Gras at New Orleans. Its principal character is Henriette (Betty Field), a young seamstress who makes costumes for others to wear to the Mardi Gras. She makes none for herself, since she is so ugly that it would be no use. Henriette is bitter over her ugliness, discouraged and madly in love with a handsome art student named Michael (Robert Cummings) who hardly knows she exists. One night during the Mardi Gras she is contemplating suicide when a bearded gentleman comes up to her. "How do you know what the next moment holds for you?" he demands, sternly. "Perhaps happiness is waiting for you just around the corner." He takes her to his shop and gives her a mask of beauty which will hide her own face. Michael sees her that night and falls in love. But does beauty come from within or without? Perhaps it lies in the eye of the beholder, and after tonight Henriette may not need a mask. Perhaps she and Michael will be married and live happily ever after. Perhaps. Knock on wood. . . .

That, Mr. Benchley thinks, is all very interesting. (He's right, too—wait till you see it!) But it doesn't settle his question. So another friend chimes in with the story that makes episode two.

The scene is a London drawing room where a group of dinner guests are having their palms read. The palmist, Podgers (Thomas Mitchell) makes several accurate statements. Is it luck or something more sinister? One guest, Marshall Tyler (Edward G. Robinson) is obviously unbelieving. Podgers tells him that the girl he loves will promise to marry him, and Tyler laughs sardonically. Rowena (Anna Lee) has refused him too often. But now she sends word that she has suddenly decided to marry him. Impressed against his will, Tyler goes back to the palmist for more information. Podgers tells him, apparently with the greatest reluctance, that he is destined to commit a murder. This prediction alters the entire course of Marshall Tyler's life, as the rest of the episode demonstrates. Was all this fore-ordained? Was he only a link between a past of which he knew nothing and a future yet to come?

"That gives me the shivers," Benchley announces. "But about dreams. Do you think they ever come true?"

"Here's a case where a dream came at least partly true," somebody says and tells the story of episode three.

The action in this starts in an English circus. The Great Gaspar (Charles Boyer) is in the midst of his startling aerial act. Suddenly he totters on the wire, seems on the verge of falling. He hurries off without completing his act. Later he explains to his bewildered manager that last night he had a dream of a beautiful girl with lyre-shaped earrings watching his act. And he dreamed that as he stared at her, he fell. Tonight he looked down and seemed to see her again.

Gaspar's manager sends him to America, hoping the sea voyage will help his shattered nerves. But on the boat Gaspar meets the girl of his dream, Joan Stanley (Barbara Stanwyck). By some curious

quirk of fate, their lives are inextricably twined together. Their love story, tender and sweet as it is, holds an unshakable element of the macabre.

"Flesh and Fantasy" is a queer picture. You've never seen one like it. It has a fascination which will stay with you for a long time, and you'll find yourself wondering, like Robert Benchley, if your whole future is indicated by some dream or trifling event which occurs today. The performances in this picture are all superb, but Charles Boyer and Edward G. Robinson are especially thrilling.—Univ.

THE CAST

Henriette.....Betty Field
Michael.....Robert Cummings
Bearded Gentleman..Edgar Barrier
Justine.....Marjorie Lord
Marshall Tyler...Edw. G. Robinson
Podgers.....Thomas W. Mitchell
Rowena.....Anna Lee
Lady Pamela Hardwick.....
.....Dame May Whitty
The Dean of Norwalk.....
.....C. Aubrey Smith
The Great Gaspar...Charles Boyer
Joan Stanley....Barbara Stanwyck
Lamarr.....Charles Winninger
Angela.....June Lang

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Remember the way it goes? Below there are 20 clues. On pgs. 78 and 97 there are two more sets of clues, and on page 102 are the answers. If you can guess, after mulling over the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the second set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you guess on the third try, the question's worth 3. For a perfect score, you'd have to guess all 20 questions on the first set of clues. 20 questions . . . at five points each . . . adds up to 100, and a shiny gold star for you. Simple, no? Go ahead, you quiz-ical brighties, and no cheating! 50's normal, 60's good, 76 or so is in our class this month, and anything over is strictly genius. No fair peeking at pg. 102 for the answers, either.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Smooth sleuth
2. Penny's from heaven
3. Titillating trio: Crosby, La-mour, _____
4. Maggie's mamma of three
5. Lengthy lovely
6. Butterball
7. Daughter of "The Great Profile"
8. Great Groaner
9. From deep in the heart of
10. Philly story filly
11. Cooperish drawl
12. Sahib of Swoon
13. Black patent leather hair
14. Burns Burns
15. Jeanette's pet
16. "B" days ended with "Ball of Fire"
17. Romeo to Kate Cornell's Juliet
18. Cute with O'Connor
19. Pierre's by preference
20. Very much a Lady

(Next set of clues on page 78)

P. S.

Julien Duvivier is what is known in the trade as a "quiet director." He gathers his players together before doing a scene and carefully discusses the effect he wants to achieve. "Only young men shout their orders for every one to hear. It gives them nerve and self confidence," he says, adding, "I know that to be so, for I did it myself when I first started." . . . Duvivier and Charles Boyer knew each other in France but had never worked together before this. Boyer shares producer credit, helped to get financial backing by Universal executives who were a little skeptical about the success of such an unusual film. . . . Over a year was spent in preparing and making the picture. Perfectionist Boyer wouldn't be content with anything less than the best in every department, and patiently waited until he could have the people he wanted. . . . Robert Cummings was on active duty with the Civilian Air Patrol as a squadron leader, and as soon as he finished his part in the film, he left to become an instructor in an Army flying school at Oxnard, California. . . . Barbara Stanwyck has never before acted in a film with Boyer . . . The tense dramatic musical score was composed especially for the picture by Alexander Tansman, brilliant Polish composer-pianist-conductor. He was helped in his escape from the Nazi occupation by some of his friends here in America, among them Toscanini and Koussevitsky.

TROPICANA

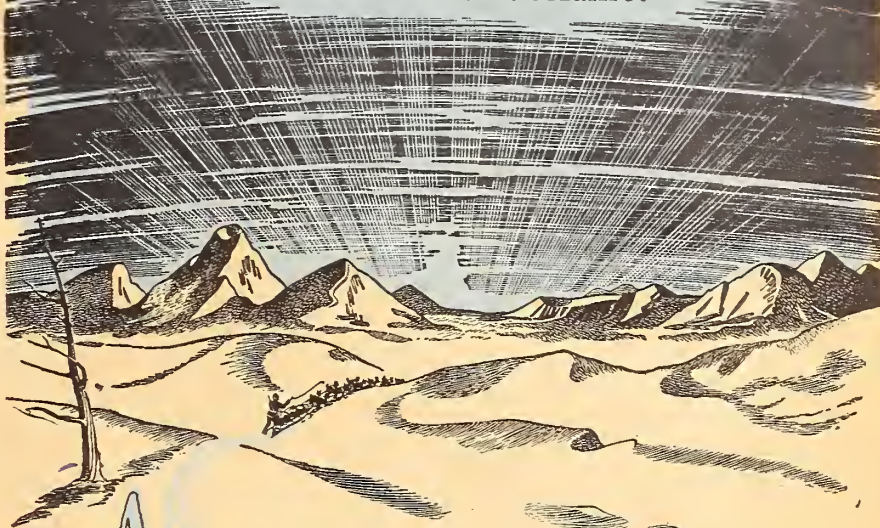
Trust Mae West to get a really super dooper extravaganza for her come-back, and quite a come-back it is, too. "Tropicana" is escapism at its most escapist. It has beauty, color, rhythm and comedy. Especially, it has William Gaxton and Victor Moore, that combination that never misses. Victor's air of bewildered agitation is funny in almost any situation. When he is confronted with Mae West in a seductive negligee and her best come-up-and-see-me-sometime manner, it's hysterical.

Mae plays Fay Lawrence, musical comedy star. Fay and Tony Ferris (William Gaxton), her producer, have had a business hook-up since the days of vaudeville. Of course they've frequently come unhooked for temporary periods, and this is one of them. The reason for the present estrangement is that Tony, with the most laudable motives imaginable, has nevertheless managed to get Fay tossed into jail overnight. As a result, Fay declares she is through with Tony and his plays forever. She signs up with a rival producer to appear in a musical called "Tropicana."

Tony tries his fanciest tricks to get her to reconsider. He even stages a deathbed scene of epic proportions, but Fay is cynical—she's known him too long to be taken in. "Tropicana" goes into rehearsal, and Tony goes into the doldrums. That's when Victor comes along. Victor represents the Bainbridge Foundation of Anti-Vice. At least he represents it when his sister Hannah is away. When she's around, he's just a glorified janitor. But Hannah is away now for three months, and Victor is in charge of everything, including the treasury. That contains four hundred thousand dollars and twenty-nine cents. A lot of money, Tony thinks. Enough to put on a show. Enough to buy "Tropicana" right out from under Fay's nose.

It isn't quite as easy as it sounds, since Fay is looking for trouble. There's a little matter of some cockroach powder, and Hannah's unexpected return, and—well, go and see for yourself. Xavier Cugat, Hazel Scott and Leonard Sues provide the kind of music you like, ending

A Woman's Lips set the Frozen North Aflame!



A WOMAN'S CRY—and the North-

west Mounted is out to 'get their man'!

Thru a million miles of snow-bound

north, adventure piles on adventure in

one of the most gallant of all

screen stories.



Enrol Flynn IN WARNER BROS. NORTHERN PURSUIT

JULIE BISHOP · HELMUT DANTINE · JOHN RIDGELY · GENE LOCKHART

Directed by RAOUL WALSH · Produced by JACK CHERTOK

Screen Play by Frank Gruber & Alvah Bessie · From a Story by Leslie T. White · Music by Adolph Deutsch

up with a brand new dance called "The Victory Polka."—Col.

P. S.

Mae slinks through this one in a wardrobe of eye-knockout proportions. Fabrics and accessories were so extreme, none were on the essential list, drawn up by WPB. One gown required 5,000 ermine details (definitely non-essential, except to ermines, of course). Another creation, a negligee, is made of flesh-colored lace, molded to the body and bordered at the bottom and around the train with black fox. All non-priority material. . . . When Director Gregory Ratoff gets ready to shoot a scene, he announces his intentions with "Okay, boys, I'm in the mood!" . . . Dance Director David Lichine says the new dance craze in "Tropicana" has a good chance of sweeping the country. It's a combo of rumba and boogie-woogie.

GOVERNMENT GIRL

When Sonny Tufts appeared as "Kansas" in "So Proudly We Hail," the sigh from the feminine audience reached hurricane proportions. RKO grabbed him for the role opposite Olivia de Havilland in "Government Girl," and here he is—a star! The picture is about Washington, and you know what Washington is these days. Bank night in a lunatic asylum is the way most people describe it.

Sonny arrives on this hectic scene as Ed Browne. Ed has been appointed by the WCB to speed up bomber production. He is a great production man, but he knows nothing whatever about the red tape which enmeshes all Washington procedure. He thinks, quaintly, that when you need something to make bombers, you take it and get an authorization after-

WE'LL MATCH YOU \$10 for 10%

We get a kick out of minding other people's business. For example, we'd like to know just how you're managing to sock over 10% of your weekly pitance into War Bonds. In fact, we're so darn eager to know that we're offering \$10 in War Stamps for the prizewinning letter each month.

This month's prize winner:

When our high school held its annual picnic under the pecan trees near a little stream on my Dad's farm, my brother and I decided to help win the war by renting the grove to city clubs for picnics and weiner roasts.

We strung electric lights through four trees, forming a square, placed a rustic seat under each tree and, in the center of the square, built a brick weiner-roasting furnace. We started last year, inserting a \$1 ad in our local paper, stating that for \$5 a night we'd rent the grove to clubs for outdoor shindigs. Total rentals for 17 nights last year brought us \$85, while expenses were less than \$12, including the \$1 advertisement and extra electricity used. With our money we bought War Bonds and Stamps. This idea has been so popular in Big Sandy, it ought to work in other towns, too.

D. G. Robinson, Jr.
Big Sandy, Texas

The secretary, "Smokey" Allard, is, naturally enough, Olivia de Havilland. But what the head of the WCB doesn't know is that she and Ed Browne have met before. It was a little matter of a suite which had been reserved for Smokey's best friend, May (Anne Shirley) and her bridegroom, Sergeant Joe Blake (James Dunn). When the newlyweds arrived at the hotel, Mr. Browne was occupying their suite. Government orders, the desk clerk explained to the indignant Smokey, who was in charge of the arrangements. Smokey hadn't believed a word of it, and it was quite a shock to her the next day to find that Ed Browne was her new boss.

Her assignment to keep him out of trouble turns out to be tougher than she had expected. Ed is going to get things done, no matter how much red tape has to be cut in the process. Unfortunately, there are always people waiting to pounce on a guy like that and take advantage of his honest mistakes. One of these people is Dana McGuire (Jess Barker) who loves Smokey but loves his own promising career more. He's determined to make Browne a stepping stone for his own vault to power, but there are a couple of people in the way. One is Smokey, and one is Branch Owen (Paul Stewart), a newspaperman. Some swift action results, climaxing in a scene reminiscent of Jimmy Stewart's great one in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington."

The picture, basically a comedy, has its serious aspects, too. It may even convince you that Washington isn't such a bad place after all.—RKO.

P. S.

ward. So the head of the WCB gives him a secretary who knows all the answers, to keep him out of trouble.

"Government Girl" was adapted for the screen by scenarist Dudley Nichols from the Adela Rogers St. John story of the

IRRESISTIBLE ★ ★ ★

as always! ★

We dedicate to the

NAVY NURSES CORPS

IRRESISTIBLE *Ruby Red* LIPSTICK

Solute to the beauty power of America's women power . . . to that alert, luminous look so superbly emphasized by the deep, glowing tone of Irresistible's Ruby Red Lipstick. WHIP-TEXT through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are easy to apply, non-drying, longer-lasting. Destined to make you look your best while you're doing your best for your country. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching rouge and face powder.

10¢ AT ALL 10¢ STORES



Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10¢



same name, which was serialized a few months ago in a national magazine . . . Leading role of "Smokey" fits Miss de Havilland so well that RKO execs felt Miss St. John must have had Livvie in mind when she wrote it. . . . Sonny Tufts is a member of the famous Tufts family of Massachusetts. Set out to be an opera singer after his graduation from Yale. Received an offer of a singing part in a Broadway show and took it. From there he went to the night clubs. Decided Hollywood was for him, walked into the Paramount casting office and walked out with a contract to play a lead in "So Proudly We Hail." . . . Jess Barker, who plays Livvie's sweetheart, is another new-comer to the screen. Has spent most of his acting career on Broadway . . . Fans of Jimmy Dunn will be happy to see him make such a wonderful comeback. Jimmy hasn't done a picture for several years, had dropped out of the acting scene entirely until New York's "Panama Hattie" brought him back. . . . A new role for Anne Shirley, too, that of comedienne. She has been cast as leading lady so often, the public will be surprised to see her as the wise-cracking Washington telephone operator.

RUSSIAN GIRL

We all admire the Russians as fighters, but we admire them the way we would a race from Mars. We don't seem to realize that they are people just like us, with the same hopes and fears. Take a group of Russian girls, for instance—the group in this picture.

They've volunteered to serve as nurses at a tiny field hospital near Stalingrad. Their leader is the beautiful Natasha (Anna Sten) who is engaged to Sergei, an officer in the infantry. Then there's Tamara, who is pretty and young and flirtatious, and who hated to leave behind all her soldiers and sailors in Stalingrad. There's little Chijik (Katherine Frye) who isn't sixteen yet but is quite ready to give her life, if necessary, for Russia.

The field hospital is ill equipped and dangerously close to the front line. The nurses work with death lurking at their shoulder, but they do a brave, efficient job. A plane crashes nearby, and the only survivor is brought to the hospital. He is a handsome American engineer named John Hill (Kent Smith), and during the busy, hectic days that follow, he and Natasha fall in love.

The Nazis are advancing, and in spite of the magnificent courage of the Red Army, the hospital must be evacuated. There isn't room in the ambulance for all the patients, so Natasha stays behind with John and two other wounded men. A bomb explodes so close that Natasha is covered with smoke and dust. John, who hasn't been able to move his legs since the plane crash, is shocked into action. He walks to help her, and they eventually get back to a hospital behind the lines.

But now love and war are mingled in Natasha's troubled mind. Does she really love John or is it just a brief passion, born of battle-stirred emotions? What about Sergei, her fiancé? She must decide now whether to stay here with John or go back to the front. Well—what would you do? She's just a girl like you, and love and courage are the same everywhere.

The snowy battle scenes with the ski troops are thrilling, and watch Mimi Forsythe as Tamara.—U.A.

P. S.

This is one war picture that needed no location trips. Battle scenes are the real thing—filmed by the Russian equivalent

"I'm sick of playing solitaire—I want to wear one!"



Jo: All the girls are getting engaged, Auntie! You *should* see Betty's diamond! And I don't even have dates! I'll just be an old maid if things don't change!

Auntie: Nonsense, honey! A girl with your beauty could have lots of beaux and dates! But luck is what you make it. Want a little good luck tip from me?



Auntie: It isn't enough to be pretty and smart, Jo—if a girl lets underarm odor spoil the picture. Don't guess about charm—use Mum every day and be *sure*!



Jo: What a dummy I was—not to know a bath only cares for *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. I'll always play safe with Mum!



Girls who wish for romance can trust Mum!

It's quick—Takes only 30 seconds to use—prevents underarm odor all day or evening.

It's safe—Safe for your nicest clothes; safe for your skin, even after underarm shaving.

It's sure—Through busy days or dancing evenings, you can trust Mum to guard daintiness! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor—keeps you nice to have around!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is a dependable deodorant—ideal for this purpose, too!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers



When 30,000 Service Men crowd into one place to see a picture...that's news! The World's largest film audience saw HUMPHREY BOGART in SAHARA at Camp Campbell, Kentucky on the occasion of the first anniversary of the 4th Armored Corps. They cheered the picture they helped make at the California Desert Training Theatre of Operations.

SAHARA...the sensational story that can NOW be told...and told as only the great star of CASABLANCA...HUMPHREY BOGART can tell it!

The saga of a handful of courageous men who hastened the present offensive in Italy by their daring stand in the desert before El Alamein.

Never has the camera caught such true emotion, such sweeping story, such mighty adventure, such a star in such action!

For the greatest screen thrill of your life see SAHARA...starring HUMPHREY BOGART!

ASK AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE
FOR THIS COLUMBIA PICTURE

of our Signal Corps. . . . More than half a dozen photographers were killed getting these pictures of the lifting of the siege of Leningrad. . . . Instead of getting their training from a technical advisor, the "extras" in this picture were trained by General Stalin and Corporal Hitler. Shots of planes falling in flames and tanks being blown up are all actual scenes. No miniatures used. . . . In the scene in which Anna Sten swings a machine gun into position and starts knocking Germans out of a tree, the Huns are actually being shot out of the tree by a Russian machine-gunner. . . . In one of the biggest battle scenes more than 50 Germans are mowed down before your eyes.

PRINCESS O'ROURKE

Back around the turn of the century, there was a book called "Graustark" that had everyone in a romantic dither. It was all about a beautiful princess, traveling incognito, who fell in love with an upstanding young American. He thought she was just the common or garden variety of pretty girl, and when he found out she was a princess, there was hell to pay.

Now in 1943 Warner Brothers come up with a picture on that same general theme, but if you think it's old-fashioned you're crazy. It's a modern, witty and completely beguiling comedy, with Olivia de Havilland playing the princess. Robert Cummings does a neat job as the brash but puzzled young American who falls in love with her, thinking she's plain Mary

Williams. Jane Wyman and Jack Carson are amusing and helpful as his best friends, and Julie Bishop, the sultry singer of "Action in The North Atlantic," shows up in a bit part. As usual, however, chief acting honors go to Charles Coburn, who plays Princess Maria's gruff old uncle.

As the picture opens, Uncle is worried about Maria. He thinks she should be considering marriage and a possible heir, but she remains singularly unimpressed by the only suitor he's found for her. This is the Count de Chandome (Curt Bois) who is forty, short and afflicted with a slight nervous twitch. In fact, not at all what Maria has in mind for a husband. Uncle points out that it's difficult to arrange a proper match, since they are refugees in New York, and most of the European royal families are scattered.

Well, Maria arranges a match herself, but whether it's proper is something else again. The gentleman involved is one Eddie O'Rourke, an airlines pilot. He meets Maria when she takes his plane, plus an accidental overdose of sleeping pills. She's on the passenger list as Mary Williams, no address given, so when she can't be waked up at the airport, Eddie obligingly takes her to his apartment to sleep it off. This leads to a near attack of apoplexy for Uncle, and a long series of diverting complications for Maria and Eddie. When he finds out who she really is, there's a quarrel, ending in—of all places—the White House, complete with Falla. The whole thing's pretty improbable, but I bet you'll like it.—War.

(Continued on page 14)

FREE OFFER!

Like stories? Well, here's your chance to get a FREE SCREEN ROMANCES, chuck full of fascinatin' movie fictionizations. Just fill out the questionnaire and whip it off to us quick-like. If your entry is among the first 500 to come in, we'll mail you a copy of SCREEN ROMANCES absolutely free. So make sure you mail this coupon before the 20th of November.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our December issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

- | | | | |
|---|--------------------------|--|--------------------------|
| Tyrone Power, Part I..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | Fighting Frenchman! (Pierre Aumont)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Something for the Boys! (Judy Garland)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | "His Butler's Sister"..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Two Hearts for Lana (Lana Turner)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | Good News..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Heartbreak for Bette (Bette Davis)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pin-Up Baby (Grable and James)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Reunion in Malibu! (Alan Ladd)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | Modern Screen Goes to a Birthday Party (O'Connor and Ryan).... | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference

My name is.....

My address..... City..... State.....

I am..... years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

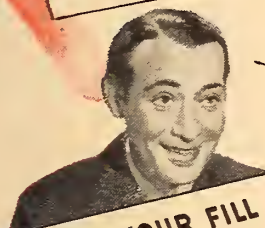


WHAT A GAL IS
Alice
FAYE

**HAIL!
HAIL!**



SOUND THE ALARM MEN
FOR *Carmen*
MIRANDA



LAUGH YOUR FILL
WITH *Phil*
BAKER



LET YOUR CHEERS RING
FOR THE KING OF SWING
Benny
GOODMAN
and his Orchestra

**The
Gang's
All Here**
in Technicolor!

The
Musical
Wonder
Show of
the Year!

with
Eugene PALLETTE · Charlotte GREENWOOD
Edward Everett HORTON · Tony DE MARCO

Directed by **BUSBY BERKELEY** · Produced by **WILLIAM LE BARON**
Screen Play by Walter Bullock · Based on a Story by Nancy Winter, George Root, Jr. and Tom Bridges

WHAT A GANG
OF SONG HITS!
"The Polka Dot Polka"
"No Love, No Nothin'"
"A Journey To A Star"
"Paducah"
"The Lady In The Tuth
Fruit Hat"
"You Discover You're
in New York"
"Minnie's In The Money"
"Silent Senario"
by Leo Robin
and Harry Warren

*Watch
for this great hit
from*

20 CENTURY-FOX
MAKERS OF MUSICAL MIRACLES—
AND OF THESE GREAT COMING HITS

Richard Tregaskis' **"GUADALCANAL DIARY"**

ORSON WELLES · JOAN FONTAINE in Charlotte Bronte's **"JANE EYRE"**

Franz Werfel's **"THE SONG OF BERNADETTE"** introducing **JENNIFER JONES**

BETTY GRABLE · JOE E. BROWN · MARTHA RAYE in **"PIN-UP GIRL"** in Technicolor

WENDELL WILLKIE'S epochal **"ONE WORLD"**

The sweeping powerful **"WILSON"**

DUART

creators of the beautiful
Duart Permanent Wave

offer a
NEW RINSE
that actually
COLORS HAIR



Forget your experience with other rinses. Drab hair need no longer dim your beauty. Your beautician can add glamorous, natural looking color to your hair quickly, safely. DUART Liquid RINSE actually colors hair of any shade. Not a permanent dye, not a bleach. Color rinses in; stays 'til your next shampoo. Helps cover stray grays, blend streaks or faded ends. Applied only at Beauty Shops; costs no more than other rinses. 12 Beautiful Shades to match or tone every color hair.

DUART

LIQUID RINSE

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P. S.

Norman Krasna, the author, describes this as "an escapist comedy, with overtones of timely realism." This is Krasna's bow as a director, incidentally, after writing some of the clever scripts such as "Bachelor Mother" and "The Devil and Miss Jones". . . . Although he's held a pilot's license for 16 years, this is Bob Cumming's first role as an aviator. "Guess I'm just not the type," he quipped. . . . Miss de Havilland and Cummings met for the first time on the set. . . . Bob spent his off-scene time in his dressing room, studying aeronautical and navigation problems for classes conducted for the Civil Air Patrol squadron of which he is commander. . . . Jane Wyman, with her blonde hair back to its natural shade of soft brown, portrays Jack Carson's wife, so it wasn't necessary for her to take off the wedding ring which was placed on her finger a few years ago by hubby, Captain Ronald Reagan. . . . Carson began work on "Princess O'Rourke" the afternoon he finished his role in "Gentleman Jim."

OLD ACQUAINTANCE

Do you have a "best friend"? Of course, but is she really the person you like best, or is it just that you've grown up with her and share so many memories and secrets? You can be on intimate terms with someone over a long period of years—all your life, perhaps—without any real friendship at all. But she calls you by your old nickname and remembers the time you smoked your first cigarette behind the barn.

That's the way it is with Millie Drake and Kit Marlowe in "Old Acquaintance." Millie is selfish and jealous and sometimes even cruel. But she's the only person who still calls the famous Kitty Marlowe "Katie," and Kit loves her in an odd, half mocking way, and always will.

Warner Brothers have done us a favor in giving us Bette Davis to play Kit, and Miriam Hopkins as Millie. They are both fine actresses, and especially effective in these parts. You can feel the antagonism between the two characters the minute they appear on the screen, and yet you feel, too, that curious bond which holds them together. At one point in the picture, Millie remarks, "Kit, I was the pretty one, but you had all the boy friends. I was the rich one, but you had all the fun." The answer to that, Kit thinks, is simple. Millie only wanted what Kit had—nothing else had any value to her. When Kit becomes a writer, acclaimed by the critics if not the public, Millie neglects her husband, daughter and family to become a writer, too. But her success has a bitter flavor—she pleases the public, but the critics who praise Kit ignore Millie's work entirely. Millie sets small value on her husband (John Loder) until she finds Kit is in love with him. By then he is lost to them both. Millie's daughter means very little to her, yet she constantly resents the girl's affection for Kit. She breaks up Kit's affair with Rudd (Gig Young).

It's a fascinating situation, and it increases in dramatic intensity over the twenty years covered by the picture. The ending is a surprise, but if you're of a psychiatric turn of mind, you may feel it's inevitable. In any case, you won't want to miss seeing Bette Davis as Kit. It's a triumph, even for her.—War.

P. S.

The script for "Old Acquaintance" was adopted from the stage play of the same name written by John Van Druten. Mr.

Van Druten collaborated with Lenore Coffee on its adaptation. . . . Miriam Hopkins and Bette Davis are together again for the first time since their success as enemies in "The Old Maid". . . . Newcomer Dolores Moran, as Miriam's daughter, had Bette and Miriam as coaches. . . . This was John Loder's last picture before his marriage to Hedy Lamarr. John's make-up man spent almost an hour every morning making him look like a man of 43. While the picture was in production he celebrated his birthday. He was 43. . . . Philip Reed went into the Navy as soon as the picture was completed. . . . Gig Young, who wore the uniform of a Navy Lieutenant j.g. for this picture, enlisted in the Coast Guard when it was finished. . . . Bette had a telephone installed in her dressing room so that she could conduct the business of the Hollywood Canteen (of which she is president) from the studio.

ADVENTURES OF TARTU

There's a tense, look-behind-you quality to every grade A spy picture. This one, made in England, has it, plus a new setting and a really spectacular climax. It possesses the added advantage of having Robert Donat in the role of chief spintangler. Robert has to go all the way to Czecho-Slovakia to find his leading lady, lovely Valerie Hobson, but it's well worth the trip.

He starts in England as Terry Stevenson, a captain of the Bomb Demolition Squad. These lads are also known as the Death and Glory Squad, so you'd think any change from this assignment would be for the better. However, it proves to be strictly out of the frying pan into the fire, when Terry is sent by the Admiralty to Czechoslovakia. His mission is to blow up the poison gas works at Pilsen.

Now the Germans are not ones to let just any stray young man wander into their factory with a bomb in his coat pocket. So Terry turns into Jon Tartu, a Rumanian ex-Iron Guardist. This new identity is fine for winning friends and influencing people among the Nazis, but it's a definite deterrent to intimacy with the Czech patriots. Terry promptly adds to his own troubles by falling in love with Marushka (Valerie Hobson), a beautiful Czech girl. She wants nothing to do with an Iron Guardist named Tartu, but when she begins to suspect that Terry isn't what he seems, things are different.

However, a sinister suspicion arises that Terry is responsible for the death of a Czech girl named Paula (Glynis Johns). Paula was accused of sabotage and was shot by a Nazi firing squad. Nazis don't bother with democratic nonsense like trials by jury. When Marushka hears that it was Terry who accused Paula, she feels despairingly that she has fallen in love with a traitor. She takes a step that almost proves fatal to them both. There couldn't be a more effective setting for the spectacular climax than the huge gas factory, with its terrifying equipment. If this doesn't leave your spine thoroughly chilled, you are probably running a temperature and should consult a doctor immediately, without waiting to find out whether boy gets girl. You can always ask your best friend about the ending—she probably sat through the picture twice!—M-G-M.

P. S.

Director Harold S. Bucquet spent eight months in England filming "Tartu," returned to find some of his friends hadn't even been aware he was away. Went (Continued on page 22)

l srowu



TURN ON THE FUN!

A HEAT WAVE OF
WONDERFUL GIRLS!
GAGS! RHYTHM!
ROMANCE! and
ENTERTAINMENT!
IT'S TORRIFIC!

MAE WEST ★ VICTOR MOORE ★ GAXTON
with LESTER ALLEN • ALAN DINEHART • LLOYD BRIDGES
Screen Play by Fitzroy Davis, George S. George & Fred Schiller • Directed by Gregory Ratoff
A GREGORY RATOFF PRODUCTION • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

HAZEL SCOTT
TICKLING THE IVORIES
AS ONLY SHE CAN

XAVIER CUGAT
and His Orchestra

"Follow Me"

(SUIVEZ MOI)



If you lead him by the heart... if you lead in the activities and drives of today... if your crowd happily follows your lead... choose Varva's "Follow Me," the *parfum* that leads—and lasts!.....Extract, \$1 to \$15

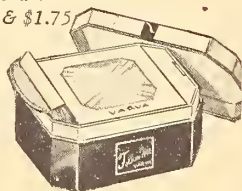
Face Powder, six guest puffs, \$1

Talc, 55¢; Sachet, \$1 & \$1.75

Bath Powder, \$1

Bubble Foam, \$1

(plus taxes)

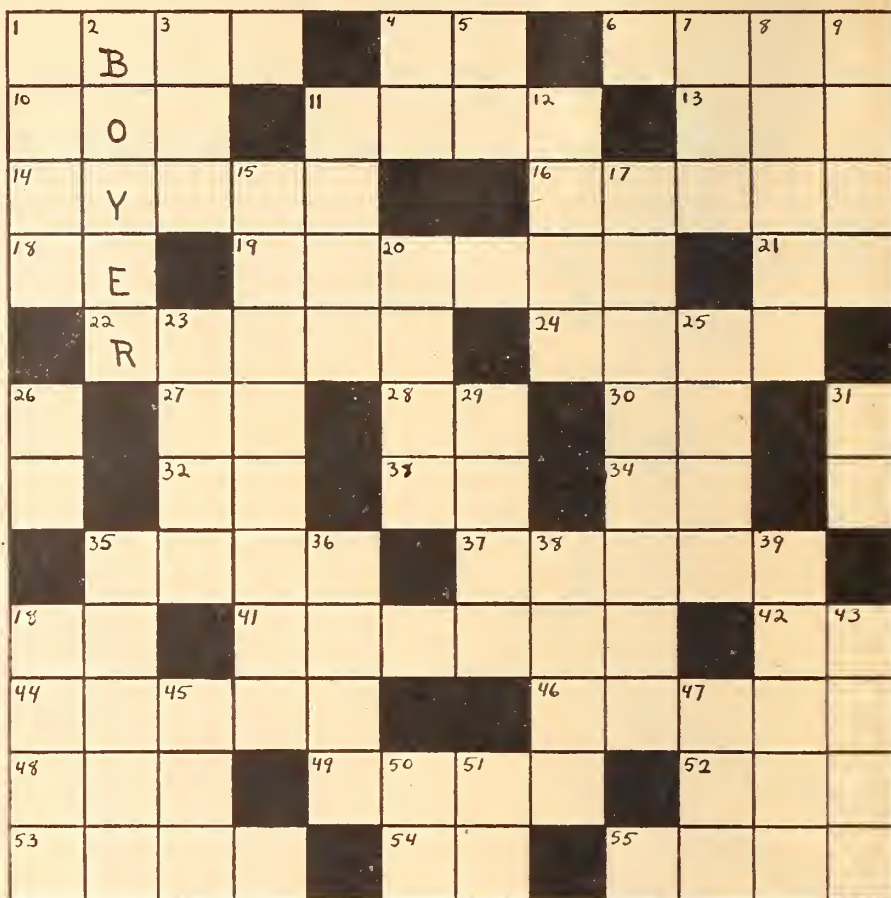


Follow Me by
VARVA
THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

19 West 18th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

"FLESH AND FANTASY" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

See page 18 to win an I. J. Fox Fur Coat



ACROSS

1. Competent
4. Plays Lady Pamela (initials)
6. That woman's
10. Fish eggs
11. Tidbits of gossip
13. Baby's first words
14. Fables, such as "Flesh and Fantasy" is composed of
16. Injun weapon
18. Compass point
19. Entice, as Henriette masked
21. Movie mag (initials)
22. Nickname for Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom
24. "Lights out" for soldiers
27. Training Station (abbr.)
28. Plays Michael (initials)
30. Perform
32. Toward
33. Train on stilts
34. Plays Rowena (initials)
35. Make fun of

37. Head of an abbey
40. Father
41. The dog house
42. Railroad (abbr.)
44. Get up
46. Weird, atmosphere of "Flesh and Fantasy"
48. Kindled
49. Days gone by
52. Office of Price Administration (abbr.)
53. Soldier's meal
54. Preposition
55. Stalk

9. Scatters seed
11. Small island
12. Market
15. Soft footstools
17. Easy to read, as Robert Benchley found his book to be
20. Barbara Stanwyck wore earrings in this shape
23. Mr. Kruger's first name
25. Game played on horseback
26. Plays Joan Stanley (initials)
29. Bunch of Scotsmen
31. Plays Angela (initials)
35. Girl's name
36. Retain
38. Red vegetable
39. A lot of bunk (slang)
40. Thomas Mitchell reads the
43. You buy paper by the —
45. That thing's
47. Decay
50. By
51. Therefore

DOWN

1. Michael held Henriette in his —
3. Allow
4. Edward G. Robinson's cast name (initials)
5. You and I
7. Plays Marshall Tyler (initials)
8. Parts of a house

Modern Screen's Contest Series—No. 10: "Flesh and Fantasy"

Please Print or Type

Full name

Street..... City..... State.....

My definition for BOYER is.....

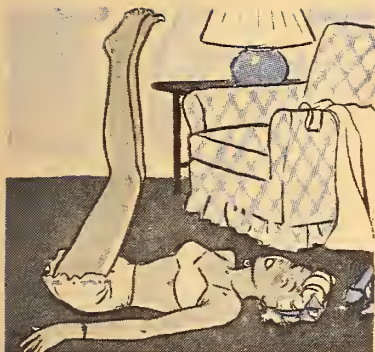
Mail this puzzle and coupon to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Quiz for Women Absentees who can't keep going on "problem days"

Do's and don'ts to help you feel better and stay on the job!

A WAR PLANT NURSE WROTE KOTEX that their greatest number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days of work each month, frequently on "problem days". She asked "Can you help these women—and a million like them?"

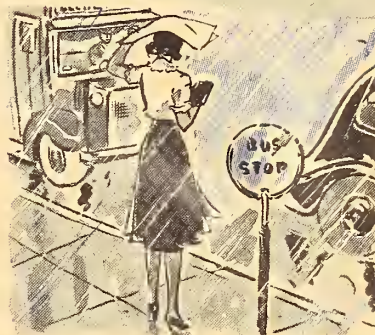
We take pride in being able to bring you this authoritative information on how to feel better and stay on the job. It's especially important now, when there's no time for lost days. And we take pride, too, that more women choose Kotex® sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads put together—to help them keep going in comfort!



Do you exercise for cramps? Setting-ups can be worth their weight in hot-water bottles to relieve cramps and congestion (help posture and beauty, too). For complete directions get the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Free with compliments of Kotex.



Do you lift like this? This is the dangerous way! There's a knack in avoiding strain. Bend knees, keep back straight, tummy in. Get close to object, under it if possible. Lift up, parallel with body. In carrying, divide weight evenly or shift from left to right.



Do you get your feet wet? Avoid wet feet . . . chills . . . catching cold . . . at this time of the month, especially! When you have a stormy-weather date, you needn't take a rain check if you remember to wear your rubbers and carry an umbrella.



Do you take showers? Put warm showers on your "Do" list (not cold, not hot). That goes for tub or sponge baths, too. Luke-warm water's not only relaxing . . . it's a daily "must." At this time, particularly, perspiration glands work overtime!



Do you get plenty of sleep? Sleep, sister, sleep . . . at least 8 hours. Plenty of shut-eye is important, not only now but every night. And after a hard day's work, stretch—yawn—relax—when you turn in. It helps "unknot" tense muscles.



What about cocktails? Too much stimulation is bad for a working girl at any time. "High" today means low tomorrow. (Nature drives a hard bargain). And on "problem days," especially, that logey, let-down feeling is just what a woman should avoid.

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

TO WAR PLANT NURSES AND PERSONNEL MANAGERS



We'll gladly send you (without charge) a quantity of the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again" for distribution to your women workers. Please specify the number you require.

Also available, at no cost to you—a new manual, "Every Minute Counts." It serves as a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct instruction classes. In addition, specify whether you want free jumbo size charts on Menstrual Physiology. Mail request to:

Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.



FREE! Send for it today—

Just off the press—easy-to-read, 24-page hooklet "That Day Is Here Again." Gives the complete list of do's and don'ts for a war worker's "problem days." How to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Facts for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Plain talk about tampons. And how to pin your Kotex pad for greater comfort. To get your copy with the compliments of Kotex, mail name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MM-12, Chicago 54, Illinois.

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES: NO. 1

"FLESH AND FANTASY"

Win a Fur Coat!

1st PRIZE I. J. FOX FUR COAT

2nd PRIZE \$200 IN WAR BONDS*

3rd—1,352nd PRIZE ... \$1.00 EACH IN WAR STAMPS

***All Bonds and Stamps donated by Universal Studios**

Here's How: Remember the Betty Hutton puzzle? ON PAGE 16, we've got another one—only this is based on the fabulous new picture "Flesh and Fantasy". Pardon us for raving, but it's the most unusual picture on the books. Full of fascinating stuff on dreams, superstitions and all manner of queries into the supernatural. Brings up all those haunting questions you've asked yourself a million times about fortune-tellers, dream interpretations, destiny. But wonderful!

Knowing the story and cast before you work the puzzle help like mad, so better whip over to our review on page 6 and get your facts straight.

Then, after you've solved the puzzle, we want you to think up a crossword definition. In square 2, going down we've written the word Boyer. You write the definition for Charles B. You might go romantic and say "Languid-eyed lover" or "Romeo; French style", or simply, "The Great Gaspar" in "Flesh and Fantasy". Anything you think really describes him will do—but make sure that anyone reading your definition will know it refers to Charles Boyer.

RULES:

- 1. Solve the crossword puzzle on page 16.
- 2. Write your own definition for Boyer.
- 3. Fill in your FULL name and address on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (If Mrs., give your own first name, not your husband's). If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.
- 4. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.
- 5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families.
- 6. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than January 10, 1944.
- 7. Neatness will count, though elaborate entries will receive no preference.
- 8. Prizes will be awarded each month to different persons. No one can win more than one big prize in the entire 1943 series. If you haven't already won one of the big prizes, you are still eligible for this contest.
- 9. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
- 10. The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.



FIRST PRIZE! This stunning I. J. Fox sable-dyed muskrat coat with smart-Johnny collar and turned back cuffs. How would you like this under your Christmas tree?

This is the last contest in 1943! MODERN SCREEN is truly proud of the thousands of readers who have won prizes in our 1943 series. With the closing of this contest, MODERN SCREEN will have given away 12,887 prizes to winners all over the United States and Canada—7 I. J. Fox fur coats, 1,678 merchandise prizes and \$18,200 in War Bonds and Stamps. No wonder we're proud. Can you think of any other magazine in the world that runs monthly contests with such terrific prizes? But wait a minute, we want another pat on the back. We're going to give away \$24,000 in Bonds next year, more fur coats—and, gosh! We're dizzy already. All this just waiting for you to win!

Thanks to the movie studios and I. J. Fox, MODERN SCREEN starts the January contest with a clean slate—a brand new 1944 series with everyone, including last year's winners, eligible to enter and win (except Dell employees, of course)! So you see, our plans are really big!

P.S. Wish we could print some of our winners' letters and the whole list of readers who have won a prize, but you've heard of the paper shortage. Well, it's no dream. But we have printed the names of a few of the big winners. Here are four more to add to the list. Mrs. Margaret Parker of Sheffield, Ala., and Miss Agnes Raynor of Long Island—winners in the "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" contest, and Miss Sara Jan Rissi of Detroit and Miss Edith Hansen of Cheltenham, Pa., who walked off with the first and second prize in the "For Whom the Bell Tolls" contest. Our congratulations! And if they can do it, well, we're pretty sure that everyone of you can win a wonderful prize too. Here's your chance!

TURN TO PAGE 16 FOR THE "FLESH AND FANTASY" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CHARLES BOYER ★ BARBARA STANWYCK

★ ROBERT CUMMINGS ★ ROBERT BENCHLEY ★



FLESH AND FANTASY

THE MOTION PICTURE ABOVE ALL!

So different—it
defies comparison. So
enthraling—it has no equal.
So powerful—only these
great Stars could live its
matchless roles!

"FLESH AND FANTASY"
Without precedent. Beyond
compare. A drama of love...
of hate...of terror
...of volcanic
emotion...
Unfolding with
all the terrifying
realness of your own
life...the story of Four
Fates...Eight Lives...
any one of which could
be *Yours!*

"FLESH AND FANTASY"

starring in the order of their appearance

ROBERT BENCHLEY

BETTY FIELD and ROBERT CUMMINGS

with EDGAR BARRIER

EDWARD G. ROBINSON

with THOMAS MITCHELL • C. AUBREY SMITH

ANNA LEE • DAME MAY WHITTY

CHARLES BOYER and BARBARA STANWYCK

with CHARLES WINNINGER

Directed by JULIEN DUVIVIER • Produced by CHARLES BOYER and JULIEN DUVIVIER

Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Samuel Hoffenstein • Ellis St. Joseph Based on Stories by Oscar Wilde • Laslo Vaday • Ellis St. Joseph

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

★ EDWARD G. ROBINSON ★ THOMAS MITCHELL ★

BETTY FIELD ★ CHARLES WINNINGER

FREE CHARTS • SUPER COUPON

CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE
This month's new charts are starred below.

GROUP I

For any TWO charts in this group send us one LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. You may, of course, have as many charts as you like, provided you send a separate envelope for every two.

***How to Throw a Party.....**☐
Christmas is party time. How to make a splash for New Years or for a midwinter bride, plus nifty ideas for entertaining the whole year round.

Whom Should I Marry?.....☐
A famous psychologist analyzes you and your guy, sort of duo you'll be.

Beauty No. 3.....☐
A basket full of tricks; split second beauty routine that just can't miss.

***Winter Fashions.....**☐
Bright as holly, this chart! Bursting with ideas on what to buy for the Christmas whirl, for New Year's Eve, for canteen and office; budgety, too.

How to Join or Start a Fan Club.....☐
Activities of 42 fan clubs outlined. How to organize or join one.

***Love of a Glove.....**☐
Start knittin', kitten! Xmas is just around the bend, and hand-knitted cable-stitched gloves are the lush-est gifts. Stitch-by-stitch instructions.

***Things You Should Know about Cooking.....**☐
A primer for kitchen-shy brides and a regular encyclopedia on how to budget, cope with rationing, stuff the family with luscious, vitamin foods.

How to Lose or Gain Weight.....☐
Exercise and diet for whittling or building weight. Food for beauty!

Mind Your Manners.....☐
Charm, poise, etiquette from canteen meeting to wedding on leave.

Don't Throw It Away.....☐
How to save and salvage clothes, shoes, furniture and assorted treasures.

GROUP II

For any one of the charts below, enclose the amount indicated in stamps or coins. Follow directions for self-addressed envelopes.

How to Tell if You're in Love (5c).....☐
Famed psychiatrist gives you proven tests to tell whether it's really love. Send self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Your Individually Compiled Horoscope (10c).....☐
Personal analysis! No self-addressed envelope required. Fill this out.

Your name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

Birthdate: Year _____ (Month) _____ (Date) _____ (Time) _____

Super Star Information Chart (10c).....☐
32 pages on stars. Last pics, marriages, real names, reams of other data. Send self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

GROUP III

For either of the two charts below, send us a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. You may have both, if you like, provided you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for EACH. Big ones, please.

How to Crochet.....☐
Guest towels, bright little beanies, luscious gifty things for Christmas.

Make and Mend (with accent on beginners).....☐
Fixing, altering, dreaming up new clothes, doubling the life of old things.

GROUP IV

Your request for each of these offers must be addressed to a different dept. DO NOT INCLUDE REQUESTS FOR ANY OTHER CHARTS IN YOUR ENVELOPE.

Handwriting Analysis (10c).....☐
Send a sample of your handwriting or your beau's written in ink (about 25 words). And enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with 10c for each analysis. ADDRESS ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, C/O MODERN SCREEN. CANADIANS SEND NO STAMP, JUST 15c.

***Gift Kit (10c).....**☐
Run stopper, baby-pure soap, cream for skin blemishes in one package. ADDRESS ENVELOPE TO BEAUTY DEPT., MODERN SCREEN. No self-addressed envelope required.

Information Desk.....☐
Our old Information Desk, revived and enlarged, gives us machinery for answering all questions re H'wood and the stars. Only please, gals, don't ask for dope that's already been given on the Super Star Information Chart. ADDRESS ENVELOPE TO MISS BEVERLY LINET, INFORMATION DESK, C/O MODERN SCREEN.

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE:

Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



MANPOWER
SHORTAGE?



..NOT FOR
this
GIRL FRIDAY!

A wartime Washington whirl of fun... with a white-collar gal using every feminine wangle on her nothing-but-business boss... in the town where a run in your Nylons is worse than a run on your bank!



It's from that *romantic*
Ladies Home Journal serial
by Adela Rogers St. John

Olivia de Havilland
in **GOVERNMENT GIRL**
WITH *Sonny Tufts*



ANNE SHIRLEY • JESS BARKER • JAMES DUNN • PAUL STEWART • AGNES MOOREHEAD • HARRY DAVENPORT • UNA O'CONNOR • SIG RUMAN

Produced, Directed and Screen Play by DUDLEY NICHOLS



THE ALLURE THAT MEN REMEMBER...

is hidden in the perfume of April Showers Talc! This is the fragrance that appeals to men...lingering on you after your bath...all through the precious hours of a date...like a magic veil! Let April Showers perfume whisper its allure, tonight...to the man you love. *Exquisite but not Expensive.*

April Showers Talc



CHERAMY perfumer

22 Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 14)

away again last month on a three-day assignment filming a government short and was greeted like a returning prodigal. He can't figure it out. . . . Producing a film under actual wartime conditions is unbelievably difficult. They finished 95% of the picture in 2 months, but it took 3 more months to complete the remaining 5%. Every technical trick possible was used, from forced perspectives to tricky lighting. They used sets that will look 80 feet high on the screen, though the sound stages themselves have 30 foot ceilings. . . . Robert Donat was his own stunt man. Risked his neck running after and grabbing onto a plane as it took off. . . . For crowd scenes, soldiers on leave were used, and sometimes the crew had to wait a whole week until enough boys in uniform were accumulated to make a good-size mob.

THE NORTH STAR

Here is a picture that you must see. It's as much a part of today as ration books and surgical bandages—just as indicative of sacrifice and courage and the will to carry on. It's a story of our ally, Russia, and of the fight the Russian people have made from the day the German invaders set foot on their soil. Specifically, it's a story of one Russian village.

There are old people in the village. Like Dr. Kurin (Walter Huston), a famous pathologist who has come back there to write a book. Like Rodion (Dean Jagger), the elected chairman of the Soviet Collective Farm, and his wife, Maria (Ann Harding). Like old Kary (Walter Brennan) who drives his pigs so reluctantly to the slaughter house.

There are young people. Like Kolya (Dana Andrews) who is, by his own admission, the best bombardier in the Soviet Air Force. And Damian (Harley Granger), his young brother. And Sophia (Anne Baxter), Kolya's sweetheart, and Clavdia (Jane Withers), who is only a fat silly child till the time comes for heroism. These young people are starting out on a walking trip to Kiev. It will take them several days, and they are in a state of acute excitement over it. Far too excited to pay any attention to the radio reports of German troop movements.

So they are quite unprepared, that first day of their walking trip, for the bombing planes that come over. They stand, unbelieving, to gaze into the sky, and so do others who are passing along the road in carts and wagons. The planes go over swiftly, and when they are gone, there are fewer wagons and fewer people and hardly any road left at all.

The planes fly over the village, too, and even as the bombs burst in the streets, a voice is heard on the radio. "Villagers, take arms. Greetings, comrades—the war has come."

Young and old alike have a part in this war. The people left in the village are as important as the guerrilla troops who hide in the hills. As we see the way they work together, our own hearts take fire.

There is a quiet driving sincerity about this whole picture that's far more impressive than any amount of sound and fury. Walter Huston is at his best as Dr. Kurin, and there's a deliberately chilling portrayal of a German doctor by Eric Von Stroheim. Let me repeat—here is a picture you must see.—R.K.O.

P. S.

"The North Star" was more than a in preparation, took five months to and cost close to three million dollars to produce. . . . William Menzies and P. Ferguson, art directors, designed 110 ranging in size from a ten-acre Russian village to the cockpit of a Russian bomber. The village was built from the ground on the site used for an English town "Wuthering Heights," a tropical village for "Hurricane" and an Igorrote settlement for "The Real Glory." The interiors for the buildings were constructed on the eight sound stages at the studio and the selection of the thousands of Russian props was done under the watchful eye of Lelia Alexander of the research department. After months of building, furnishing at a cost of more than \$260,000 the entire village was leveled to the ground by fire and explosives in some of the most spectacular scenes ever filmed. Goldwyn banned the use of miniatures and in the flaming finale to the score earth sequence, which was filmed the fires had been set and extinguished after time for two weeks, 2,000 pounds of dynamite, 500 gallons of gasoline, hundreds of black powder squibs, touched off. The blast that resulted broke windows in many homes near the studio and was felt for miles around by Hollywood residents.

IN OLD OKLAHOMA

Remember "Union Pacific"? Remember "Boom Town"? Here's a picture that has the same robust excitement. Of course a story of the West, with its colorful noise and wide-open frontier towns. The public has given it a spectacular proportion, and it is definitely good.

John Wayne plays the cowboy. Now that Gable, Stewart, Ladd, etc., are off to the wars, the producers are clamoring for John. The critics gave the green light for his performance in "The Lady Takes A Chance," and better than ever in "Old Oklahoma." Martha Scott has the kind of role that really does her justice—she's a spunky one minute, and a clinging vine the next, and always something to rave about. The third side of the triangle is my choice for Villain-of-the-Month. It's Albert Dekker, playing a tycoon of the oil field.

Cathy Allen (Martha Scott), a school teacher, is tossed out of her home for writing a too-sensational book. Besides, the women think anyone as pretty as Cathy has no right to be a school teacher. So Cathy climbs aboard the train which comes along, and lands Jim Gardner's (Albert Dekker) private car. Gardner is an oil man of considerable experience, and a lady's man of it. Cathy is listening to a very persuasive line when Dan Somers (John Wayne) shows up to break the spell. Dan is a cowboy, but he has a way of making Gardner look silly at important moments.

They all get off the train at September. This is Gardner's town of new oil and shady politicians and millions made and lost at a fantastic speed. Cathy is completely thrilled with it all. She's Bessie Baxter (Marjorie Rambeau), a weird but wonderful old girl with a lot of two champion trotting horses and a handful of diamonds the size of marbles. B.

(Continued on page 26)



"The U.S.O. show really must go on. And if there's one thing a singer needs, it's confidence! So I'm mighty grateful for Modess' grand invisible fit. Why, you scarcely know you're wearing it!"

Modess' softspun filler actually molds itself to *your own* body lines. And where some napkins have hard tab ends, Modess has soft gauze. No tell-tale outlines, even under the smoothest gown.



"I inherited the overalls—along with the job! My brothers went off to war, so that left *me* to help run the farm. Hard work—and I love it! But thank goodness, I found out about Modess' greater *safety*—I really *need* more protection these days! And you just don't fret, once you've switched to Modess!"

The triple, full-length shield at the *back* of every Modess napkin gives *full-way* protection, not just part-way, as some napkins do.

Pin a Smile on your Lapel — Every Day!

The down-in-the-mouth girl with frazzled nerves is *out* in wartime.

The lass with the brave stride, the capable hands, and the wide, cheerful grin takes the honors now!

She may be a young thing with freckles. Or the smart mother-of-three. But you can bet she knows every secret of staying active and attractive—*every day* of the month!

You see, chances are she's a user of Modess Sanitary Napkins. For the alert, hard-working gals have a way of finding out about Modess' extra softness and safety. Read what three of them say:



"I've got three little terrors—and no help! So I've got to do laundry, cooking, scrubbing, saving! But I take it and smile—even on tough days—since I discovered that Modess' greater *softness* really means extra comfort!"

Modess is made with a special softspun filler—entirely different from layer-type napkins. Yet it costs no more! 3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer in a recent test—you will, too!



Smile while you Hurry! Switch to

Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS

MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size napkins unnecessary. In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins or Bargain Box of 56.

MODESS JUNIOR is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.

Co-ed

By Jean Kinkead

Joe Jeep needs every possible woman-hour of work to help deliver that final haymaker to the Axis. U. S. Employment Service needs you to fill a job!



Gosh, we're excited about the war! Europe's tottering. And we can't help feeling that Der Fuehrer's wagon is on the verge of being fixed. Oh jeepers, to be dropping eggs on Berlin or driving a tank up a Pyrene. That flashy stuff, unfortunately, isn't for us—but kiddies, we can make the bombs and bomb-sights and tanks. Obviously, there's nothing new about that. You've been hearing about the woman behind the man behind the gun practically all your life. So what? So this.

Now, at last, you can be that woman. No matter if you're a school gal, a brand new mom with a hairless, toothless responsibility, or a grandma—Uncle Sam has dreamed up a way to let you do a little pitching. The story is this. Thousands of high school kids and housewives have been banging on war plant gates begging for a quickie shift. They had 24 hours worth of patriotism, but just a few hours worth of time. The big shots put their heads together and came up with something called the "Victory Shift," which is really a yummy business. It's a split shift, four hours long, and it works this way. A housewife checks in at noon; at four she's relieved by a high-schooler who works till eight. This gives the housewife time to tend to her knitting, cooking and what have you, and it gives the student most of the evening for lessons. Lovely?

Perhaps you can share a shift with someone in your

family. With your mom, maybe, or your married sister. If you can't round up a cousin or something to share it with you, let the plant find you somebody. The important thing is to go quick like a P-38 and get a job. Today's not a bit too soon. Tomorrow—it would scare us to say this if we didn't have as much faith in you—may be too late.

Where to apply? At your nearest United States Employment Service office. This agency has 1500 offices in the country and about 3500 part-time offices, so scan the phone book for one within bussing distance, and scoot! Lacking a U.S.E.S., go to your Y.W. C. A. or vocational school for advice. The interviewer will either send you directly to the war plant or suggest pre-employment training (usually free). Once you get to the plant, be prepared to produce character references like mad and get set for physical exams, fingerprinting and the third degree. Bring your birth certificate, also your social security number, if any. Try to have a rough idea of what sort of job you can do. If, for instance, you never could change a typewriter ribbon, you wouldn't be too hot on "final assembly." If, on the other hand, you shone in art, speak up. You might—with training—make a swish draftswoman. Mary Anderson, Director of Women's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor, lists (Continued on page 26)

Her eyes, her lips—beyond compare!
But lovelier still, her shining hair!



No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!



A MEMORY-MAKING HAIR-DO—to make him carry in his heart a lovely picture of you—no matter where he may go! But don't expect to get the same unforgettable results unless your hair itself has the shining smoothness of this girl's hair! Before styling, hers was washed with Special Drene.

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap,
yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

There's more enchantment for a man in lovely shining hair, beautifully done, than in any new hat or dress!

To guard the precious beauty of your hair—don't let soap or soap shampoos rob it of its glorious natural lustre!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo... now gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far flatter, smoother and easier to arrange... right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COME into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember... Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!



*Soap film
dulls lustre—robs
hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!



REPLACEMENT OF, BETTER OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED RETURN

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

Hard to Get!



Find **KLEENEX** Tissues hard to get? Don't give up! Your dealer will have some shortly. Output is somewhat curtailed, but rather than skimp on Kleenex size and strength, we're determined to keep Kleenex quality "tops" in every particular!

**TELL ME ANOTHER
SAYS *Kleenex****

AND WIN A \$25 WAR BOND
for each statement we publish on why
you like Kleenex Tissues better than
any other brand. Address:
Kleenex 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois



Blows in the night!
When you reach for a **KLEENEX** Tissue, during colds, there's no fumbling in the dark! Unlike other brands, Kleenex has that handy box that serves up "just one" double tissue at a time.

(from a letter by G. J. S., Waltham, Mass.)



One and Only!

There's only one **Kleenex**!
Just let anyone try
to tell me any other
tissue is "just as good"!

(from a letter by R. D.,
Leominster, Mass.)

**Reduce Absenteeism
—EVERY MINUTE COUNTS!**

Authorities say that 1/2 of all work-time lost in war industries from illness is due to the common cold. So use Kleenex when sniffles start — to help keep your cold from spreading to others!

★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 22)

tries to tell Cathy some of the facts of life, but she is determined to find things out for herself.

An oil feud develops between Gardner and Dan, who heads a group of "wild-catters." What with the feud, and Cathy's love affairs, and a racing finish that will knock your eye out, you're in for an exciting evening. And, oh yes—there are Indians, lots of 'em.—Rep.

P. S.

This is one of the biggest pictures to come off the Republic lot. Was in production three months. . . . Cast and crew spent one month of that time shooting scenes on location in Brice Canyon, Utah. . . . Cameramen and technicians spent three weeks in Oklahoma City shooting background and production shots. . . . The story was an adaptation of a magazine serial by Tomson Burtis titled "The War of The Wild Cats". . . . Martha Scott has always cherished a desire to write and has put the book jackets, which the studio had made up for her role in this picture, among her favorite souvenirs. Martha

spent her spare time on the set brushing up on her Shakespeare. Martha hasn't done any of her Shakespearean roles since her plays with the Chicago World's Fair, where she played seven shows a day, seven days a week. A native of Gee's Creek, Missouri, Martha could readily adapt herself to this middle-Western role of a young school teacher-author. Hubby Carlton Alsop, was a frequent visitor to the set. Alsop is being groomed by Republic for a producer's job. . . . Director Al Rogell celebrated a birthday on the set and was given a huge cake by the cast. . . . Marjorie Rambeau was especially sympathetic with the role that Martha was playing. Marjorie's mother was one of the first lady doctors of the early 1900's and attempted to set up a practice in Alaska. Wasn't successful because of public resentment to women in professions and spent most of her life trying to fight this resentment. . . . Biggest production number in the picture is the can-can number danced by Dale Evans. . . . Wayne, whose 6'5" usually towers over everyone in his pictures, finds an equal in his co-star, Albert Dekker. (6'4")

CO-ED

(Continued from page 24)

these war jobs as ones women can do better than men, so keep them in mind as possibilities: welding, painting, riveting, working drill presses, taping, soldering. These in addition to the traditionally female pursuits of typing, stenography and other office work.

Probably for lots of you, factory work will just be a "till-Victory" career, but if you're taking the long view of things, here's what you'll want to know about promotion and post-war employment. You leap ahead at your own speed. War jobs are so thoroughly supervised that the quality and quantity of your work is constantly noted. But dozens of eyes are on you, chums, so the way to get to be a mucky-muck is to be a very efficient little beaver.

the woman behind the woman at war . . .

To hear us talk, so far, you'd think that all war work was done in factories. Nothing could be farther. There are dozens of jobs that are classified as war-useful that you might consider. Waitress-ing, farming, baby-minding, banking, frin-stance. If you've ever secretly hankered to jerk sodas or drive a taxi, the time is now. Ice cream slinging and transportation are still considered essential industries. Remember always, though, to do work that needs to be done right where you live—whether it's minding working-moms' kids or helping the farmer with his chores. Sure, sometimes when the work seems very hard and the pay very slim, you'll envy the gals in the plants. Think, then, that if it weren't for hundreds of girls like you, doing your quiet, unglamorous part, the war-workers would have nothing to eat or to wear, and there'd be no tanks or bullets.

Most of you won't need to be urged to hop into harness. We know you. You can't wait. But maybe you know a goop or two who still doesn't realize how ter-

rifically important those gory-nailed hands of theirs are. Give 'em this. Two out of every three able-bodied people between the ages of 14 and 65 must either be in the service or in industry (whole or part-time) before the end of 1943.

Spread the gospel, kids. Those guys overseas are tensed for the main event. The preliminary bouts are over. This is it—and they need every woman-hour of work we can give to help 'em deliver.

Co-Ed Bulletin Board—We've heard rumors that juvenile delinquency sky-rockets when kids begin earning lots of money. Whether you think your new wealth will go to your feather-cutted head or not, snipe the rumors by buying bonds.

Exquisite news for nurses-to-be! The Bolton bill has been passed, setting up a United States Cadet Nurse Corps. This means that you can now get your nurse's training entirely on the Government-tuition, maintenance and all—and get salary while you're in training, too. For the first nine months you'll get \$15 a month; this will then be upped to \$20 and as a Senior Cadet you'll be paid at least \$30 monthly. If you're interested your nearest hospital can give you details.

Extra special for "can't make up my mind" gals—two luscious new charts on love and those problems that keep springing up. First, "How to Tell If You're in Love," puts you through quizzes that go straight to the soul. Helps you really see yourself and come to a decision.

Second, our "Whom Should I Marry?" booklet. Tells you just what type of man is best for you. Gives you all the angles on your personality and his. Turn to page 20 and discover our Super Coupon through which you can acquire 'em.

mmers
the



DOLORES MORAN in "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS", a Warner Bros. picture, chooses Bates "Cotillion" bedspread and draperies. Also available in Dark Blue, Dusty Rose, Green, Wine and Tan. Featured at leading stores everywhere.

Setting for a Rising Star - Dolores Moran

DOLORES MORAN, in "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS", a Warner Bros. picture, has an infallible instinct for room decoration. She knows how Bates spreads with matching draperies can do a complete job of redecoration, and do it quickly and inexpensively. Bates spreads are ideal for people who face the temporary residence problem. Wrinkleproof, lint-free, and they're easy to launder. The spread seals in the warmth, protects the blanket and provides the warmth of a lightweight quilt. Don't blame the stores if they are temporarily out of Bates bedspreads and draperies. Bates fabrics in the war effort must come first. We know that's the way you want it to be.

Bates

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

Evelyn Keyes

IN

"There's Something About a Soldier" A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

Lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds...all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original patented color principle discovered by Max Factor Hollywood...one dollar.

ORIGINAL COLOR HARMONY SHADES FOR EVERY TYPE



BLONDE



BRUNETTE



BROWNETTE



REDHEAD



Complete your make-up
IN COLOR HARMONY...WITH
MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD
FACE POWDER AND ROUGE



Lon McCallister

By Ann Ward

Kind of dreamy about a crooked smile, a pair of blue eyes and one crazy dimple all belonging to a kid called Lon McCallister? Uh huh, so are we. That Californian in "Stage Door Canteen" was pretty wonderful. Put a new kind of lump in our throats—the kind that makes you want to swallow hard. It's something that sophisticates like Aumont and Boyer just wouldn't know about. . . . Even though Lon was practically brought up on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, he's strictly the sort of kid who sat behind you in algebra and wasn't above firing an occasional spitball in your direction either. Large slice of devil behind that easy smile. Ask him real subtle like how it feels to make a picture (and steal the whole show right out from under 48 of Hollywood's top names at that), and he'll pull his favorite line, "Didn't you know I've made 40 pictures (accent on the 40)?" You fall through the floor as quietly as possible, then Lon grins that grin. "Sure I've been an extra for years, but in all 40 pictures I never got my face in front of the camera long enough for anyone to see it." Maybe a couple of directors are kicking themselves around the block right now. . . . Lon blames his Gramp for introducing him to kleig lights and grease paint. Gramp is St. Peter at RKO. Tends the gate, and incidentally picks up all the gossip, which he promptly spills to Lon. Gramp picks up the evening paper, settles himself on the porch, then Lon noses in. "They need a super de luxe headhunter tomorrow, or maybe a swell pair of shoulders for a mob scene?" "Nope," says Gramp. But one night Gramp came home with, "They need a young kid—say about 19—with a dimple in one cheek and a plain Yankee way of talking. Go on around 'n ask 'em for a screen test. And by the way," says Gramp without so much as raising his head from the paper, "I hear Katharine Cornell is in the picture." Gosh! Katharine Cornell, Lon's one and only, all year round crush! . . . You can bet folding money any time that Lon didn't sleep that night. He still can't forget the way he got the sheet all wound up, listened to the clock tick and stared at the shadows cars turning up the street made on the wall. Katharine Cornell, America's A No. 1 actress, a young kid to play a scene from Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" with her. Two hundred, maybe 500 kids lined up to try out. All with just the right kind of faces and just the right kind of voices. Nope, there wasn't any sense in thinking about it. It was one of those things that couldn't happen. Something out of Cinderella. . . . But it did happen. Lon turned out to be a trousered Cinderella. But he doesn't have any witching hour to worry about. No fairy godmother can take away the memories of those wild months making Stage Door Canteen, the mad trip East, New York and the Broadway crowds, and best of all the lump in his throat when Cornell called him "Romeo." Lon thinks he's going to need these memories to fall back on. Come December, he's in line for a khaki outfit that's really G.I., not just something from the wardrobe department.

P.S. . . . Don't get bleary-eyed about that December business just yet. Lon's busy with a new pic, "Home in Indiana." If there's any time left, he's hankering to get back in his sophomore harness at Chapman College. He was deep in English Lit and philosophy (wants to be a writer) and his fraternity before "Stage Door Canteen" came his way. Besides, he's afraid Pat and Mac, his Toy Boston and Great Dane, are beginning to think he's walked out on 'em.

Max Factor - Hollywood

TO OUR READERS...

HERE is how a rumor starts: In the accompanying illustration, you see young Al Delacorte shortly after he has been picked up by a pretty blonde. Young Al Delacorte has just told this blonde a family confidence. Something about his old man (me). What the innocent little dope fails to realize is that the blonde is none other than MODERN SCREEN'S agent, Fredda Dudley . . . the slick chick who writes our Good News. No doubt the tiny man meant no harm. But just look what's happened! It leaked out into MODERN SCREEN (page 95).

Not that I blame the kid. Fredda could get an oyster to talk about his operation. She is a lusty, gusty lady from the Wild West with a yen for gossip. If an earthquake wrecked Hollywood tomorrow, Fredda could roll up her sleeves and have every skeleton back in its proper closet by noon of the same day.

Really, girls, the lady is uncanny. She's East on vacation. My wife and I asked her to lunch on Friday and couldn't bear to let her go till Monday! Secrets? I'm so darned confidential, Henry Malmgreen has to keep me away from people . . . for a long time.



Fredda's folks were among the early settlers of Colorado. Her granddad rode Pony Express in Indian country and carried a tomahawk-size scalp wound to his grave. Grandma, who came from Maine in a covered wagon, had a pet Comanche. He'd come around and grunt kind of, until she gave him a hot biscuit.

That era of the West has departed. In Hollywood, the wolves have taken over where the Indians left off. But if you listen to Fredda (and I hope you always will), there's still plenty of life left in the old town. Take a look at page 59 and see for yourself.

Al Delacorte

EXECUTIVE EDITOR



memor
I saw

By Kirtley Baskette

TYRONE POWER

**There was something about Ty, with his cocky grin,
his dark, serious eyes, that would set him apart . . . place
him in the lead. You could tell that even in the beginning.**

One evening, seven years ago, a slim, white-faced youth of twenty-two stood silently on a Hollywood hillside terrace and gazed into the deepening dusk.

Below him spread a sight seen nowhere else in the world.

As the short Pacific twilight plunged into purple night, the earth burst into a twinkling brilliance reaching as far as his dark eyes could see. Lights—white, yellow, scarlet, blue and emerald—strung themselves like sparkling jewels across the valley's throat. The stars in the velvet night seemed reflected below, as in a giant pool.

Far to his right as he watched, mesmerized by the beauty, a tower suddenly glowed white from a thousand lamps. Around it a score of lavender-white rays shot up, pencilling the cloudless sky with sweeping, criss-cross paths to the stars.

The young man shifted, lit a cigarette and dragged deep. The glow highlighted features familiar to few enough people at that moment. Thick black eyebrows, dark hair faintly waving back from a prominent forehead, deep eyes, a clean jawline, a narrow, pale, sensitive face. He was smiling. His teeth flashed. He blew out the smoke.

"This is it," he said to himself, but aloud. "At last—it's for me—Hollywood."
The door behind him jerked open suddenly. *(Continued on following page)*



Power I was salty Irishman, the important foreign actor to tour U. S. re, Ty Power III with nurse Bet.)

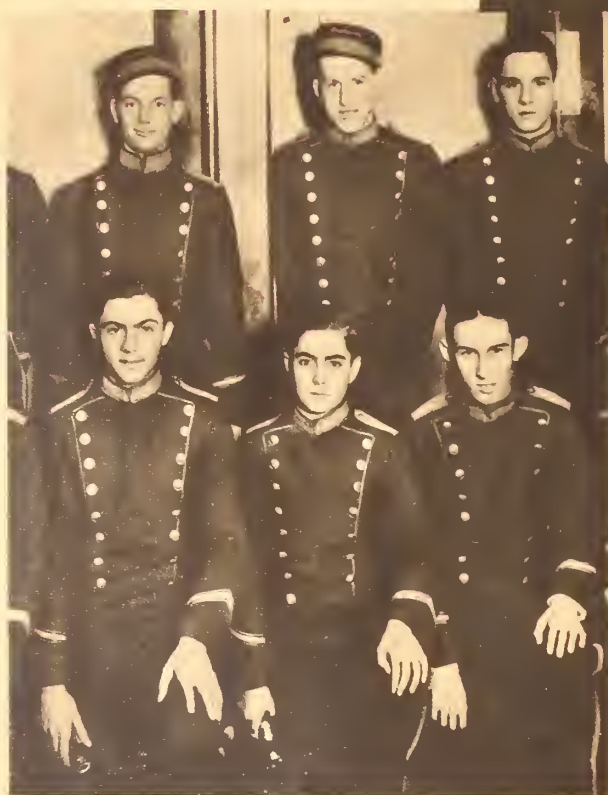


Tyrone Power II came to this country to grow oranges, was lured into stock, dubbed "greatest hope of American stage." (With son Ty, daughter and wife.)



After becoming fabulously successful Shakespearean actor, Ty's dad left him and sister Ann far whirlwind tour of Australia and England.

TYRONE POWER Continued



At Cincinnati's Orpheum, Ty was shrimpy-est usher, but most dashing in uniform. Did exercises faithfully each night to pad muscles. About then started thinking seriously of theater.

Second stage appearance, in Chicago. Ty, 18, was cast as doddering old man in "Merchant of Venice." Dawn on his luck, he wound up, couple of years later, at World's Fair in Chicago.

First spear-carrying called for Mexican rig in play staged by Mom and Dad at San Gabriel Mission in Cal. Patia Power, Ty's mom and former actress, had lead in Mission plays 5 years.



mers
The



Ty was floored when Mom was cast as Joon Fontaine's mother in "This Above All." He'd given prop department her picture when they needed photo of handsome-looking woman for "Johnny Apollo." Studio re-used it in Fontaine pic.



k in films, Power got nibble in "Girl's Dormitory." Only bit port but njinxed him. Fan mail poured in ot such o rote lead in "Lloyds London" with Mod Carroll was olmost commond performance.

"What in the world are you doing out there, Tyrone?" called a voice. "Hurry up and get dressed. You know how far it is to the Carthay Circle. You'll be late for your own premiere!"

Tyrone Power grinned. "What difference does it make?" he kidded to himself. Aloud, he said, "I'll be right in, Mother."

Tyrone Power was late to the Hollywood premiere of "Lloyds of London." It didn't make any difference. When he strode up the surging, spotlighted, poinsettia-lined lane, his anxious mother on his arm, a half-curious few murmured "Who's that?" But photographers let their cameras dangle listlessly.

Two hours later he had to fight his way, happily, to his car. Flash bulbs blazed at him from every angle. The lobby buzzed and critics cackled. Everyone who was anyone in Hollywood knew that a young, virile, magnetizing, important star was born.

And an era in the life of Tyrone Power, Jr., had begun.

That era ended and another began one day last

summer when Tyrone Power stood ramrod straight, taller, stronger, more mature, but every bit as thrilled and enthusiastic, before a major of the United States Marines and swore to defend his country with his life.

At that tingling moment Ty Power put Hollywood behind him. He deliberately wiped his mind clean of the triumphs and heartbreaks, the glamour and thrills, and the loneliness of fame and what for far more than seven years had been the natural meat and drink of his soul—acting.

The searchlights that once heralded Hollywood openings now probe the Pacific skies for Jap bombers. Acting is out, and fighting is in for the duration. Ty Power knew it the minute he heard the shocking news of Pearl Harbor. He was finished with Hollywood and fame from that minute on. He had a new job to do. He wound up his picture program impatiently. He made "Crash Dive," his last, fretful as a race horse in the starting gate. He joined up in the middle of it. When he left, he didn't even stop to (Continued on following page)

TYRONE POWER Continued



Cement slab at Grauman's reads, "Following My Father's Footsteps." With success came first luxuries: radio, electric razor, Cord car. (Here with Loretta Young.)

clean out his crowded dressing room at the studio.

He knew when he joined the Marines what he was up against. "I'll get worked over, all right," he cracked to a pal when he left. "I'm expecting the worst—but are those guys going to get fooled!" He said the same thing when, a callow kid, he first headed for Hollywood. He had a driving ambition, impatience, a burning necessity to rise then. He still has—it's part of him. He had a fight on his hands then, too—and he won it—against youth, frail health, accidents, hostile directors, the "show-me" attitude of Hollywood—and the smothering burden of a famous father's name.

And when he swore himself into the fight for freedom, a phrase rang in his ears as the major droned the oath. It was something he'd heard—as a young man. He had emblazoned it as the device on his secret banner, the words his mother used to say when he'd talk about his dreams:

"I don't care what you do, Tyrone. But whatever you do you've got to be good. You've got to be the *best!*"

Private Tyrone Power was honor man of his entire platoon at the San Diego Marine boot camp. He came out second (*Continued on page 71*)



Power, at premiere of "The Rains Came" with sister Ann on one arm, beaming mother on the other. Ann, whose husband's in the service, moved in with Annabella short while before baby came. Ty's room is now pink and white nursery.



Power met Sanjo at stuffy social function, drove her home. Few nights later stood under her window tossing gravel on pane. First date resulted in whirl that lasted several months.



1938. Ty, sharp in striped shirt, flower in buttonhole, at Ciro's with Arleen Whelon. This was the year "Alexander's Ragtime Band" knocked previous box office records for a loop, established Power as dark Lothario.

Understudying in summer stock, he knocked down \$30 a week, was still living on peanuts when Katharine Cornell took him for Broadway play. In 1942, his salary at 20th was \$169,009 a year.



ly's first screen test in N. Y. flopped miserably. (Above with Jonet Goynor in "Ladies in Love," his 2nd slice of work.)



By Jeanne Karr

Two Hearts for Lana

Early last Spring—in March perhaps—a blonde girl with a fabulous face and a pair of the tiniest feet in Hollywood, entered her favorite market. The Chinese girl at the fruit and vegetable stand had grown to know her very well.

"The same today, Mrs. Crane?" she asked, smiling indulgently.

Mrs. Crane giggled. "Yes—if they're nice," she agreed.

"Delicious!" described the salesgirl, carefully selecting a box of luscious strawberries and wrapping them.

When Lana returned to the car, where her mother was waiting for her, she said, "Nothing else looked good, so I just bought strawberries."

"But we have a box at home in the refrigerator," reminded Mrs. Turner.

"Those," explained Lana with a mischievous sideways glance, "are for dessert tonight. These"—indicating her proud purchase—"are for breakfast tomorrow morning."

"Poor Steve," Mrs. Turner laughed ruefully. "He'll have strawberry rash yet from joining you in this assault upon your favorite fruit."

You see, during those months of Lana's strawberry craving, she wasn't content to eat the berries alone; she wanted company. She wanted Steve to have his share, and she wanted her mother to enjoy generous portions. It seemed to her that she had never tasted any morsel grown upon tree or extracted from soil so entirely admirable as the strawberry. Unfortunately, it had always been Steve's non-favorite fruit, but he was a demon for co-operation: He ate strawberries two or three times a day for several months. "When that guy gets here"—the baby-to-be was always a boy to Steve during those days—"I'll surely tell him what I've been through in his behalf," he kidded Lana.

When he came home on week-end pass one Saturday night, Lana met him with the news that she had been shopping. She had, in fact, bought a new maternity dress. Very pretty—a red and white print. "How about modeling it for me, honey?" he suggested.

When she re-entered the room, bright as a Valentine, Steve did one of the world's fastest double-takes. The background of the dress was white; the designs against the background were red. But (Continued on page 77)

"I've got the best darned husband in the world,"

says Lana. "And the dearest baby. Any wonder

I'm feeling glowy as a neon sign these days?"

Fans, hoping for girl, deluged her with baby paraphernalia on arrival (weighing 8 lbs., 14 oz.). After birth, studio ordered Lana to rest, reduce, change hair back to flaxen.



Cheryl Christina fought off anemia, eats enormously, grows fatter by minute. Lana and Steve scooted off to N. Y. for brief binge after his medical discharge from Army.



HEARTBREAK FOR BETTE

"Most of us don't even know what Farny looked like. But, as your friends, we on MODERN SCREEN and our readers share your sorrow."



After services at Glendale, Calif., Farny was taken to Rutland, Vt., for family services and burial at Sugar Hill, N. H. Above, Bette and her mother.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Three days before tragedy struck, Bette sat in her dressing room at Warners' and gave MODERN SCREEN the story of her happy holiday. She was gay, she looked lovely, and she ate a healthy luncheon between make-up tests. She was looking forward to a winter of activity at the studio, at the Hollywood Canteen and at home with Farny. Our interviewer left her, laughing over some parting nonsense, in the hands of her hairdresser—and went home to work on the story. As she finished the last line and jerked the page out of her typewriter, the phone rang. It was the studio calling—to say that Farny had just died.*

We are printing the story as it was written because we think you'd like to remember Bette and Farny on their last holiday together—the fiesta he arranged for her birthday in Mexico—the horse and broken-down carts they found for the farm which was to be the home of their latter years—the years Farny was destined not to live.

Bette was at home that Monday, August 23rd, putting her house in order. She's a fussy housekeeper and, after her long absence, there were a hundred things to (Continued on page 96)



A few days before Farny died, he and Bette spent P.M. at Trocadero. In June, newspapers hinted he was Army-baund, but he continued in his job as aeronautical consultant on plane equipment, much of which was highly confidential.

By Ida Zeitlin



En route from N. H. to Calif., she and Fanny stopped off at N. Y.'s Stage Door Canteen, where she entertained, met soldier from her home town, Newton, Mass.



When magazine polled H'wood on what actress had done most war work, Bette won hands down. Last year was re-elected H'wood Canteen prexy.

Fanny, 36, and Bette, 34, would have celebrated 3rd anniversary New Year's Eve. In Sept. she went to work on "Mr. Skeffington."



MODERN SCREEN GOES TO

Jump into your dungarees and gingham and climb the
buckboard bound for Jim Jeffries' barn. They're having
a "joint" birthday hoedown for Peggy Ryan and Don O'Conno



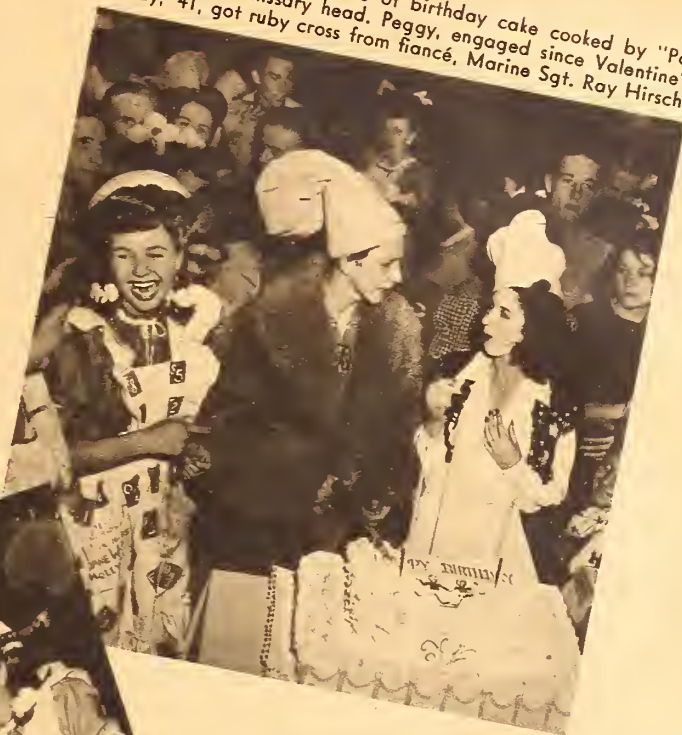
Celebrants, Don, 18, and Peggy, 19, stood near door to receive presents from each orrival, kiss from Withers. Don gave P. block velvet bag to match new John-Fredrics hot. She bought him dubonnet coshmere sweater, white pique shirt and dubonnet tie with beige stripe, told him, "You're o mon now."

Judy took beating in "Dummy Dance." Couples pass dummy back and forth till music stops. Person left holding him pays 10c War Stamp forfeit!



BIRTHDAY PARTY

Everybody gobbled piece of birthday cake cooked by "Pop" Garson, commissary head. Peggy, engaged since Valentine's Day, '41, got ruby cross from fiancé, Marine Sgt. Ray Hirsch.



Winners of hobby-horse race, Jane and Judy were paid off with War Stamps. (\$65 worth given out during evening). Judy came with girl friend, led Conga.



Neatest trick of evening: Girls would be lured to side door "to have your picture taken," then Don would operate wind machine! Lookit that Janie!



shirked pre-party chores, left invitations up to Peggy. 200 guests consumed 300 hot dogs, 200 Pepsis. Janie and Peggy might barn-awner Jeffries (ex boxing champ) in to meet guests.

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A BIRTHDAY PARTY

Withers' and Judy's movie sidekick, Mickey Rooney, was invited; refused 'cause his girl's birthday was that night, and he'd promised to take her out!



Mid-evening loud speaker boomed "Happy Birthday," followed by a jitterbug contest, won by sailor and his gal. Music was swung by Art Whiting's 8-piece orchestra.



Glario Jean and her sister came, gave Peggy a bubble bath set. Flossiest gift was white satin nightie for her trousseau from Chas. Lomant, director of her pictures at Univ.



What tickled Don most of all was English car from his mom. Judy came as Peggy's guest. When they were 7 and 5 respectively, they gave benefits, Judy singing, Peggy dancing.





When Don and gang found coonskin coat and whip in wardrobe department, he immediately pounced on it and wore it the rest of the party. Was limp as Roggedy Andy and Ann at evening's end.

Next to Peggy is 17-year-old Gwenn Carter, Don's fiancée, who presented him with inscribed identification bracelet for his birthday. Judy came with Morsha Moe Jones (far right).



Since Don's subject to call in draft, after his 18th birthday, Univ.'s been fast and furiously making pictures with him, so they'll have a supply on hand if he goes. Latest is "Top Mon" with Peggy.

By George Benjamin

Fighting

Maria reversed procedure, gave Jean whopping diamond engagement ring. Aumont's latest pic, "Crash of Lorraine."

Frenchman!

One May morning in 1940 a battered French tank detachment watched the sun rise through the black trees of the Ardennes forest. It looked like the last sunrise they would see as free, live Frenchmen.

All night they had retreated before the terrible might of Adolf Hitler's Nazi hordes, turning to shoot and be shot at, kill and be killed. Their ranks had dwindled; the survivors were faint from wounds. Their ammunition was low; their officers were dead. They pointed their old-fashioned cannon and machine guns to where the Boche would come with his new murder machines and waited.

They heard shellfire and the crump of bombs to the right, to the left and behind in their line of retreat. The corporal called them together. "It is the end," he said. "We are cut off and surrounded. There is no way of escape. We die or surrender."

At that moment a motorcycle roared up the forest path, and a blond young French sergeant jumped off. They all knew him—for two reasons. First, because he was one of the most popular actors in France, was Jean Pierre Aumont. Second, he was liaison man between their outfit and headquarters. He sized up the situation, took command and gave orders. He had come by an obscure trail and that was to be the way to escape. He mapped it out to the corporal and told them to leave at once.

"And how about you, mon sergeant?"

"I have the motorcycle. Leave me a gun. I will stay and cover the retreat."

So the young actor, turned officer, stayed and when the Boche patrols came, he held them off with his machine gun until the barrel was white hot and the cartridge belt bare. Then he ducked on his cycle and roared away as bullets and tank shells spat (Continued on page 80)



Morio and Jean Pierre honeymooned some time as Jean's Dad, who's sofe in this country now. The Aumonts, Jr., threw huge cocktail party for Senior and bride, who's New Yorker.



Instead of flowers, Morio sends hats as thank-you gifts to hostesses. Pierre sees rushes of her work ot studio each day to moke sure that studio dresses her with Puriton modesty.

The day that Jean Pierre Aumont pulled out of Hollywood, he ended a two-year furlough as fantastic as anything he'd ever known in wartime France.

Pin-up Baby



Betty's fan mail favors marriage to Jones practically 100%. Plays with honorary Infantry Captain Martha Raye in "Pin-up Girl."



20th-Fox is grooming Gail Robbins to take Betty's roles when she's having \$2,000,000 baby. She's retiring soon as "Pin-up Girl" is reeled. Above, in scene with John Harvey.

Harry has a new name for Betty. Little Mother, he calls her. "Nn-nn, shouldn't smoke so much now, Little Mother—" and takes away the cigarette she's just lighted.

"Okay, little father—"

He shakes his head. "The effect's not the same."

Since the world began, no girl can have been more blissfully happy than little Miss Pin-up is today. It brims from her eyes and spills out of her voice. She knows the whole thing's true, yet she can't believe it. To us it seems natural enough: cinemadorable finds love, marriage and a baby on the way. To Betty it's a miracle that leaves her slightly breathless with joy and thanksgiving.

You've got to go back a little to understand. When she married Jackie Coogan, Betty was a child—in love with love and soon disillusioned. Then she met George Raft. She could never have contemplated marriage to George—as she did for three years—if her feeling for him hadn't run deep and true. Not till she fell in love with (Continued on page 107)

Carmen Miranda promised to coach her in Somba, but has been too ill to go to set, so Betty's been haunting the Miranda household. Sings with the Star Dusters. Curt Purnell and Bob Lenn.



etty's saving safety pins these days for a tow-headed carbon copy "with a disposition sweet as Harry."



Led fad for Wor Stomp corsages on 20th lot. At bond rally, sold her nylons to highest bidder for \$40,000 in Bonds!



Jones was put in 4F because of high blood pressure and rapid pulse. Shed 16 lbs. from overwork in Foll.

Between scenes she knits booties for expected James heir. On set, leads 64-girl chorus shouldering Springfield rifles in precision drill that would make WAC or WAVE outfit green with envy!

By Nancy Winslow Squire

"His Butler's Sister"

Maids don't usually wind up singing love songs to the boss! But this time it's Deanna who's wielding the dust mop and Franchot who answers to "boss."

STORY: The very beautiful young girl swept into the very beautiful room in the large, handsome building on Park Avenue and pirouetted once in the middle of the floor and said to the man who had opened the door: "Martin! Martin! I never expected anything like this!"

"You didn't?" the man said.

There was a tiny soot smudge on the girl's nose as if she had just brushed by a locomotive, and her hair was very pretty, lustrous, but just hinting, barely hinting of hayseed and straw. Just now she was motioning to a porter to bring her bags into the room.

"Martin, it's beautiful," she said. "It's breathtaking."

"Is it?" the man said.

She stopped suddenly, turning, (Continued on page 89)

PRODUCTION: When D. Durbin first joined Universal, the studio's biographical description of her read: "Deanna is 5 feet, 2 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds." Today, six years later, the vital statistics take up a paragraph of print, include such current measurements as: Height—5 feet, 5 inches; Weight—114 pounds; bust and hips—34½ and 35 inches, respectively; waist—24 inches, and leg length—35 inches.

The number of Durbin nicknames has increased, too. Deanna will answer to "Durby" or "Durbish" or "Deena" or "Lena." If she hears "Charlie!" she knows it's her pal Joe Pasternak. Her own family calls her nothing but "Edna."

In the silver-polishing scene, you'll get a close-up of Deanna's own sterling ware. (Continued on page 88)



1. On train to N. Y., Ann Carter (D. Durbin) mistakes paunchy bold head (Andrew Tombes) for famed composer Gerord, sings, discovers he sells girdles.



4. Worried that "chirping's out," Ann tends her dusting quietly, steals colf-eyed looks at boss. Martin insists she go home, but cook smooths things over.



7. Butlers in building sneak Ann choice morsels from own parties. Later, Ann finds Charles alone at piano, is stunned when he tells her he may give up music.



9. Charles bursts into Kolb's (W. Cottlett) office, hears him say Ann has glowing future. Announces show's off. Ann blurts out he can't give up music.



2. Ann bursts in on brother Martin (Pat O'Brien) in swank opt., tells him she's come to carve a stage career. Martin says "Impossible!" Admits he's only butler.



3. When Martin spills fact he's working for great Charles Girard (Franchot Tane), Ann screeches, "I'll clean, scrub, anything. Just let me stoy!" Martin wearily gives in.



5. At Charles' party, Liz (Evelyn Ankers), who's batty over him, asks him to forget music, go with her to Maine. Troubled by work, he's half tempted to chuck it and go.



6. Ann, trying hard to look dead pan as she serves hors d'oeuvres, manages some plain and fancy mugging. Later rough-handles Kalb, fabulous producer, out of the hiccups.



8. "The vacation's over, kid," says Martin next A.M. "Gerard's going to Maine, and you're going home." Ann, sick over the whale thing, starts thinking, remembers Kalb.



10. Heavy-hearted, Ann goes to butler's birthday party, is followed by Gerard. They do the clubs in the 50's; talk; find suddenly, breathlessly they're in love.





Dead tired, Alan slept on an average of 10 hours a day, from midnight to mid-morning. Roused himself from slumber to watch every 5:45 A.M. feeding, then flopped back into bed.



Sue, servontless, spent most of her time keeping house and family in order. Overwhelmed by ceaseless demands of motherhood, Alan watched her sterilize bottles, make formulas, etc.

Reunion in Malibu!

“When I left she was a brunette. When I get back she’s a blonde. It just shows,” said Corporal Alan Ladd, “what can happen when a guy leaves his girl around Hollywood!”

The lady in question was his five months’ old daughter, Alana.

Alan was working hard for a smile when I arrived, bending hopefully over a pink baby basket where Alana was getting herself a glamour tan on the sunny front patio of the Malibu Beach cottage that Alan and Sue rented for his Army furlough. He looked pretty snappy, I thought, in his summer sand-tans. But Alana wasn’t having any part of the Army.

“Aw, they’re all fickle,” grinned Alan. “I’m away for months, and I spend all my time thinking how glad my baby will be to see me when I get home. Then I run in the house and pick her up—and what does she do? She bawls!”

Alan didn’t look as unhappy as he let on,

though. On the contrary, I don’t think I ever saw Laddie more in the pink in every department, physically or mentally. His face was brown as walnut, and his gold-brown hair bleached in taffy streaks. He admitted that if I’d popped in on him unexpectedly I’d probably have caught him out of uniform, in shorts with only his dog-tags to show he was an Army man. But even a G.I. vacationer has to put on clothes when a guest shows up, and I had a bonafide bid to come down to the Ladds’ and compare notes. I hadn’t seen Alan, Sue and family for too many months, and there was some checking up to be done. A lot of things had happened. The blue Pacific swishing against the Malibu sands made me sleepy. “You must be having a swell rest,” I yawned. “This is the life—nothing to do but swim and snooze in the sun. Every day

“Oh, yeah?” Alan replied. “Well, let me tell you—”

(Continued on page 5)



Their beach house was 25 miles from Hollywood, about a mile down from Johnny Payne's old place. While Sue did marketing each day, Alan played nursemaid to Alono, including shoring her sunbath on the beach!

Alan ate 4 gigantic meals each day, but exercised so violently he wound up 2 pounds lighter at furlough's end. Surprises everyone with his good singing voice. Once warbled with a North Hollywood bond.



So let me tell you.

Maybe I ought to explain first that his fifteen day furlough from the Army Air Corps base is the first full-time holiday Alan Ladd has had in his whole life. Ever since he can remember Alan has been plugging away at something pretty important to himself or to somebody else. As a kid and a young man to learn a few necessary things and to earn a living; later on, to force a break in Hollywood; and then to make good when it came. After his big hit in "This Gun for Hire," he made a chain of movies right up until he checked in at Fort MacArthur. He hasn't exactly been sitting around playing gin-rummy in the Army since, either.

In fact, when Alan got the glad news—his furlough orders—up in Washington, he got so excited he actually hopped a cab downtown to the hotel (he'd been riding the bus) where Sue was staying. They both had a date for a dinner party that night, and when they got there they couldn't help telling everybody they had a holiday coming up.

"That's swell!" said their host, an Army man. "How soon can you leave?"

"Why, right now, I guess—say!" yelled Alan like he'd been stung by a bee, "why don't we, Sue?"

Sue said why not? So the whole dinner party, seven Air Corps men and their wives, piled into cars.

They whizzed down to the hotel, and, along with ten other of Alan's Army buddies—twenty-four people in all—they got Sue and Alan packed inside a few minutes. Then they ushered the Ladds down to the station to make the night train. There was only an upper berth—but an upper berth is a royal couch these days when it's headed for home. Alan got the thrill of his life, headed for his first Hollywood vacation.

Of course, Malibu Beach isn't exactly Hollywood, but it's even better in summertime. Rows of grand beach houses stretch along a sand spit out into the Pacific, and all you have to do for a swim is to step off your front porch and fall into a wave. Besides, it's only twenty-five minutes from Hollywood proper—a gas ration item—although after a day saying hello to the gang at Paramount, Hollywood studios weren't what interested Corporal Ladd. He wanted to fill up on his new family—and he wanted a big load of rest and a lot of being lazy.

So when he and Sue drove down to Malibu to call on Brian Donlevy and his wife, they ended up by renting a house up the line that same day and borrowing Brian's two-ton truck to move down in.

"Yep," laughed Alan, "that's how I started my rest cure—playing moving man for the Ladd family. Bassinettes, baby beds, wash (Continued on page 55)

When he spruced up for company, every item was impeccable, from shoeshine to tie. Helped make trailer for motion picture theater participation in 3rd War Loan Drive.



Night of his 30th birthday party, Sue planned to serve roast beef at 7. But stove went ka-flooeey, and drooling guests had to wait till 10:30 before sitting down to eat!



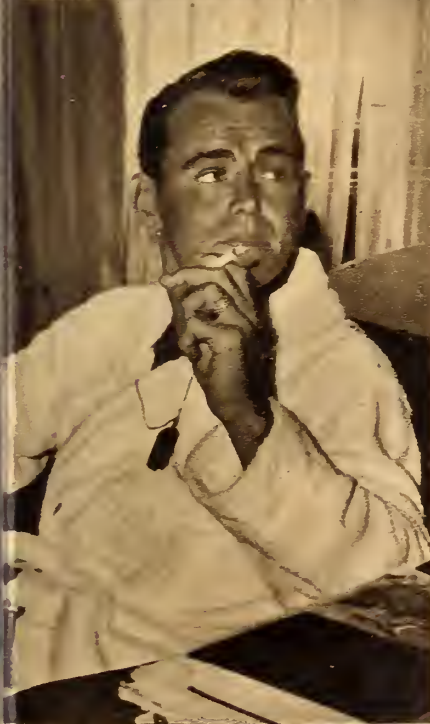
**Reunion
in Malibu!** continued

Several chums brought what they considered an original gift—birthday cake! Congratulated themselves when it tided them over till the meal proper was ready!





Every day Alan and Sue read the newspapers thoroughly, then spread out big map on floor and traced military and naval campaigns. Although he misses his family, Alan says he's glad to be in the Army, he'd feel like a slacker walking around in civvies.



Alan caught up on current biographies, his favorite reading material, during his furlough. He also sneaked in a few Dell mystery stories.

baskets, laundry bins, bottles, nipples, sterilizers, baby food, pots and pans, all kinds of doo-dads—know anything about kids?”

I said no more than you could put in your eye.

“You’ve got an education coming some day,” said Corporal Ladd, with a resigned sigh.

It seems that the very first night he and Sue and Alana rolled down to the beach from their Hollywood house and had got their clothes stashed and the baby to sleep, Alan finally got to bed, dog tired but happy. “No five-thirty rise-and-shine for little Alan,” he muttered to the pillow. “I’m going to sleep around a couple of clocks. Maybe I won’t wake up for a week.” Then he fell off, and the next second, it seemed, a flock of young Irish banshees were yelling, “Hey, Alan!” and the window to his bedroom was open and full of Crosbys and Devines and various kids they’d collected. It was exactly 5:30 a.m.!

“For gosh sakes!” they chorused. “Hurry and get up, so we can go swimming.”

Alan shook his head and blinked. “Beat it, kids,” he said. “I’m sleepy. I—”

“Look, Alan,” commanded Tad Devine, just like a second lieutenant, “since you’re the lifeguard, you oughta get to work!”

“Lifeguard?”

(Continued on page 101)

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(Continued on page 101)

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Something for the Boys!

There were a gang of soldiers around the merry-go-round at the Venice Fun House, all watching this gal. She was cute and red-haired, and sometimes she'd look down from her white horse and grin at them. Finally, she slid off, collected her windblown crony from another ersatz Whirlaway and walked off. The soldiers leered after her the way they do, not missing a thing—the swing of the slim shoulders, the darling figure italicized by a green jumper, the wonderful legs. “Now, there,” breathed one of the guys, “is something for the boys.”

The gal, it so happened, was Garland, and that guy didn't know how right he was. There've been overseas broadcasts, recordings, canteens, camp tours, the gamut. Her mom worries about her. “Honey, take it easy. You've got circles like a panda.”

“How *can* you take it easy, darling? It's such a tiny bit to be doing anyway, and, oh gosh, but they're sweet guys.”

She's been in and out of more Army camps and Naval bases than your best beau, and that, you'll admit, is getting around. She's sung in California, Texas, Illinois, North Carolina, New Jersey, New York. Calls the ones she's visited cozily by their last names, “Shanks, Dix, Ord.” The ones still coming up get the works. “Fort Schuyler, Fort Hancock.” No question at all in the minds of the guys about what to call her. She's Judy from the word (*Continued on page 105*)

By Rosemary Layng



After launching Third War Loan Drive in Washington, Judy made coast-to-coast band tour, including Bastón, where she bumped from station to rally in a jeep!



Between Eastern camp tour and band rally, Judy had a month's breather at home. Dated Van Johnson almost exclusively, met Sinatra one night.



On desert location of "Girl Crazy," she and Mickey Rooney were sunburned in temperatures up to 120°, held production up for 4 days while they mended. Arrived in Washington smartly and patriotically sporting a war stamp corsage on her suit.

**Every spare second of Judy's life for the last
two years has been tied up with a red, white and
blue ribbon and handed to the lads in uniform!**

Despite strenuous junket she gained 8 badly needed lbs. an Army faad. When costume jeweler sent her samples, she sent them to soldiers in Africa to barter with natives!



Van Johnson

GOOD NEWS

Alice Faye rumored lullabying! Hayworth-Welles merge! Carole Landis welcomes Army husband home from England.

Hearts and Darts.

They were seen first at a night club. No one took it seriously as a romance. After all, he was one of the most glib and garrulous of men; she was one of the quietest of girls. A friend, at whose house they were guests one night, observed, "Orson can toss off the most brilliant epigram, and we all nod and smile and think, 'Isn't he in top form tonight!' But when Rita suddenly speaks in that soft, school-girl voice, we all pay instant attention. We say, 'You sweet thing, how clever!'"

Victor Mature, on North Atlantic duty with the Coast Guard, read the gossip columns stating that Orson and Rita had been seen here and there, and squandered his disapproval and pay on an irate long distance telephone conversation (which, according to some authorities, was interrupted occasionally by a censor).

The Hollywood consensus at this point was that Victor should keep calm. Rita was a sweet and steadfast girl; Orson, as exciting a man as ever lived, was still not likely in the least to get serious. He had engineered himself through a hundred light romances.

Then he began work on his magic show for soldiers. In addition to a series of brilliant exhibits, Orson felt that the show (Continued on page 62)



Betty Hutton was the first pin-up girl in Sicily. A private carried her picture into assault, tacked it up in first Sicilian headquarters. Above, with Barry Sullivan.



Only Deanna and a few close chums know the whereabouts of Vaughn Paul or what he's doing. Friend of her family, Lt. Bob Rass, took her to Mocamba.



Despite her fontostic success, Bergmon's a steady canteen warker. Is being life-staried for Readers Digest. Hos chummed with Kotino Poxinou since "F.W.T.B.T."

By Fredda Dudley



Barbara Danuysch
Robert Taylor
#



Janet Blair

When Greer Garson discovered a kid selling tickets at 5c apiece to persons for a peek at her in her pool, she fust and furiously planted trees around her property! Below, with Nelson Eddy.



Until Dan's orders came through for his transfer to "ports unknown" Sonja Henie had planned to cancel her Eastern tour. But now she's going ahead. Gave farewell party for him and Morine buddies.



Hedy and John Loder passed up offers for New York stage play and went honeymooning in Mexico City. She came down with scratchy throat, was bedded for three days after their return to H'wood.

GOOD NEWS CONTINUED

needed glamour. Something to exhilarate the eye along with those things which intrigue the intellect; something, in short, like Rita Hayworth with her auburn hair cascading upon a milk white dress. Something like placing Rita in a trunk and sawing her in half.

The troop, consisting of Joe Cotten, in addition to Orson and Rita, spent weeks in rehearsal. All sorts of things happened. Rita got locked in the trunk one night and was a suffocating prisoner for ten minutes.

When the show opened, it became the talk of the town. One night, in the midst of the first group of illusions, a woman arose from the audience and started to leave. Orson stepped to the front of the platform to call in solemn tones, "Don't leave now, Madame! In the second half of the program we have Frank Sinatra—naked!"

The next night, at the close of the program, four unhappy bobby beauties presented themselves at the box office and requested a refund of their ticket price. "We understood that Frank Sinatra was to appear. The show's no good without him."

Rita had to go to work in Columbia's "Cover Girl," and the combination of late hours at the show and early hours at the studio was too much for her. She had to withdraw from the trunk department and was supplanted by Marlene Dietrich. "That," said the dopesters along Gower Street, "settles the alleged romance between Orson and Rita."

Another interesting event was presaged: the return of Victor Mature to Hollywood. He had been selected by the War Department to cross the country on a bond tour. Victor had preferred to remain on active duty, but orders are orders. Edith Gwynn, one of the town's really prescient columnists, noted the fact that Rita and Vic could easily patch up their differences, once he was in town.

A few days later, Rita sparkled into the office of her boss at Columbia and asked for a few hours leave from the set—she was going to be married. She was to marry Orson Welles, wearing a brown dress, a brown hat and a roseate glow.

Vic's comment, when he received the news: "The way to a girl's heart is sawing her in half."

* * *

Helmut Dantine is now officially a free man. Gwen Anderson secured her Reno divorce, then telephoned Helmut to tell him that their Valentine was burned at the ashes blown away. By the time you read this, it is entirely possible that Gwen will have remarried, but there is no No. 1 lady in Helmut's rather extensive list of delicious telephone numbers.

* * *

For one of the production numbers in "Shine On Harvest Moon" in which Ann Sheridan plays the part of Nora Bayes, she stands on a platform 50 feet above the sound stage, wearing a gigantic hat and a dress calculated to reveal to best advantage the classic hourglass figure of the period.

The lights necessary for Technicolor photography at Sahara hot; Ann is made dizzy and sick by height. So it was necessary to fasten her by a series of ropes to the platform.

When the set broke for lunch, Dennis Morgan asked Ann to eat with him and a friend. "Thanks, no," said Ann. "I'd fight like a catamount with anyone who ever pointed a finger at me today." (Continued on page 6)

mmers

She's Engaged!

**SHE'S LOVELY !
SHE USES POND'S !**

Adorable Rosemarie Heavey's engagement to Pvt. Lee E. Daly, Jr., unites two Baltimore families dating back to colonial times



HER RING—has eight small diamonds either side of the solitaire. It is an heirloom diamond worn by Lee's mother and grandmother.

THIS YEAR, the carefree days of Baltimore's Cotillions seem very far away to Rosemarie and her friends. "All my crowd are war workers now," she says. "With our men in the services we feel *we must* do something, too."

She is training with American Airlines in Washington to fit her for any job around the airport that a girl can do. "I've never worked harder, but I *love* it," she says.

"And am I grateful for my Pond's Cold Cream when I come off my shift at 8:00 A.M.! It's wonderfully refreshing to smooth that nice cool cream over my tired, grimy face. It leaves my skin with *such* a clean, soft feeling."

She "beauty creams" her face like this:

SHE SMOOTHS on Pond's snowy Cold Cream, then briskly pats it over her face and throat to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well.

SHE "RINSES" with a second Pond's creaming to help get her face *extra* clean and *extra* soft—swirling cream-coated fingers around in little spirals—over forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth. Tissues off.

Do this yourself—every night, every morning and for daytime clean-ups.

ROSEMARIE HEAVEY HAS ENDEARING SOUTHERN CHARM . . . a halo of gold brown hair . . . a complexion exquisitely soft and smooth. "I just trust my face to Pond's Cold Cream," she says. You'll love this soft-smooth beauty care with Pond's for *your* face, too.

LEARNING TO BE A HANGAR HELPER . . .



Rosemarie clears baggage being loaded on a plane. She will soon take over a man's job at one of the big airfields.

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE—In many areas women are needed to fill men's places—in stores, offices, restaurants, utilities, laundries, community services. Check Help Wanted ads—then get advice from your U. S. Employment Service about jobs you can fill.

War cap coming
Save present plastic or metal cap to use later.

POND'S
COLD CREAM
Cleansing

There's a glass shortage
so buy one big Pond's jar instead of several small ones. It saves glass now needed for food jars.

IT'S NO ACCIDENT lovely engaged girls like Rosemarie, beautiful society women like Mrs. Victor du Pont III and Britain's Lady Doverdale prefer this soft-smooth cream. Buy *your* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price



No finer
fit at
any price

BESTFORM BRASSIERES
79¢
BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS
\$2.50 to \$6.50

BESTFORM
means "best form"

GOOD NEWS CONTINUED

"That's okay," said the insouciant Mr. Morgan. "My guest is your former husband, Eddie Norris."

Along the Gay Way:

After a prolonged hiatus in the party department, Hollywood finally aroused itself and amassed enough ration points to plan a few social affairs. To celebrate Captain Ronald Reagan's leave, Jane Wyman gave a party at which Ronnie shared honors with Frank Sinatra, whom Jane had known when both were P. A.-ing at the Capitol.

He sang a dozen songs, standing quietly beside the piano in a room massed with groups of some of the most famous men and women in the world. A more sophisticated audience couldn't be found, but when he finished "I've Got a Woman Crazy for Me," the last soft, low note was greeted by a profound sigh—practically the trademark of a Sinatra song.

The guest list included Dinah Shore (who also sang) and George Montgomery (who recently received a handsome ring from Dinah). Van Heflin and his pretty red-haired wife, Frances Neal, talked about their lovely three-month-old daughter. Norma Shearer scored a series of admiring gasps when she arrived, wearing a long-

skirted black suit whose jacket was a mass of sequins. Ann Sheridan bowled over 65 people when she made her entrance wearing a full length silver fox coat and carrying a silver fox muff. Van Johnson (current No. 1 Hollywood escort) brought Ann Sothern and Mary Livingston.

A few evenings later, Walter and Fieldzie Lang entertained in honor of Cesar Romero, on furlough from his Coast Guard duties. This affair was an old-fashioned box supper; each girl brought a picnic lunch in a gussied-up package which was numbered at the door. The men pulled numbers from a hat, claimed the box lunch and its creator for tete-a-tete dinner. Don't think for a moment that guile didn't enter into this drawing. Andy Devine, for instance, found himself in possession of a child's shoe box, draped with a sash of crepe paper and filled with two midget sandwiches and a lonely olive.

Prizes for the prettiest and most gustatory lunches went to Mrs. Ray Milland (loot: a plastic breakfast tray set) and to June Havoc (loot: a velvet bed jacket).

After the lunches were raffled, the guests (practically the same group as had attended the Reagan-Wyman party) played the hunting game and the horse race game.

Recipe for the hunting game: Select a number of odd objects, small in size, such as a hairpin, a red button, a key, a pin, etc. etc. Exhibit them on a tray to the assembled company, then hide them against similar color or shape backgrounds—sort of a camouflage arrangement.

The contestants are given pencils and paper and, when they spy one of the objects—which must be in plain view—simply note the item and place of hiding. The whole investigation is limited by time, and the winner is he who has located the most items when time is called.

The horse race game is played by tagging six persons with numbers from one to six. They are lined up like horses at a barrier then a dealer tosses a die. If 2 comes up Number 2 takes the longest possible step toward the opposite side of the room. Mean while, everyone has selected one of the horses and bet on him. (It's a good idea to bet on the man with the longest legs—but even he may be crossed up by the impish god who rules the roll of the dice.) Anyhow, the winner in this case is the character who has bet on the horse that crosses the finish line first.

Sunday schools, please copy. And whatever became of that legend about "wild Hollywood parties?"

Brass Buttons:

A Hollywood visitor, in uniform, was talking to a friend over a drugstore counter, coke and sandwich. "This is a great town," he was saying. "Before the war I thought all actors were strictly the delicate type, but down in Arizona where I have been training, I met an actor who is as rugged a guy as you could find anywhere. He's been transferred to Camp Kern, Utah, and I understand that he's going to get his commission. If that goes through, he's to be attached to the Ferrying Division of the Air Transport Command. You might know the man—his name is John Payne."

* * *

Probably the happiest girl in Hollywood at present is Carole Landis. Her husband, Captain Tom Wallace, has been transferred to the Southern California area on permanent orders after having spent nearly three years with the R.A.F. and the Army Air Forces.

* * *

Unhappiest girl in town was Ann Sothern who had carefully planned her itinerary to New York by way of the Texas camp, which husband Bob Sterling was stationed at. Three days before she was to leave, Bob telephoned her long distance to say that he was being transferred. He would let her know where and when, but the only information he could give her at that time was "Don't come to this camp because I won't be here when you arrive."

* * *

"Whose mother was that pretty gray-haired woman dining with Corporal Al Ladd and Sue Carol at Romanoff's?"—from a Hollywood column.

The pretty gray-haired woman was Mr.

Isabel Grey, the mother of a soldier who has been a prisoner of the Japanese since the fall of the Philippines.

When Alan heard of her worry, he renewed at once his acquaintance with her. Mrs. Grey was his High School English teacher and encouraged him to act during his school days. When she decided to go East to be near relatives, Alan and Sue took her on a whirl of the town, then Alan made all the reservations and attended to all the details of her trip.

Paul Henreid was asked to appear at an Army camp to do a skit. "But," he protested, "I can't sing, I don't dance, and all my best jokes I have learned from Bob Hope's program . . . what could I possibly do?" He thought for a moment. "Maybe . . ."

A tall man, the upper part of his body, his face and head concealed by an outspread newspaper held in each hand, walked out on the platform. With rare sleight of hand he retained the paper in place as a shield, while he reached in his pocket, extracted his cigarettes, selected one from the package, selected a second from the package, then he clicked his lighter, then he dropped the newspaper and stood there, the character from "Now, Voyager," with two lighted cigarettes in his mouth. The applause was really something. He walked off stage without ever having uttered a word.

Junior Jive:

Little Miss Margaret O'Brien, working at Metro in "Canterville Ghost" with Bob Young and Charles Laughton, comes onto the set each morning wearing her prim, amused smile and says properly, "Good morning, gentlemen."

At last, one day, a wag asked, "Did you sleep well last night?"

"Oh yes, thank you. I had the loveliest dream," admitted Margaret.

"About Rags Ragland?" asked the wag, nodding toward the comedian with the face like a warped Navajo rug.

Miss O'Brien's eyes twinkled, but her well-behaved manner denied her inner smile. "Oh no," she demurred, "I practically NEVER have nightmares."

In RKO's picture "Tender Comrade," Ginger Rogers and Bob Ryan are married. Some of the sequences show the pair as children together, so Freddie Mercer, aged 12, was secured to do the juvenile scenes. Freddie worships Ginger with a wide-eyed, unabashed fervor. He hangs around the set and visually gobbles her as she reads her lines.

A chap from the publicity department, seeing Freddie on his way to luncheon, asked, "How goes it, chum?"

Freddie drew himself up to the last possible fraction of his height and wagged his head in a decisive little nod. "Doing okay. In this picture I'm married to Ginger Rogers," he opined.

A group of children playing Commandos.
A slim boy, ordi- (Continued on page 93)



Use FRESH and stay fresher!

• See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that FRESH is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR



By Carol Carter

Winter skin care!

Be pretty this winter! You can, you know, if only you follow these simple rules given here for snow-time beauty.

They're from Hollywood . . . we know you'll like 'em!



●Brr! The mercury is frozen in the thermometer, and the skin you love to touch is slightly frost bitten. But good old American ingenuity thumbs its nose at Jack Frost! Let winter's chapping winds howl . . . with the proper cosmetics and a word of advice from Hollywood, your wintertime complexion can be velvety sleek as Deanna Durbin's rosy cheeks.

If that's a skeptical "how" forming on your lips, just wait a second. It can be done! Your old Beauty Ed. has seen the wonder come to pass. A bit of cooperation on your part, of course, and (a) creams for lubrication and softening, special creams if yours is a problem puss, (b) sudsy soap-'n'-water to keep your epidermis clean and aglow, (c) complexion base and assorted make-up to gild your lily-like face. Across the way our artist has whipped up three sketches on the subject for you to bear these pointers more clearly in mind.

CREAM OF THE JEST

No joking matter is a harsh, dry, chapped complexion. But to bring a smile to your face, the beauty folk have created creams . . . soft, soothing, scented and delectable. Used once or twice a day, in combination with thorough soap latherings, they'll do wonders for the unhappy lass who wails that her face is shiny as a new lieutenant's bars.

A creamy lotion is grand for quick clean-up jobs. Doused on cotton, it skims off soil and faded make-up in less time than it takes to describe. No other

◀ Glamour-girl Deanna uses creams to protect her skin beauty. Miss Durbin's newest: "His Butler's Sister."



equipment, not even water is needed. Good news for you office and factory workers.

The other soil-chasers are the two kinds of cleansing cream—liquefying and the cold cream type. Liquefying cream melts on the skin, and the dirt slides off with a flick of a tissue. 'Tis best for average or oily-skinned gals. And, children, it's intended solely for cleansing, not to double as an emollient or powder base. Cold cream keeps its solid consistency and picks up the dust and make-up somewhat as snow absorbs dirt specks. Most creams of this order contain lanolin and other softening agents, making them a special treat for the lass with dry, flaky skin. Such creams that contain an extra dash of these ingredients are often called "all-purpose" creams. If so be you wish it, a thin layer may be used as a powder base, or a heavier coat, applied after the face is cleaned,

serves as a night cream. Besides the all-purpose creams lined up so prettily on cosmetic counters, there are emollient or night creams designed for but one purpose . . . to make your skin smooth as Crosby's crooning, soft as a lullaby. They're especially welcome for complexions that are rough and red, or tender and supersensitive. While the casual, life-is-a-breeze gal may be happy with one jar of cream for all purposes, the fastidious customer usually prefers separate cleansing and emollient creams—on the theory that it's easier to do one thing at a time than two.

Now, this being an imperfect world, a word about blemished skins. Medicated creams fill the bill here. Very few (Cont'd on p. 92)



How to add new richness to your Brunette complexion

Remember the roses last summer's sun put into your cheeks? Now—bring back that flattering glow with Pond's new Dreamflower "Brunette." Soft beige tones blend with your skin perfectly . . . warm rosy undertints give it that welcome radiance . . . And the misty-soft Dreamflower texture is heavenly! Soft as the touch of a cobble breeze . . . it gives your skin a smooth-as-velvet look that's priceless to a girl! Get a luxurious big box of Pond's Dreamflower "Brunette" today!

H.R.H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança, now Mrs. Ashley Chanler, says: "I'm so pleased with the smooth clear look that Pond's new Dreamflower 'Brunette' powder gives my skin. The rose undertone is unusually flattering to my deep coloring."

Pond's "LIPS"

Pond's "LIPS" stay on longer! Five warm exciting shades. Dainty Dreamflower cases—49¢, 10¢.



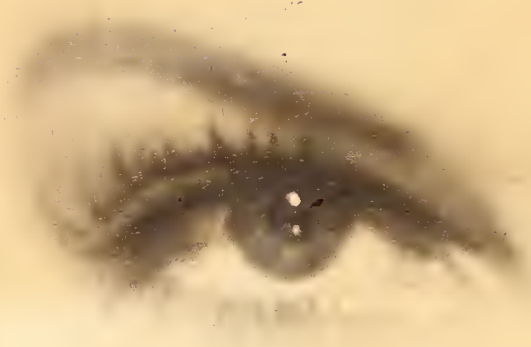
Pond's Dreamflower Powder

Six sweet shades to choose from—flatterers all!

BRUNETTE
NATURAL
RACHEL
ROSE CREAM
DUSK ROSE
DARK RACHEL
49¢, 25¢ and 10¢

OFFICIAL
WAR
MESSAGE

American Women! In many areas you are urgently needed to fill men's shoes in necessary civilian jobs. Check your local Help Wanted ads for specific needs in your area. Then get advice from the local United States Employment Service.



EYES RIGHT!



Frances Gifford uses pencil.



Here she applies eye shadow.



M-G-M's star likes mascara.

Lucille Ball's big blue eyes sparkle prettily in Technicolor . . . and you can hear the boys sigh happily when Betty Grable flashes those lustrous blue orbs. Even without benefit of Technicolor, Hedy Lamarr's dazzling-dark eyes play havoc with an audience. There's no doubt that (better duck—here comes a pun) the eyes have it!

Mascara Magic Now to get personal about it: How are your own pretty peepers? The only care you give 'em is to remove an occasional cinder? For shame! With a smidgin of mascara, a flick of eyebrow pencil and a soupçon of eye shadow you can dazzle with the best of them. An extra three minutes of a morning will see you bright-eyed and lovely through the day.

Mascara, my lambs, is a wonderful concoction that comes in cake or cream form. Gibson girls used burnt matchsticks and dubious mixtures for their feeble eye glamour. But today mascara glamorizes your eyes as quick as a wink. It's safe as a War Bond, too. Even if some lands, by poor aim, in the eye instead of on the lash, there's no need to fret. American manufacturers know that eyesight is precious above diamonds. For this very reason, they use only the finest, purest ingredients in all eye-staring products. And plus this clean bill of health, mascara is one of the most exciting cosmetics known to your Beauty Ed. (Continued on page 110)

Frances treats eyes to a rinse.

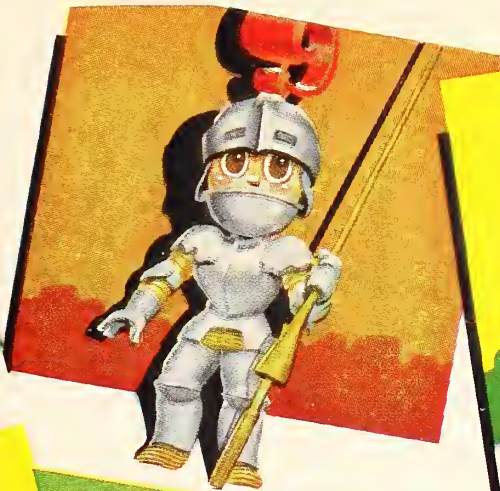


Lotion-on-pads for rested eyes.

By Carol Carter



OF COURSE Vitamins G, P, P!
You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without them! You get them—and the entire Vitamin B complex family in Ovaltine!



OF COURSE Iron! Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the only way you can fully use it!



OF COURSE Calcium & Phosphorus!
They're vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.

Quit Worrying

ABOUT

VITAMINS AND MINERALS

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the *Extra* Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use!

Millions of people today know how important it is to take *extra* vitamins and minerals. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the *richest* sources of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat three average-

good meals including fruit juice—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. *All you can profitably use*, according to experts—unless you're really sick and should be under a doctor's care.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you can use—along with its many other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health . . .

3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING



OF COURSE Vitamin A! Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds. With Ovaltine you get *all* the extra "A" experts say you need.



OF COURSE Vitamin D! You get D from sunshine—but most of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, you're safe with Ovaltine!



OF COURSE Vitamin B! You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough B! The Ovaltine way you get plenty!



OF COURSE Ovaltine gives you much more than vitamins and minerals. It is prescribed the world over by doctors for those who are thin, nervous or under par.

WARNING! Authorities say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply *all* the vitamins and minerals you need for good health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing and cooking reduce the vitamin-mineral values of food. So rely on 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day for all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need!



Sh-h-h-! Genius at Work

If you don't interrupt me for a cupla minutes, I'll tell you what I been thinkin' about.

My empty Karo bottle started it. I got a bit sulky. The doctor scolded my mother. She complained to the grocer. He blamed the Karo people. Lordy...what a run-around!

Finally, we found out the truth. It's this: Even when there's plenty of corn and glass bottles, the Karo folks still just can't make enough Karo to go 'round...not with the Army and Navy and millions of hard workers at home all calling for more and more Karo. Sure, they might raise production by lowering quality...but they told me they will *never* do that...that they gotta keep every drop of Karo pure and wholesome, rich in dextrose.

That's when I got my idea about asking the grocers please to hold out a special supply of Karo for customers who have little folks at home like me. We *gotta* have Karo to help us grow big and strong...and it's marvelous the way grocers are cooperating.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.

IMPORTANT TO DOCTORS

(To Mothers, Too):

Mothers who cannot buy Karo for their babies are invited to write us (post card) giving name and address of favorite grocer. We will take steps promptly to supply these grocers with Karo for babies.



Karo Is Rich In Dextrose
... Food-Energy Sugar

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BECAUSE THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY, THERE NEVER CAN BE A "SUBSTITUTE" FOR KARO

TYRONE POWER

(Continued from page 34)

in his class. At Quantico, Virginia, in a group of 600 officer candidates, Lieutenant Tyrone Power was ninth man to win bars for his proud shoulders. In review a colonel paused before his trim, determined figure and inspected him from boot to barracks cap. "There," he said, "is the ideal Marine!"

What fortune the Gods of War have in store for Lieutenant Tyrone Power, USMC, is no more certain than the fates awaiting 5,000,000 other Yanks. He may find glory on the blazing beach of a tropical isle or come to blighty storming Hitler's *Festung Europa*.

Perhaps all this was written in the stars when he was born, one fresh spring day at half-past five in the afternoon. That was May 5, 1914, and the dogs of war were snarling. Three months later the world was to divide and grapple at its own throat, as it is doing today. The Kaiser's World War I was brewing. In far off Cincinnati, Mid-American, German settled, smug, provincial, Patia Power had gone to have her first baby. In was in London a couple of years before that she, the bride of the great Shakespearean actor, Tyrone Power, II, had heard her husband say he wanted a son to carry on the name. And she had resolved that that should be.

It was only two months before that Patia Power had played before the footlights with her husband. That would be part of the heritage she could give her son, that acting right up to the last, if—well—if Tyrone Power continued to mean what it had meant since the 1700's. That was the only way his mother could hope to match the glorious heritage of his father's line.

Patia Power's real name was Helen Emma Reaume. She had rechristened herself after Aspatia, a great teacher of antiquity. She had been born in Indiana and raised in Kentucky, but her dark, handsome features and talent for the arts stemmed from her Alsatian grandfather.

family tree . . .

The first Tyrone Power took his name from the land of his birth, County Tyrone, Ireland. That was in the early 18th century. He was a gay, reckless, witty Irishman who became the greatest Irish comedian of his day. He had blue eyes and light hair and a straight nose, and he was everybody's friend. Like his great grandson he was restless, and he travelled all over the world. Particularly he liked America. He even wrote a book about it, "Impressions of America," in the early 1800's. It was while sailing back from New York to London that his ship went down in the Atlantic, and he lost his life.

Tyrone Power's son, Harold, grew up to become a concert pianist and lecturer. His son, Tyrone, II, was Ty's father, a native Londoner, who became a naturalized United States citizen after he had also become one of the greatest Shakespearean classic stars of his day.

That was the heritage of brilliance concentrated in the tiny package that came to life that May fifth on Fulton Street in Cincinnati, Ohio, and was promptly christened Tyrone Power, Jr. He looked like his father—the same high forehead and prominent brows. And he was, as he remained throughout babyhood, all eyes. There wasn't much else. Tyrone III was frail and sickly. Patia Power, in her secret heart, wondered if she'd ever raise him.

The doctors in Cincinnati and New York had about given him up. He couldn't

eat. Malnutrition had wasted tiny Ty away to nothing. Specialists tapped and poked him and frowned. Nothing they prescribed could make him keep his food. Tyrone, Sr., then in silent New York-made movies, snapped at an offer from the Selig studios in California. "Maybe the sunshine will cure him," he argued.

Nothing worked. The last doctor told them: "This baby is slowly starving." That morning the nursemaid they had hired came to Patia Power. She found her sitting silently in tears beside Baby Tyrone. She knew why. "Mrs. Power," she said, "the doctors have failed—will you let me try?"

Tyrone Power owes his life, perhaps, certainly his tall, straight body to his baby nurse. Her name was Tracy. Pet Tracy, the Powers called her. She was a huge woman, unruffled, capable and mysteriously wise. She took Baby Ty in her complete charge, put away his medicines and junked his formulas.

Later, when he could lisp out a few words, Tyrone sensed his debt to the stolid Pet, who always called him her "Little Man." He had a favorite little dream-game he liked to play. In it he was a great man, a huge success and Pet was a little old lady living in a country cottage, poor and hungry. The big scene showed the great Tyrone coming up the lane of the country hut and rapping at the door.

"Does Pet Tracy live here?" he'd say.

"Yes," the little old lady would whisper.

"Well, I'm your 'Little Man'!" Whereupon Pet would swoon with delight, and Tyrone would make her last days wonderful. It was always the same.

without pity . . .

Tyrone's first vague kiddie memories of California spring from busy war days on Coronado Beach when San Diego was, as it is again today, a bustling war base, full of dashing sailors and marines in training. Ty never went back to stay until he donned a uniform last year. But all through childhood, he called it "the big boat town," and sailors and marines always spelled high adventure.

What became closest to a real home, however, was the small town of Alhambra, near Pasadena. There he attended his first classes at Granada School. There he met his first girl, had his first fight and played his first starring role.

Ty's first encounter with the female sex was deadly. With his tiny sister, Ann, and neighborhood moppets, he was busy one afternoon in the favorite sport of that place and time—an orange fight.

A little freckled-faced tomboy of the "enemy" squad heaved a rock instead of a ripe orange. It struck Tyrone on the side of the head, and he dropped, crying. The kids all ran home, and Tyrone, bloody and aching, trudged back to his own yard leading sister Ann in tow. "Don't you tell," he warned her. "Don't you dare."

He told his mother he'd fallen on a rock. He never told on the girl—that was beneath his dignity. But he always told on himself—that was only honest.

gloomy sunday . . .

For instance, one Sunday, he was racing a kid around the block on his skates. Ty was a good skater and runner and, though small, was spunky. But this Sunday he was disobeying orders. The Powers have always had deep respect for religion, and if his mother had told him once she'd told him a hundred times that there was to be

Oh!—look what this
NEW lotion with
LANOLIN
started!



"He said something about soft, adorable hands—and I think time and my heart stood still when he took my hand in his."

Get These New Benefits For Busy Hands

Give your busy hands new benefits—the kind that will help them to become adorably smooth and tempting to romance. It's so easy with the new Campana Cream Balm.

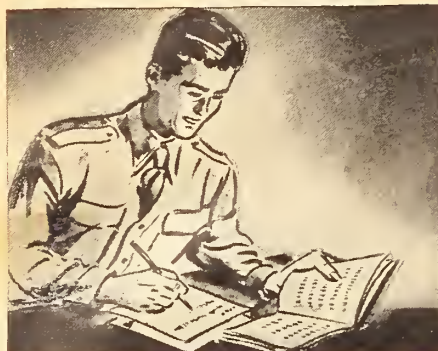
Lusciously creamy and smooth, this new creation of the famous Campana Laboratories contains lanolin—to help prevent skin dryness. Scientists have found that lanolin is the substance that most nearly duplicates the functions of the natural oils of the skin.

Campana Cream Balm

You can distinguish the new Campana Cream Balm by its pure white color and distinctive yellow and white carton. Sold by drug, department and dime stores in 10c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

Campana Laboratories also produce the Original CAMPANA BALM in the green and white package.

**"Jim's
Last Letter
is really
TERRIFIC!"**
(Ps't! He read the book)



NOW—It's Easy To Write Thrilling Love Letters!

No longer will your letters be dry, awkward and uninteresting. **HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS** shows you how the most common things can sound interesting—will help you express your personality in your letters. This new book contains dozens of actual sample letters that show just how to write letters from beginning to end. Included are scores of model love letters by world-famous people—lists of useful synonyms—common errors, and how to avoid them—the correct spelling of many catchy words—many other important letter-writing hints. And remember, with each book you receive **ONE YEAR'S** supply of Gold Monograms for your writing paper, **FREE!** Stravon Publishers, 342 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

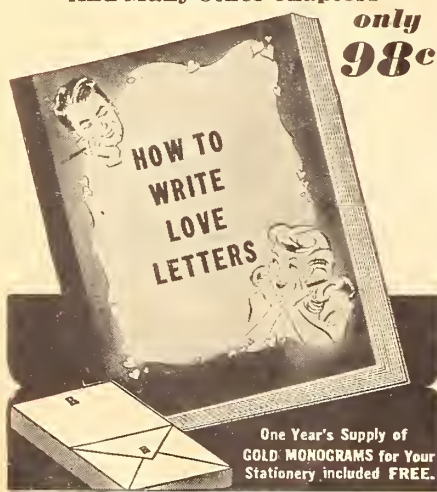
MONEY-BACK OFFER!

We believe you can write real love letters that click with the help of this amazing book—but we want **YOU** to be the judge! Examine the book for 10 days at our expense—if not delighted, return it and your money will be promptly refunded!

PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

How to express your love.	romantic" friend.
How to make him (or her) miss you.	How to propose by letter.
How to assure him (or her) of your faithfulness.	How to make your sweetheart write more often.
How to "break the ice."	How to write the girl you met on your day off.
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☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman 98c plus few cents postage.
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NAME

ADDRESS

In Canada — \$1.25 with order

absolutely no rough stuff on the Sabbath.

But Ty, jostling for the inside track, tripped, took a header on the sidewalk, ruined his clothes and practically ripped off one eyebrow. He was a sorry sight when he limped in the front door.

"You'd better punish me, Mother," he said as dignified as possible. "I've been roughhousing on Sunday."

Mrs. Power looked at his battered face. "You've had punishment enough," she said.

He was always frank like that in his scrapes. Once a neighborhood boy, a little older than Ty, came screaming into the Powers' door, with Ty right after him. "I'm gonna tell your Mother," he yelled. "Mrs. Power, Tyrone hit me in the stum-mick!"

"Did you?"

"Yes," said Ty. "I hit him hard."

Before the kid, Mrs. Power punished Ty. It was only after that was over that she got out of Tyrone the reason he had done what he did. The kid had called him an unprintable name.

The Powers had moved to Alhambra because it was closer to the Selig Studios and because in the nearby historic Spanish mission of San Gabriel, John Steven McGroarty's famous Mission Play was gaining national notice. Patia Power was engaged for the important role of Senora Josefa Yorba. Between picture parts, Tyrone, Sr. played Fray Junipero Serra. As a kid, Tyrone hung around the ancient mission until he knew the play by heart. The first part he ever played was Pablo, a Mexican boy in the Mission Play, with his mother and his father. Wrote a Los Angeles critic:

"Master Tyrone Power, Jr., made a miniature hit."

Tyrone was seven.

Pablo was his very first brush with a real stage and a paid audience and it was to be his last for some years. About then the career of Tyrone Power II went one way and the career of Patia went in another direction. They separated by a mutual, amicable agreement. The actor went on to his public. Patia took the children back to Grandmother Reaume in Cincinnati. She had taught voice and dramatic expression along with her acting since she was 15 years old. The Schuster-Martin School of the Drama offered her the voice chair there as a steady thing. She gave up the professional stage and pictures and packed Tyrone away from the town he would not see again until he grew up and answered the call of his blood. Her job was to raise and educate her children.

Ty Power calls Cincinnati his home town. He came to live there when he was seven and left when he was 17. Ten years is a good sized chunk out of any boy's life. In Cincinnati their friends called Patia Power, Tyrone and his sister, Ann, "The Three Musketeers." They were that close. Tyrone, Senior, still friendly, was a distant part of the family, dropping in now and then between stage engagements, but never staying long.

Tyrone and Ann really had three homes in Cincinnati, their own, their grandmother's and the Schuster-Martin School. Patia Power produced plays in the Little Theater there along with her teaching. Half the time her own children were there, not formally enrolled but hanging around or involved in the Children's Theater's little playlets. Thus never in his youth did Tyrone completely miss the dramatic aura of life. Even at home, in the evenings after dinner, his mother would say:

"Now, we're going to have a game, we three. Let's sit down, fold our hands and relax. We're going to learn how to talk correctly. We've a lot to learn."

on the distaff side . . .

Until the sixth grade Tyrone went to the same convent as his sister, St. Ursula's, run by the Sisters of Mercy. Most of the students, of course, were girls, and someone in Cincinnati said that Tyrone Power, Jr. was "the prettiest one there."

One spring day he came home, said nothing to his mother, walked upstairs and closed his door. For hours Ty remained there, mysteriously locked in his room. Finally he came down and told his mother he had flunked every subject but one—religion—at the convent and failed to pass into the seventh grade.

It was incredible! Her boy was a fine student. Mrs. Power did some sleuthing.

She inquired around and found out that the nun who taught Tyrone was a domineering sort of woman, a teacher whose word was law, who took no back-talk.

Then Patia Power remembered. Tyrone, even as a kid, couldn't be led—by anyone. When he played with other kids, he had to lead. If it was "Knights of the Round Table," Ty had to be King Arthur, else he wouldn't play. His flunk was just a rebellion against domination. How could he let a woman run him? He had gone on strike.

Patia Power took her dilemma to a friend of hers, Father Flynn, who had written boys' books and knew them inside out. He smiled wisely. "I think," he said, "it's time to take Tyrone away from the women and put him with men."

Next semester Tyrone found himself, to his delight, in St. Xavier's Parochial School—all boys. "Will I do the Sixth Grade over?" he asked the father.

"I'll say you won't," snorted the priest. "Go to the seventh and work up a sweat!"

When Ty graduated from St. Xavier's he was valedictorian of his class.

a man's world . . .

St. Xavier's was no snob's school. Tyrone lived in Fenwick Hall, a boys' home crowded with Murphys and Kellys and Hovaks and Polettis. He came home only on week-ends. In a couple of years he went on to Dayton University parochial prep school, completely away from home at Dayton, Ohio. Nobody was easy with him there, either. When he came back to finish high school at Purcell, the all-boys high school in suburban Walnut Park, Tyrone knew how to look after himself in any kind of company.

He was no athlete. He was still a beautiful string bean. That galled Tyrone. He was crazy about football and baseball. He went out for the teams regularly every year, burning with a fierce determination to make up for his light weight with desperate courage. But it was always the same. The husky kids brushed him aside like paper, and the coach dropped him from the squad after a couple of days. He busted his finger playing baseball, and it crooked to this day.

About the only sport Ty could handle well was swimming. He was graceful and fast in the water, and at the big municipal pools of Cincinnati he was a familiar sight every summer except the ones he'd spent at his aunt's in Michigan, splashing in the lake, playing tennis and turning walnut brown in the sun. At anything he could do well Tyrone was impatient with other people. What he did well looked like such a cinch to him. Once he was standing on the high board at a pool, trying to get Ann to dive off. It looked a million miles down the water to her, and she had no intention of trying it. Suddenly she found herself pushed from the board and falling. She hit the water the best she could and came up raging at Tyrone. He was smiling pleasantly she forgot to be mad.

"See how easy it is?" he said.

(Continued on page 74)

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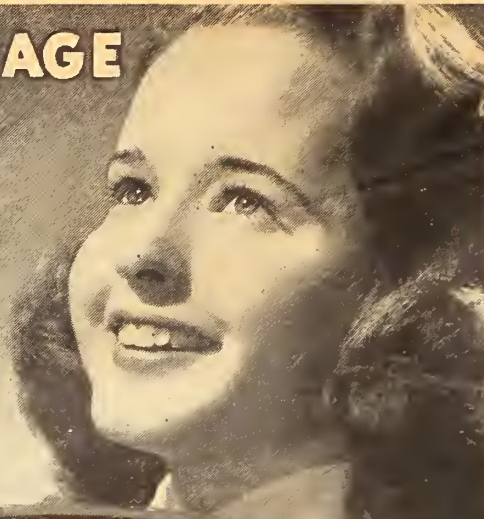


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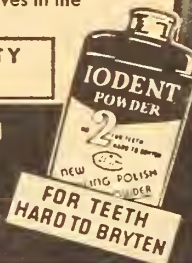
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(Continued from page 72)

Tyrone and his sister Ann were born only 16 months apart. Until he graduated and left home, they were as close as peas in a pod. For years she was his tag-along shadow, into everything Ty was. They had a black cat they dressed up in fancy clothes and wheeled around in a carriage. They stole their mother's perfume, added water and peddled it to the neighbors together. Ty brought home a fascinating, wicked pack of cigarettes when he was 12 and Ann, a year younger, helped him sample the forbidden delights. They got sick together and desperately sucked oranges to get the smoke off their breaths.

One time in deep winter, they climbed up on the crenelated roof of the Schuster-Martin School, made ice-snowballs and hurled them at cars below. When one smashed through a taxicab window and they got caught, they were hailed downstairs before their angry mother.

"Well," said Tyrone, "we did it, that's all. I'll pay for the damage."

He was getting 50c allowance a week then. He saved up for ten weeks. But he paid off. He was always that way, honest and frank about his mischief and not afraid to take the rap. He was always touchy and honorable, too, about money matters. Later, broke in New York and Hollywood, he'd send back the checks his mother sent him even when he was stuffing paper in his shoes for soles. As a kid, Ty was super-canny about change.

But if Ty seemed tight that way it was not for love of lucre alone. He always had something he was saving for—either a bountiful Christmas for Ann and his mother or something. Mrs. Power has a treasured table in her Hollywood home today. It's in the front room, and she wouldn't sell it for worlds. It cost \$9. Ty saved for 20 weeks to buy it for her.

He was a day student at Purcell when Tyrone landed the job jerking sodas and delivering packages at the drug store (it's called Power's Drug Store today, by the way). He worked afternoons and evenings, and he made around \$8 a week. In the summer he worked all day. As he did everything, Tyrone did his job well. Especially he liked the speedy trips on the motorbike. In classes Patia Power would hear a roar in the street. Her pupils would titter. "There goes Tyrone, Madame Power," they'd say.

out of the frying pan . . .

Ty bought his first automobile when he worked at the drug store. It cost \$20. Ty paid \$10 and his Cousin Billy chipped in \$10. It was a stripped down, flimsy bullet shaped flivver with no floor board and practically no motor. It was painted orange, yellow and green. It had a cut-out that sounded to Heaven. It lasted only a few weeks; then it fell apart.

This Cousin Billy was Tyrone's evil genius. He was two years older than Ty, full of ideas and full of beans. Whenever Ty and Billy got together it was usually just too bad.

One night at the Schuster-Martin School Patia Power produced a play. Suddenly, in the middle, the audience grew restless, squirmed in their seats and began creeping out of the place. In no time at all the house was empty. The room was filled with a horrifying odor. Someone had broken stench-bombs.

No one knew who did it. And maybe they'd never have found out—but Cousin Billy gloated so about the success of his project with Tyrone that he let the truth out. It got back to Patia, and that was too bad for Ty. He nourished a gnawing desire for revenge on the perfidious Cousin Billy.

He let the thing cool off, though, then later one night he asked his mother sweetly if Cousin Billy could come and stay all

night. She said that was perfectly okay.
"Can he sleep with me?"
"Why, yes."

That night Ty waited until Billy was deep in dreamland. Then he broke a flock of stench bombs under the bed, slipped out of the room and locked the door. Cousin Billy had a horrible night.

Adolescence ended Tyrone's boyhood escapades. And adolescence came to him almost as maturity to most boys. He was still thin, growing tall and almost too handsome. For a long time his best girl, literally, was Ann. She was the only one to wear his school ring. He took Ann to the first dances, buying her corsages out of his drug store pay. She was always home from the convent on week-ends. Soon other boys began calling up. "Now look," Ty would frown, very much the man of the house, "I don't want you going out with any boys I don't know. Do you hear?" Then Ann had to tell him off.

Raxen and Ruffy . . .

His first date was with Ann's convent chum, a platinum blonde, pretty and vivacious. They went to the Netherland Plaza dancing, and Ty wore his favorite blue double-breasted jacket and white pants. He borrowed his mother's car. He didn't kiss the girl good-night, he was much too self-conscious and dignified then. But there was always a girl from then on, and always they were Ty's style—pretty, full of fun, very feminine. But the minute they started falling—and that was easy—that was the end. Already Ty had his mind on other things.

He seldom paired off—and when he did, Cupid just wasn't kind. There was a girl he met on his own, and maybe she came as close as anyone to getting him hot and bothered.

One summer night he came home and asked to borrow his mother's car. It wasn't unusual. Mrs. Power nodded. "Where are you going?"

"Oh," he said casually. "Just going to take a girl friend home. Nothing special."

"How nice!" said Mrs. Power. "Mind if I ride with you? It's awfully hot tonight. I'll sit in the back seat and get a breeze."

Tyrone was silent. They drove together, picked up the girl and wheeled slowly through the shady Cincinnati streets. A moon was up to make it worse. Nobody said anything. In the back seat Mrs. Power realized she was about as popular as the measles. There was nowhere to go except straight to the girl's house. Ty stopped on the opposite side of the street, and the girl ran on in alone.

"She's a sweet girl, Tyrone," said Mrs. Power weakly. "Lovely."

No answer. When they got back home Ty climbed out, his face set.

"Okay, Mother," he said. "You win."

Patia Power never made that mistake again. If there was one thing her son insisted on, it was running his own affairs. That's just the way he was made.

Tyrone was working at the Orpheum theater then. He was an usher and he was gorgeous in his fancy braid.

One night, with Grandmother Reaume, she came downtown to the show. Ty was standing stiffly by the door in his gaudy cape. She presented her tickets to Ty. "Well—" she started. But, his face impassive and professional, her son interrupted her.

"This way, ladies," he said formally, as if he'd never laid eyes on them before. He marched them, stunned, down the aisle and waved them to their seats. "I hope these seats are satisfactory, Madame," he intoned majestically. Then he left.

Ty had no movie crushes or idols; he wasn't fan-struck. But he was interested. He'd rate them on charts—Number 1, Number 2, Number 3 performance of

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I SAW IT HAPPEN

Many years ago, Wallace Beery, known then as "Swedie", drove a flashy "bearcat" model roadster at breakneck speed past my home to and from the studio each day. Watching him whiz by, I used to think him a wild and reckless youngster, but one day something happened to change my mind. As he was driving along, Wallace saw a car run down a little puppy and keep right on going. He stopped, carefully picked up the whimpering bundle of fur and carried it to a nearby dog hospital. Yes, the puppy lived and Mr. Beery paid the bill. I know, because the poor little mongrel later became my pet.

Hazel Ernst,
Cleveland, Ohio

the month, and such. He'd analyze the shows and criticize them. And his judgments were surprisingly keen. Mrs. Power began to wonder how long this had been going on. But she really knew. It had been going on a long time.

kid stuff . . .

Signs as far back as Tyrone's babyhood, really, when he'd sit up in the big chair in the front room, stick his papa's strongest pipe in his mouth, grab a newspaper and pretend to read it, frowning, "Don't bodder me. I'm Mitty Power!" Mister Power—indeed! And the time he and Ann had written their "play"—only six years old—out in Alhambra, "Robin Hood and Maid Marian" it was, and of course Ty was Robin. And his tot triumph as "Pablo."

When the senior class at Purcell had to draft Ty, a junior, to play the *ingenue* in their graduation play, how he stormed at home—because in a way it was an insult—he knew they'd picked him because he'd make such a pretty girl. Yet he'd carried off the part like a trouper although it made him sick to do it.

These things added up: The way Tyrone had been writing his father more and, when he showed up in Cincinnati, quizzing him raptly about every detail of his theatrical tours. The nights he spent locked up in his room lying in bed until all hours reading—not romantic adventure magazines—but plays.

He was only 17. Tyrone himself had said that was too young to go on to college without a year to see what the world was like, and his mother agreed. Once, the year before, he had startled her by asking calmly one evening.

"Mother, what do you want me to do when I finish school?"

And, though nonplussed, she had come up with a sensible answer.

"It's not my choice, Tyrone. You can be a fireman or a policeman or whatever you like. But"—and then she said the line that Tyrone never forgot—"you've got to be the best!"

It was a week before graduation that Tyrone came home early from school one day. Classes were already out at Schuster-Martin. But Purcell was still in session. Patia Power was surprised. "Ill?"

"No," said Ty. "I haven't been to school. I've been walking around," he said. "Thinking. I've made up my mind, Mother. I'm not going to college. I'm going to be an actor."

Mrs. Power was pleased. There was a lot he could learn to start him out right there in Cincinnati at Schuster-Martin. After all, he'd been only casually exposed to dramatics there. A year of hard work with

her and the staff at school wouldn't hurt him. He was so young. It was fine.

"No," said Ty. "I want to go away. Do you mind?"

"No."

"Aren't you afraid for me?"

Patia Power thought a minute on that one. "No!" she said.

Ty grinned and kissed her. "That's swell!" he said. "Here's my idea. I'll go wherever Father is and study. I'll learn all he knows, and then I'll be old enough to go it alone. But I want to start now."

His father's wire said to come along. He was in Canada, summering. Two days after graduation Tyrone Power was down at the station. His bag was small; he didn't even have a tuxedo. He left his home town at 17, and he knew he wouldn't come back until he had made good. Patia Power knew that, too, when the train pulled out. She knew her son. So Tyrone Power, Junior, joined Tyrone Power, Senior, in a resort near Quebec. They came down to New York in the fall and took an apartment. Proudly Power, Senior, took his tall, handsome son around to the Lambs Club and the Players. To break him in, he found him some small parts in his own Shakespearean plays.

They went on to Chicago for Fritz Lieber's Shakespeare Repertory at the Civic Auditorium.

One day his father came into the hotel, smiling. "How'd you like to go out to California?" he said.

"Hollywood?"

His father nodded. "Paramount wants me for 'The Miracle Man,'" he explained. "Won't do you any harm to get the feel of pictures yourself?"

Christmas passed—his first Christmas with dinner at a restaurant and only telephone calls back home. He tried to shake off a vague disturbing loneliness. And then a couple of days before New Year's, December 30, Tyrone Power, Senior, went to work at the studio. He played an old man in "The Miracle Man," and he did a death scene. When he got back to the club, he told Ty he felt a little tired.

In the middle of the night Ty woke up. He heard a noise from the bed across the room. A gasp. He leaped out of bed and ran across. His father's eyes were open, and he was struggling for breath.

He died in a few minutes, in Ty's arms.

But in those few minutes Tyrone Power, Junior, grew several years. He was still just 18. But next morning there was a different expression on his face. His mirror told him he was no longer a boy. He was a man. He wasn't Tyrone Power, Junior, any more, leaning on the fame of his father.

He was Tyrone Power now—and he was on his own.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Part II of Tyrone Power's life story will appear in the January issue of MODERN SCREEN.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My little brother, whom I'd taken downtown with me, had been both-ering me for ice cream and candy all afternoon long. When I couldn't ignore him any longer, I said, "Don't be silly. Only babies keep wanting candy and ice cream. Grownups eat at meal time." But he finally wore me down and, crossing the street to a drug store, we strode up to the counter and found Hedy Lamarr (in town on a bond tour) swinging on a stool, licking an ice cream cone.

Estelle Belanger
Newark, N. J.

TWO HEARTS FOR LANA

(Continued from page 37)

upon careful examination he discovered that the designs consisted of small bunches of strawberries rampant.

On another occasion, he wasn't free until Sunday morning. Lana, breakfasting when he arrived, had a wonderful new idea. She was going to have her dressing room re-done. Fresh paint, new curtains, the dressing table chair reupholstered and new wallpaper applied. "Here is a sample of the one I like best," she announced blithely.

Steve accepted it, then cringed. White background splashed crimsonly with modernistic strawberries. "What do you say to our postponing this job until after the little guy gets here?" he said tentatively. "There's just a chance, honey—just a slight chance—that you aren't going to be nearly so fond of strawberries in another year."

"Now that you mention it," grinned Lana, "I'll have to admit that there may be something in what you say."

P.S. The dressing room won't be re-decorated for some time now. When it is, Lana is practically positive that the color scheme won't be red and white.

Steve, himself—like a good many prospective fathers—was going through a period of emotional adventure. In thinking about the childhood of the coming youngster (perfection was what he had in mind), he carefully scanned, in retrospect, his own childhood in order to plan similarities of happiness and to supply those things which he had lacked.

This mental list ever before him, Steve happened to be in downtown Los Angeles one afternoon, when he met a man with a roly-poly, silken-coated lion cub for sale. As a youngster, Steve had spent a good deal of spare time inspecting the winter quarters of the Hagenbach-Wallace Circus and had developed an exotic desire to own a lion cub. At last he had the opportunity. So he bought same, complete with small harness and a lead chain, and took it home.

"You don't mind if I keep it, do you, honey?" he asked Lana, who managed valiantly to move her head from side to side while she stared in apprehensive bewilderment at the newest addition to the Crane fauna which consisted pre-lionishly of two toy Pomeranians, a Peke and a Great Dane. Incidentally, the Great Dane had never before been known to be afraid of anything up to and including a five-

I SAW IT HAPPEN

This is a story of two corporals from AAFTTC-Yale who were standing on the green in New Haven watching the cadet retreat ceremony. Recognizing one of them as Tony Martin, my friend tapped him on the shoulder, pointed to the other corporal standing a few feet away and said, "Pardon me, soldier, but isn't that fellow a movie actor?" Corporal Martin made a grimace and grinned, "That guy? No, lady, he's no actor. He's a bum." My friend promptly tucked her autograph book back in her pocket and walked away—to be informed, too late, that said "bum" was Corp. Broderick Crawford.

Jeanne M. Nichols
Hamden, Conn.

This Little Wallflower Bloomed Last Night



1 Imagine! Just yesterday she was a lonely wallflower! No man ever picked her, for she looked old... though she wasn't really!... but it's looks that count! And 'twas all her face powder's fault... for its color was dead and lifeless... which made her skin look faded... and added years to her age!



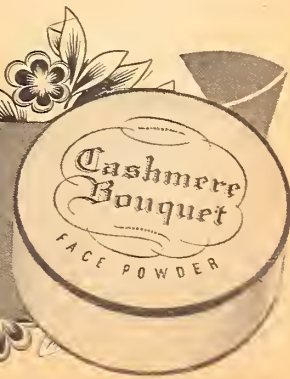
2 But then—oh, lucky day—she tried the glamorous new youthful shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder... shades that are matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth in full bloom! How thrilled she was! And how thrilled you'll be... because there's a new shade of Cashmere Bouquet to bring out the allure... all the natural, young coloring in your complexion... no matter what your age!

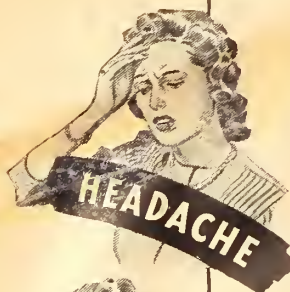


3 So, what happened? You guessed it! Now she's loved, as a fair flower should be... thanks to that smooth, kissable, youthful look that Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! And she's found, as you will, that her lucky new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet is color-blended... never streaky! It's color-smooth, too... goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly for hours on end!

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*Externally-caused.



ton furniture van, but when he set eyes on the lion cub he uttered a communique in a high, clear yelp and withdrew to the sulking silence of his house.

In the evenings Lana and Steve sat opposite one another, on the huge, billowy lounges that distinguish their living room, and made plans for the baby-to-be. Beside Steve curled the lion cub, cat-napping and breaking out in an occasional purr that sounded like a P-38 in a power dive. "My, isn't he the prettiest thing," Lana said, in a small voice, feeling extremely expectant-motherish. "You're sure he's perfectly safe?"

the stork and the cranes . . .

"As a kitten," said Steve. However, when he romped with the second generation jungle kid, he always wore heavy leather gloves out of respect for the kid's claws. One day, in the midst of a tussle, the cub forgot that all areas above the glove were out of bounds and took a nice clawful of Crane from upper arm to wrist.

The next day the cub had a new home, and Lana had a new evening spot for relaxation: on the same lounge with Steve.

He devoted some time those evenings to mentioning the advantages of having his son eventually attend Wabash College, his own alma mammy. "It only enrolls five hundred male students a year," he explained with enthusiasm. "It's run on the Oxford plan. Oh, I tell you, it's really a great school."

Lana rolled impish blue eyes at him. "Since the school doesn't take girls, I'm afraid our baby won't be accepted. I'm just sure she's going to be a girl, Steve."

"A boy," said Steve firmly.

luscious as lana . . .

Came the moment when Steve looked down at his daughter's small face framed with wavy black hair. She was less than an hour old at the time, but with all the unfailing perspicacity of the new father, Steve could denote likenesses. "She's perfectly beautiful, honey," he told Lana excitedly. "Her forehead and her eyes are like mine, but her fancy little nose, her mouth and chin are exactly like yours."

"I told you she'd be a girl," said Lana happily and went off to sleep.

Little Miss Crane was not only a beautiful baby, but a gallant one. At the delicate age of five hours she was removed to the Children's Hospital where she could be given a transfusion to alleviate an anemic condition, and there she had to remain for a month.

QUIZ CLUES

(Continued from page 8)

Set 2

1. Metro veteran
2. Cookie's mom
3. Up from vaudeville
4. Pedestaled
5. Born: Pentiction, B. C.
6. Screwball
7. Stardom's still ahead
8. Strictly Dixie's
9. Dark-eyed dilly
10. Teamed with Tracy
11. 6' 4"
12. You'll Never Know
13. Perennial bachelor
14. Dim wit
15. Blonde and bland
16. Arrived in "Oxbow Incident"
17. Younger set's heart-throb
18. Hep kitten
19. Dominican dynamite
20. Of Hollywood's Four Hundred

(Next set of clues on page 97)

During the first few days Lana was too busy resting and regaining her strength to become restless. The doctor and the nurses said the baby was getting along fine, so Lana would take another nap. However, toward the end of the week she began to fret. When Steve arrived to visit one night, she had been crying. "You aren't telling me the truth," she sobbed. "There's something wrong with her. I just know it."

Steve did his best to reassure her without much success, so he went in search of the doctor. The two of them used their forensic zeal on the young mother who simply cried with more determination than ever and accused with trembling lips. "I'll bet she has a strawberry mark . . . and you're trying to keep it a secret from me."

In spite of themselves the doctor chuckled and Steve grinned. Relenting, the doctor said, "You're probably doing yourself more harm by lying here dreaming up nightmares than would be done by a wheelchair trip from here over to the Children's Hospital. It's only three blocks away. If you'll stop crying, be a good girl and rest tomorrow morning, you may go visit your daughter in the afternoon."

Lana awakened early, filled with that tinsel-veined feeling that foretells a thrilling day. From six in the morning until two in the afternoon, when she was placed in a wheelchair, trundled down the antiseptic hallways and placed in the elevator, Lana looked at her watch 42,569 times.

It was the longest eight-hour period she could remember since childhood, when it required two weeks for the 24th of December to pass. Also, the three blocks, traversed by means of flower-bordered back walks between the two hospitals, was the longest trip Lana had ever taken. Her wheelchair moved at a speed best described as the millenium creep.

But nothing can be delayed forever. Mrs. Crane was finally established in a small room just off the nursery and fitted with a gauze mask. "A fine way for my daughter to see her mother for the first time," she mumbled with difficulty through the medical snow storm.

The baby was awake, studying the world with solemn dark blue eyes. The nurse placed her in Lana's arms to be cuddled with that tenderness too poignant to be described. "Her hands!" said Lana. "Her chubby little hands!" And, unaccountably, she was crying again. She was seized with the impulse to clutch the warm little bundle in a fierce embrace, but of course it was one of those things that exists only in the mind and is never conveyed to the muscles.

"She smiled at me," Lana confided ecstatically to the beaming nurse.

"Babies at that age don't yet know how to smile," corrected the nurse gently. "She's just learning how to control her facial muscles in the same way that she learns, by batting her hands, to control her arms."

"All the same, she smiled at me," said Lana with finality. Afterward she told Steve, "I guess I can tell when my own baby smiles at me."

Steve's commanding officer had been extremely kind; he had allowed Steve a 30-day Class A pass, which meant that Steve could leave the Fort every afternoon around five o'clock and drive to Los Angeles. He had to report early the next morning, of course, but his free hours allowed him to visit both Lana and the baby—in their separate hospital—every night.

He seldom arrived empty-handed. On one occasion he brought Lana a package that had arrived from the East. It contained a beautiful white wool crib cover and a musical rattle from Steve's mother.

At another time he marched in with a diminutive shoe box under one arm.



A recent portrait of
CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
by Maria de Kammerer

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"Bootees," he explained. "Blue ones."
 "But little girls are supposed to wear pink ones."

"They didn't have any pink ones. Besides, I've always liked blue as a color."

He arrived another evening to spread out a jeweler's receipt on Lana's bed. He had ordered a baby ring, a bracelet (to which links can be added indefinitely as the young lady grows) and a St. Christopher medal on a fine chain, all in a matching set. Not only do the three yellow gold pieces match one another, they match the twin sets that Lana and Steve wear.

Not only is Steve one of these about-to-burst-with-pride fathers; he is a superlatively cooperative husband as well. As soon as Lana was able to go home from the hospital—under doctor's orders to take a series of exercises each day—Mr. Crane established the exercise schedule. "Now, you're supposed to do this for five minutes," he instructed. Together, the Cranes counted. "One, two. One, two."

back in form...

When Lana went to the hospital the day before the baby arrived, she weighed nearly 145 pounds. Today she weighs 115 and looks like a high school freshman. The first day she returned to Metro to visit, she was the envy of every girl on the lot. "Lana," sighed one of her friends, "always does everything so beautifully. She has a baby, then comes back with a figure that looks as if she had just spent two months skiing at Sun Valley. What a girl!"

"At least part of the credit should go to Steve," Lana said loyally. "He encourages me to keep up the exercise..." She grinned suddenly. "Some of them are a lot harder for him to do than they are for me."

Not only does Miss Cheryl have a pair of highly cooperative and photogenic parents, they're sensible as well. "I imagine you'll want her to get an early start as an actress," a friend suggested. "She looks as if she's going to be a beautiful little

girl, curly hair, blue eyes and wonderful smile."

Lana shook her mane of long blonde hair vigorously. "We want her to have a perfectly normal childhood. We want her to grow up as if she were living in Indianapolis, Indiana, or Wallace, Idaho. Then, when she's grown, we think that will be time enough for her to decide what she wants to do. No matter what she does, we want her to be tops, and that means that we'd a lot rather have her be the best popcorn-popper on earth than to be a poor actress."

Steve has now been honorably discharged from the Army. He was inducted originally as a 1B because of a foot condition. Now, however, with training growing more and more strenuous—lavish with 25-mile hikes, and ask any steaming jeep about them—the Army felt that Steve would be more useful in a civilian war effort capacity than he would be in the service.

Is it any wonder that Lana confided to her mother, while bathing the baby one morning, "I keep wondering if I oughtn't to pinch myself just to see if I'm dreaming. I have, for me, the best husband in the world. I have what seems to me to be the dearest baby in the world. I've had a wonderful career, and I think I'll be an even better actress when I go back to work than I was before the baby came. And I have you, Mother. Is it any wonder I'm so happy that I feel like a walking neon light?"

"You've been through a lot and you've worked hard," her mother said placidly. "Now go fix the baby's formula."

"When you go shopping," Lana closed the conversation, "I'll have the baby all to myself, since the nurse is having a day off. Have you thought about that? Today, I'll just be a mother all day. I'll change dummies, fix formulas and keep her amused. Get me—how'm I doing in my new role?"

"Very well," smiled Mrs. Turner. "It's a becoming part."

It certainly is.

FIGHTING FRENCHMAN!

(Continued from page 45)

and crashed around him. He escaped without a scratch.

For that cool episode of heroism—only one of a million more like it as Frenchmen fought and died for their homes in the great May blitz—Jean Pierre Aumont today wears the thin, scarlet ribbon of the Croix de Guerre in his lapel.

Jean Pierre Aumont doesn't look like a hero—neither a Hollywood hero, nor the real McCoy—although he certainly is both. He doesn't look his 31 years; he doesn't even look French. You could take him any day in the week for a young American college halfback. He's tall, boyish and bright with golden-tan skin and tumbling yellow hair that's always messed up in waves. He laughs every other minute; he's crazy about everything he does and everyone he meets. He's friendly and eager as a puppy dog, and he looks as completely without cares. You'd never in a million years look at his merry hazel eyes and guess they have stared into the jaws of death and that behind them now slumbers a fierce passion to kill Nazis and free his beloved France.

A few days ago Jean Pierre left Hollywood and Maria Montez to join the Fighting French. Right now he's in officer's training with the DeGaulle legions, then he goes to London or North Africa.

The day he left Hollywood ended a two-year furlough—as amazing and fantastic as any soldier ever had in any war. Because Jean Pierre considers his stay in Hollywood only a soldier's furlough. The day he fled Vichy France, he swore a grim oath to come back with a gun.

Those two years in between saw Jean Pierre Aumont, a penniless refugee, slip out of the Nazi noose, escape to a land where he couldn't even speak the language, act on the stage with Katharine Cornell, leap to movie stardom in one picture, marry Hollywood's most ravishing siren and rescue his family and friends from the Nazi yoke.

The war looked all over for Jean Pierre after he led his tank outfit from the Nazi trip. Hitler's hordes had swept on past the cut-up French army to corner the British at Dunkirk. The only thing for Sergeant Aumont and his buddies to do was head south in the general retreat. Not to Paris—a claw of the Wehrmacht was reaching for Paris, and the city that is the soul of France was giving up without a battle. Jean Pierre joined the panicked mob that stampeded south like fear-crazed cattle along highways, poplar-lined lanes and across the sunny spring fields of Mid-France. His buddies were quickly scattered and swallowed up. Soon Jean Pierre was left alone with his

motorcycle and his desperate anger. Those are the days that burn still in Jean Pierre Aumont's memory.

going home . . .

He wanted to go into Paris and for a while he thought he might slip in. Jean Pierre is a Parisian. He was born there. He went to school at the Academy of Dramatic Arts, and in Paris he became a stage idol and movie hero. The throb of the boulevards is in his pulse. His mother and father were still there. He had his own apartment with his treasures—his fine old furniture, his stacks of books, his clothes, his collection of French paintings. It was near a gate to Paris, and he knew if he could just get inside the limits, he could find it and rescue the most prized possessions. And he could see his family.

At a cross-roads he saw the sign: "Paris—60 kilos," and Jean headed his motorcycle up the road. The traffic was all one way—out. Nobody was going in. Jean Pierre stepped on it, and as he roared by people looked at him as if he were crazy. They yelled, "Le Boche, le Boche!"

He stopped to borrow a pint of gas from a citizen with a big car. While he siphoned it into his tank, a Parisian he knew called his name. When he learned that Jean Pierre was headed for Paris he said flatly, "It is impossible. The Germans are there."

"I know, but I have reasons." And

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Jean told them.

"No," said his friend. "Those are no longer reasons." He said the Germans had swarmed in the very gate where Jean's apartment was. Of course, they had looted it the first thing.

"But my family." His friend looked dismayed. "Where is my family?"

"Your father has left the city for the south," he said. "Your brother, as you know, is somewhere with the army. Your mother is dead."

Jean was stunned. "The Huns!"

The friend nodded. "Yes—not bombs or bullets. But just the same it was the Germans who killed her. She saw them come into the city. That was when her heart stopped."

That was why Jean Pierre joined the mob that went south. There was nowhere else for him to go. There was nothing for him now in Paris.

For days he crawled south on his motorcycle. When it coughed, out of gas, he pushed it. At last he abandoned it and walked. The roads were a crawling nightmare, a long winding slaughterhouse. Stukas swept over, bombing and striding the gigantic traffic jam. Killing children, old folks, crazily blasting stricken

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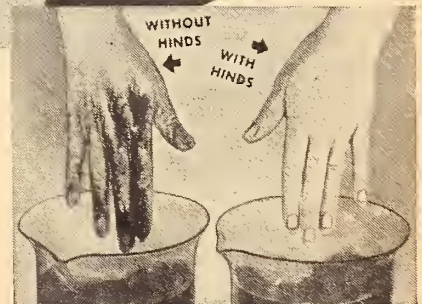
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PHOTO AT RIGHT shows results of test. Hand at left did not use Hinds lotion before dipping into dirty oil. Grime and grease still cling to it, even after soapy-water washing. Hand at right used Hinds before dipping into same oil. But see how clean it washes up. Whiter-looking!

BEFORE WORK—smooth on Hinds hand lotion to reduce risk of grime and irritation which may lead to ugly dermatitis—"Absentee Hands"—if neglected.

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humanity into quivering roadside death. There was no escape and no mercy from the black swastika-marked murderous wings. Empty cars stalled and blocked the roads. The retreating armies could not move. Jean Pierre saw all the ugly marks of sabotage and treason. His heart was sick.

He walked south for three weeks. Over 500 miles.

Jean Pierre does not like to talk about those three weeks. Some days of it still actually remain a blank in his memory. But some days he cannot forget. He was not frightened for himself. He had been through worse shot and shell in the blitz at the front. But the sight of his country bleeding itself to death from long helpless arteries made him sick.

So he walked until the soles dropped off his shoes. Sometimes he hitched a ride on a troop lorry until it was wrecked by a bomb or ran out of gas. He slept in ditches by the road where the mud was mixed with blood and sometimes in abandoned barns with the stock.

Jean Pierre carried lost kids with him until their parents found them. He tried to save a young boy's life on the roadside when a fragment tore open his throat. But actors are not surgeons. He ate wherever he could find food and that, sometimes, was surprisingly easy. Peasants had abandoned their farms leaving the livestock there that couldn't be driven off. Jean milked abandoned cows and passed the milk to the kids on the road. It is hard for Jean Pierre to think, now, of all the things he did or all that actually happened to him or when. Time had no meaning. People fell, gushing blood from wounds or staggered from concussion all around him. Dirt blew in his face, and he was often knocked flat. But for some reason Jean Pierre Aumont was spared. He survived to drag into Toulouse one day, in rags, his skin black with sun and dirt and a beard to make him a real "hairy one," a *poilu*.

Then he learned of the infamous treaty at Versailles. It had only one slight consolation. Toulouse was in Unoccupied France. At least he would not have the Nazi heel directly on his neck. There might now be another place for a Frenchman to fight from. Sergeant Jean Pierre Aumont reported to the army. He expected surely to be outfitted again and sent to Africa. France could not fall. But like the hopes of millions of French patriots, Jean Pierre's were blasted. The Vichy regime took over. He was demobilized by terms of the treaty.

You'd think an experience like that would harden a man—especially a sensitive actor like Jean Pierre Aumont—a defeatist complex and an outlook as bitter as quinine. That's what amazes you when you meet the guy today. He's full of fun and pep and spunk.

He was that way, too, in a lopped off France where everything was cockeyed and where rabbits were running the country. Where Quislings were aping the Nazis and the sacred words "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" were officially banned. At first, Jean Pierre thought he could do something to help rescue France. As soon as he had located his father and brother and a few friends from Paris, he set about seeing what he could do to help. He was no longer a soldier—that was forbidden—but he still could act.

He gathered together a troupe of refugee Parisian actors and toured Unoccupied France and the African Empire giving shows. The shows were all traditional plays dear to the French race, glorifying its history, making French blood run faster and pride surge up in defeated hearts. Jean Pierre played every French legend from the "Chanson de Roland" on down. He went all over "free" France and to Algiers, Tunis, Casablanca, Rabat, Bizerte. How much good he did he doesn't know. But when he got back to France he saw Vichy knuckling under more and more to the *Herrenvolk*.

Sooner or later Germany would have all of France, either actually or by traitor rule. There would be nothing for a patriot but the firing squad. Jean Pierre resolved to run away so he could fight another day.

It wasn't as easy as it sounded. Jean applied for a passport to the United States. Refused. What was the reason? Jean had none. Then he found an old friend and mentor, Jouvett, who had been the Orson Welles of France when Jean Pierre was studying for the Comedie Francaise. Jouvett was leaving with some actors to play in South America. He asked Jean Pierre along.

But, when he applied for his passport, there was a mysterious delay. Jouvett's troupe had to leave without him. Jean Pierre still doesn't know what it was all about—whether his patriotic plays made Vichy suspicious—or whether it was just a mess of red tape. Finally one day they called him. "Your passport is now ready. But what is your reason now? Your company is already in South America." Jean Pierre thought fast.

"Oh," he said, "I have a stage offer en

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1943.
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, Albert Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the names of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1943.

(SEAL) JEANNETTE SMITH. (My Commission expires March 30, 1944.)

route in New York. It is very important." He lied, of course. He didn't know one producer in New York. But they handed him a passport for South America with a transit visa to the United States and he didn't ask questions. He took the train through Spain to Lisbon. He had two suits and three shirts and a little over \$500, which he'd borrowed from friends.

Jean Pierre took a Portuguese boat out of Lisbon the next day for New York. He rode in the steerage, sleeping on the floor, packed in with hundreds of other refugees. The passage was \$500, and later when he sent for his father and brother it had jumped to \$1000. Jean Pierre had only a few hundred dollars more than that. But nothing could dampen his spirits.

It didn't bother him a bit when he landed in New York with hardly a dollar in his pocket. He was entranced by the wonderful city. The first day he walked all over it, until his legs almost fell off, bareheaded, in an old mussed suit, muttering "Marvelous!" as he crooked his neck up at the tall buildings.

He found a tiny hotel room for \$10 a week. He didn't have the ten but he knew he would have. This America was too marvelous. It had something for him. He went to bed that night smiling because he felt free and shot with luck. Sure enough, the next morning, walking down Fifth Avenue, he ran into a successful playwright he had known in Paris, in whose plays and movies he had even acted. "What are you doing here, Jean Pierre?" cried Henri Bernstein, as if he was seeing a vision. "I have been cabling all over France and London for you!"

Jean Pierre just grinned. He knew he was lucky. He felt fine.

"Katharine Cornell is producing a play of mine," he explained. "There is a part of a Frenchman. You are the one to do it. Heaven must have sent you."

They hustled over to Guthrie McClintic's office (he's Katharine Cornell's producer husband) and met Cornell. She was struck at once with the handsome, enthusiastic Frenchman. Jean Pierre was signed up that afternoon for "Rose Burke," Cornell's new play. It was about the French underground. Jean Pierre thought in that small way he could make a start to fight back for his country.

As if to keep up the lucky run, that same evening, Jean Pierre called another Parisian friend, whom Bernstein had told him was in New York. The friend, the famous poet and novelist, Antoine de Saint Exupery, (who wrote "Wind, Sand and Stars" and "Flight to Arras") was delighted to hear from Jean Pierre. "Where are you staying?" he asked.

"I am leaving for London tomorrow," said Saint Exupery. "You must move into my apartment." The apartment was a penthouse facing Central Park. It rented for \$400 a month.

From then on, everything that happened to Jean Pierre Aumont was wonderful. He went up to Canada and played in the French country that knew him from his Parisian movies. He found old friends in and around New York. He found Anna-bella, with her husband, Tyrone Power, up in Connecticut doing the summer stock circuit.

Then his transit visa ran out. He had to leave the United States and go—of all places—to Honduras! That's where his passport read, Honduras.

Anyone else might have been crushed by this bit of international red tape. But Jean Pierre's eager good nature accepted it as an opportunity. He sailed to Honduras, and spent his allotted time touring every country he could get to—Nicaragua, Panama, Guatemala, Mexico, Cuba. Then he came into the United States on a per-

(Continued on page 86)

Lovely
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"I have used Arrid for years and like it immensely ... and I notice that Arrid is used by many other friends in the stage, screen and radio world."

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Holland



Here you see Philip Dorn in the process of preparing Poffertjes—which are not for the likes of us, because we can't secure the special iron in which they're cooked.



But we can all enjoy hearty, simple Dutch specialties, like Bal Gehakt and Hutspot—which are great favorites with Philip and for which Mrs. Dorn gave us recipes.

• It was back in 1939 that Philip Dorn, well known Dutch actor, left Holland for Hollywood. Thus he escaped those tragic five days in May, 1940, when the Germans overran his native land and ruthlessly and wantonly destroyed its neutrality—that highly prized and jealously guarded neutrality which had brought a hundred years of peace and prosperity to a freedom loving people.

But, although thousands of miles from his homeland, in his film roles Mr. Dorn has never traveled far from the continent of his birth—having depicted Europeans consistently and, as we all know, with distinction, ever since his arrival in America. (You remember him as the Yugoslavian General in "Chetniks" and more recently as a Frenchman in 20th Century-Fox's "Paris After Dark." You'll see him next in Warners' "Passage to Marseilles.")

In his habits and personal preferences Philip Dorn is still almost as much a Hollander at heart as he was back in the days when he was a proud member of the "Queen's Guard." Certainly this is the case where his food tastes are concerned. For although his wife, Marianna, has learned how to prepare many American dishes, no week is considered complete, gastronomically, unless several Dutch specialties appear on the Dorn dinner table. Some of these food favorites of theirs are closely connected with the traditions of their native land. For example there's *Hutspot*—about which Philip had this interesting tale to tell.

It seems that Hollanders all over the world serve *Hutspot* on the 3rd of every October, to commemorate the lifting of the Siege of Leiden—known as *Leiden Ontzet*. According to the story—which is as well known to every little Dutch boy and girl as the Battle of Bunker Hill is to our children—in 1573, during the Eighty Years War, Philip II of Spain sent the Duke of Alva to clean up "those people of butter and cheese" as he scornfully termed the Dutch. The Duke's armies camped around Leiden for a full year—trying to starve out that city. Within its gates people were dying in the streets; but although reduced to eating dogs, cats and even shoes, the doughty Dutchmen stubbornly refused to yield!

Then, on October 3rd, a starving 11-year-old boy, in search of food, crept out of town and into the enemy camp. It was he who discovered that the discouraged Spaniards had folded their tents and stolen away. In their deserted camp the youth found a concoction of onions, carrots and potatoes. Behold, *Hutspot*—which Dutchmen have been eating ever since.

You, too, will like this idea of combining several vegetables in a single dish, where the identity of each is merged into a tasty whole. You may even wish to serve it with new herring, as the Dutch do. But speaking for myself I prefer Mrs. Dorn's idea of surrounding this vegetable melange with Bal Gehakt—Meat Balls to you—which turn out to be as tasty as one could wish and as thrifty as all get out!

Another Dutch favorite that I learned about from the Dorns goes by the intriguing name of *Snert*. This is a fine, filling soup. In fact "hearty" would best describe this and almost all Dutch dishes, for they go in for copious quantities of heavy foods.

Also, according to Philip, we should all become acquainted with *Poffertjes*. But since the Dorns own one of the only three Poffertjes pans in the United States, we'll have to wait until after the war to make them. Meanwhile we can enjoy the other point-wise recipes given us by the Dorns. As we do, we can hope with Philip and Hollanders everywhere that their brave little country will, as he

By Marjorie Deen

expressed it, "soon regain its status as one of the most prosperous nations in the world—to resume its march of progress in the proud company of FREE men!"

HUTSPOT (Vegetable Medley)

- 2 pounds carrots
- 1 pound onions
- 2 pounds potatoes
- 2 tablespoons butter or other fat
- Salt, pepper

Scrape and slice carrots, peel and slice onions. Cook, separately, in small amount of boiling water until tender. Drain, reserving carrot water. Peel and dice potatoes, cook until tender, drain thoroughly. Mash all together, or force through coarse sieve. Blend with butter, season to taste. Moisten with a little of the carrot liquid, if desired. Place over low heat, or in top of double boiler for 10 minutes, to blend flavors. Serves 4-6.

Another good vegetable combination for Hutspot is potatoes and cabbage—with or without onions, as desired. In preparing this the potatoes only are mashed—the cabbage (and the onions, when used) being cooked and chopped, then blended with the potatoes lightly, so that they retain their identity. A sprinkling of nutmeg at the very last adds flavor and distinction.

BAL GEHAKT (Meat Balls)

- 2 slices stale bread
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water
- 1 pound ground beef
- 2 Holland rusks
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 small onion, minced
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 cup tomato juice

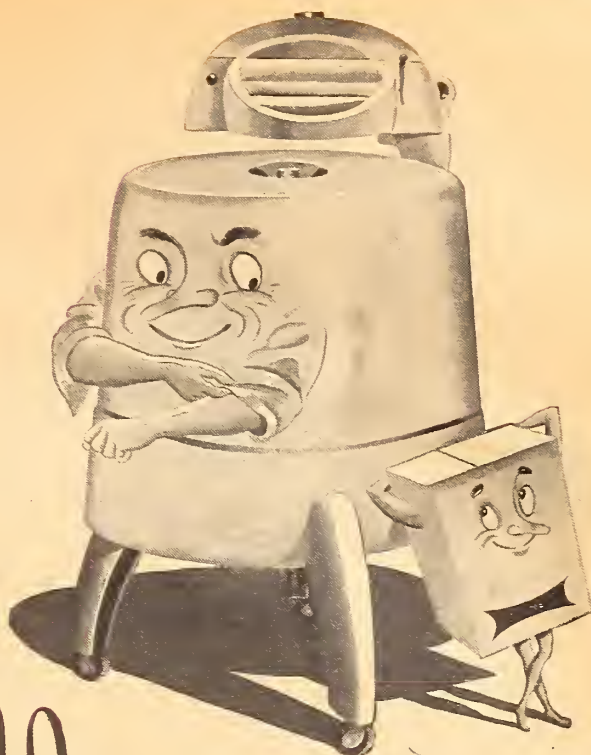
Soak the bread in the hot water. Add the meat, the rusks which have been crumbled into crumbs, the parsley, salt, pepper and nutmeg. Mix together thoroughly. (Mrs. Dorn advises performing this operation with your hands.) Mix in the onion and egg with a fork. Form into 8 large flat cakes, with slightly floured hands. Fry on both sides in hot fat until browned. Add the tomato juice, cover tightly, simmer 15 minutes. Serve on hot platter surrounding Hutspot. Serves 4.

SNERT (Dried Green Pea Soup)

Wash and pick over $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups dried green peas. Cover with cold water, soak overnight. In the morning drain, place in kettle with $2\frac{1}{2}$ quarts water. Bring to a boil, add 2 pig's feet.* Cover and simmer 3 hours, or until meat can be easily detached from the bone. Strain. Return soup to kettle, together with meat cut from bone. Add 4 slices leeks**, 1 stalk celery, chopped, 1 diced carrot, 1 diced potato and 1 tablespoon minced parsley. Season to taste. Simmer 1 hour longer. For company purposes strain before serving, advises Mrs. Dorn. But, for regular family use, leave in all the vegetables—which certainly makes this a filling dish as well as an economical one. This soup is so noticeably better the second day that most Dutch housewives prepare it a day ahead.

* A ham bone or marrow bone may be substituted for the pig's feet. But since pig's feet are point free (!) they deserve special consideration.

** Or onions, but leeks are preferable.



"Well—
what are we waiting for?"

Washing Machine—"Why don't they bring me some wash? I'm good and tired of sitting here doing nothing. And by the way, Shorty, where have *you* been?"

Fels-Naptha—"Take it easy, Old-Timer. Don't forget that I'm a very popular lad just now. Your Missus waited three days for me this week."

Washing Machine—"She must be losing her mind. What have you got that other soaps haven't got?"

Fels-Naptha—"Brother, I've got NAPTHA! And do the smart gals go for that. If it wasn't for me, you'd be in the Home for Worn-Out Washers right now."

Washing Machine—"Is that so! Why you little . . ."

Fels-Naptha—"Jiggers! Here she comes. And look at that wash. Lift your lid, Pal, this is a job for Fels-Naptha—and I do mean NAPTHA!"



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MINER'S
Liquid MAKE-UP



(Continued from page 83)
manent passport. He landed in Miami, Florida, and faced the immigration officer.

"Do you plan to kill the President of the United States?" asked the man.

Jean Pierre said he did not.

"Are you a bigamist?"

Jean Pierre said he was a bachelor.

"Okay."

In spite of his lovely accent and new English, Jean Pierre did not make a big Broadway hit in "Rose Burke." It never reached Broadway. In a way, he was lucky it didn't. Instead, Cornell tried out the play all over the United States. Jean Pierre had the time of his life seeing the cities of this great America—Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco. In the Bay City a Hollywood scout saw him and wanted to sign him right away, "Oh, no," replied Jean Pierre politely. "I am engaged in this play. It will probably run for years." It ran one month more.

All he had to do, though, was let M-G-M know he was at liberty. They wired him to come right out to Hollywood for "Assignment in Brittany." The letter explained the story was about a French soldier who slips back into Occupied France and conducts an underground war against the Nazis. That was all he needed.

Jean Pierre Aumont is such an inquisitive, eager gent that the idea of

ARE YOU A TRUTH SLEUTH?

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crashing Hollywood with an ideal part made him jump with joy. Years ago when Charles Boyer had come to Hollywood, he had written J. P. "Come over here at once or you will make the mistake of your life." Jean was so busy abroad then that he couldn't tear away. But in spite of his very real itch to crash Hollywood now, he simply had to do some exploring on the way. That's the way Jean Pierre is made; he has to see something new every minute. Even though he had already toured America by train, he wasn't satisfied. When Philip Merivale, who was also in "Rose Burke," offered his car, Jean Pierre happily set out to drive to California. He didn't notice that the license plates were out of date.

In a small town in Tennessee a local cop did, though. He pinched Jean Pierre. He discovered the car wasn't his. He noticed the accent. He tossed Jean Pierre in jail. A spy, anyway, maybe a saboteur.

They asked Pierre questions. One was, "Would you salute the flag of the United States?" Jean's English failed him for the first time in the confusion. He didn't quite get it.

"Oh, no!" he protested. "Certainly not." That was bad.

It took three days and long distance telephone calls to Merivale and Katharine Cornell to spring Jean Pierre.

He got a lot of hazing on his first picture, "Assignment in Brittany" and when he made "Cross of Lorraine," he really got the works—because it was during that

that he married Maria Montez. That's when they plastered his dressing room with orchids, jazzed up the wedding march and went on from there to some bawdy bits of business that you can't print here. Jean Pierre was a good sport through it all. In fact, he was delighted.

One afternoon in his room at the Beverly Hills Hotel he heard the radio announce the landing of the Yanks in North Africa. At first, Jean paid no attention. He thought it was some military seer predicting what could happen in the future. He turned the box on again at six o'clock. There wasn't any mistake about it. They had landed, and French North Africa was going over to Freedom!

Jean, who was reading on the couch, leaped up and ran downstairs to the desk. When he gets excited he runs around like a chicken with its head off. (He had the darndest time getting married!) Anyway, this time he ran around the hotel—to the swimming pool, the bar, the cigar stand. Finally he hit the right place—the Western Union booth. He sent off a telegram to the Free French Headquarters in Washington. He asked to enlist.

But they sent him to New York first, to beam propaganda broadcasts to France for the OWI. He beamed another kind of propaganda elsewhere that trip, too.

Because it was there that Jean Pierre went to a stag luncheon at "Twenty-One" and wanted a match for his cigarette. Why he didn't just ask someone handy for one, he'll never know. But he didn't; instead he slipped down to the first floor and who was sitting at a table but Maria Montez, the Hollywood charmer from San Domingo. She said, "How do you do, Monsieur Aumont."

"Tres bien, merci,—et vous, Made-moiselle Montez?"

She said she was fine and then Jean asked her to dinner and then they went to see the Lunts in "The Pirate." Jean Pierre remembers the date—it was February 13. Before he left New York they were engaged. How's that for fast work?

Maria and Jean Pierre had met briefly before. It was at a party at Lady Mendl's in London. Jean had just made a French picture called "Lac aux Dames." In it he was a swimming teacher who had a resort full of babes just crazy about him. He walked through the picture practically naked, like Tarzan. Someone at Lady Mendl's party said they thought the picture was awful and Jean Pierre an exhibitionist. But Maria said, "I don't know. I kind of like him."

The day they met again was the 13th. Yep—the old running jinx. So they got married in Hollywood on a 13th a couple of months afterwards.

The Aumonts not only make a very easy couple to look upon, but they're ideally suited. Maria, volatile and full of life like Jean, had travelled a lot in Europe, knows the same people he does and has the Continental approach to life. She has been one of the most popular of the recent Hollywood charmers, of course, and was engaged to a British flyer who was killed before she met Jean Pierre. Jean had been concentrating on Joan Crawford and Hedy Lamarr before he met Maria. She'll have her work as Universal's jungle siren to keep her warm while Jean's away in the army.

When Jean Pierre left Hollywood the other day to rejoin, there was a farewell party, of course. His scores of adoring Hollywood pals weren't going to miss seeing him off and wishing him luck.

"Frankly, Jean," said somebody, "I don't see why you feel you must leave. After all, you've certainly done your part."

Jean's face sobered. "I am a Frenchman," he said, "And my country must be free."

Farewell to Happiness!

You may be startled by this frankly-written story . . . But wise wives will see the answer to many an unhappy marriage!

LOOKING back, Mary tried to remember just when it was that Jim had begun to change. That might tell her what was wrong.

It wasn't as if they really quarreled. If they did . . . she might find a clue. But how could you quarrel with a husband who just stayed aloof and silent—and drifted farther and farther away, taking your happiness with him.

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YOU SHOULD, however, be warned here about two definite threats to happiness. First, the danger of infection present every day in every woman's life. Second, *the most serious deodorization problem any woman has . . . one which you may not suspect.* And what to use, as a precaution, is so important. That's why you ought to know about Zonite antiseptic.

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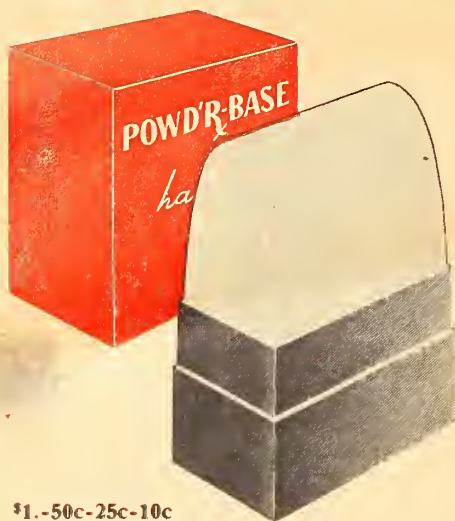


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"HIS BUTLER'S SISTER"

PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 49)

The day the company was scheduled to shoot it, Deanna arrived burdened down with knives, forks, spoons, announced that as long as she would have to expend all that energy during rehearsals and takes she might as well get one of her household chores done at the same time.

During production, leading man Franchot Tone was expecting to become a father at any moment. Halfway through the picture, his wife Jean called him at 2:00 one afternoon, hinted that the flapping of the stork's wings was getting louder, and maybe he'd better come take her to the hospital. The shooting schedule was rearranged so they could make scenes without Tone, and the next afternoon he was back handing out blue-banded cigars to his fellow cast members, both men AND women. Confided Tone: "I thought I could be very sophisticated about this whole thing, but I'm not at all!" The beaming papa also announced the baby's new name, Pascal.

Pat O'Brien's midget car was the envy of everyone on the lot. Each day he would smugly announce some new, saving feature he had just discovered, as he drove it right onto the sound stage. Finally the other A-card holders, with their gas-eating king-size cars, decided a practical joke was in order, to counteract the O'Brien boastfulness. The very next day, he finished his scenes early, strolled to his little auto, hopped in, started it and turned back to wave farewell to the unlucky people who still had hours of work to do. Shifting into first, he stepped on the gas. But instead of spurting forward in a graceful arc toward the street, he discovered he wasn't moving an inch! The boys had propped up his back wheels on wooden blocks, and before he could move the baby buggy, he had to get out and lug and tug at the props.

Tippy, Deanna's famous pooch, died one night though Deanna took him to a veterinarian the moment she discovered he was looking a little pale. (He had been her pal ever since she made "Three Smart Girls.") She didn't have enough gas to go all the way home again, so she spent the rest of the night at the dog hospital and went right to work from there.

On her few days off, Deanna went shopping for wedding presents for Sally Wohl, her pretty brunette secretary. When she was younger, Deanna used to dress like a sophisticate of 21 so she could shop unrecognized. Now that the public is used to seeing her in things by Adrian, she reverses the procedure and dons bobby socks, dirndls and matching bandannas for her store-searching tours.

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We've got a story to tell you. A story too big, too vital to squinch down into a couple of inches of space. It's about the Junior Red Cross and the colossal job it's doing for service men, for kids in bomb-torn places abroad, for our own civilian population. It's a story about a bunch of bright-eyed kids in high school serving as messengers, Nurses' Aides, staff assistants, in canteens. You're terribly important in this war, you with the saddle shoes and the bows in your hair. So important that you just mustn't waste a day getting down to your local Red Cross chapter and signing up with the Juniors.

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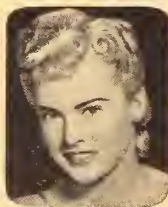
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"HIS BUTLER'S SISTER" STORY

(Continued from page 49)

and her face went very grave before she laughed again. "You don't know me, Martin," she said, as if discovering some amazing fact.

"No," the man said.
"You haven't changed a bit. Not really. But I forgot I've grown up. You probably remember me in pigtails and freckles and a shiny nose. Martin, I'm Ann!"
"Annie?" the man said incredulously. "Little Annie?"

"I suppose I should have told you I was coming. But I wanted to surprise you—"

"You did," Martin said.
"After all, I always knew I was coming to New York, and when you sent the letter and the money, well, I just up and came. I'm going on the stage, Martin—"
"Are you?" he said.

"And, of course, if I came to New York, I wouldn't dream of staying anywhere but with you. But I never expected anything like this. Martin, this is like a palace. It's wonderful. Oh, I knew you were rich, Martin, when you sent me the money, but I never thought—"

"You can't stay here," Martin said. She swung around as if he had hit her: "Can't? Why?"

"Look, kid," he said. "There isn't any room."

"But this place is huge." She looked around bewildered. "It's enormous."
Martin said suddenly, sharply. "It isn't mine. That's why."

"Not yours?"
"I just work here," Martin said swiftly. "Look, kid. I'm the butler. That's all. Just the butler."

"The butler," Ann said and collapsed into a chair.

"And you're the butler's sister. And I don't know how the boss is going to do for that."

Practical scrubwoman . . .

She was still under the spell of the beautiful room. The large gracious french windows looked out on a terrace that hovered over the sparkling Manhattan skyline. "Two pianos," Ann said in dazed voice. "Two pianos."

"Yeah. That's the boss' business. Charles Gerard. Ever hear of him?"

"Ever hear of him?" Ann said. "Everybody knows Charles Gerard. Everybody sings his music. He's wonderful."

"Maybe," Martin said. "But he's coming home tomorrow, and I don't know how he goes for sisters."

"Martin!" the girl said.

"Now wait a minute," Martin said. "I couldn't ask for anything better," Ann said. "Charles Gerard. If I could just sing for him—"

"That's out," Martin said. "He hates me singing for him. I comb them out of his hair every morning."

"Or even just be around. Couldn't I work here, Martin? Anything. Cleaning. Scrubbing. A maid—"

"We do need a maid."

"Then it's all settled," she said happily. "He doesn't have to know I'm your sister."
"But no chirping," Martin said. "You never heard of singing. And don't talk so much either."

"Oh, Martin," Ann said ecstatically. "I'll be a wonderful maid. Wait. You'll see."
"Yeah," Martin said gloomily.

ring fever . . .

Charles Gerard, as it turned out, was

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neither bald headed, grumpy nor addicted to cigars. As a matter of fact he was surprisingly young. And handsome.

"You're the new maid?" he said.

"Yes," Ann said demurely.

"What was your name again?" Ann? Isn't that what Severina told me?"

"Severina?" Ann said. "Oh, the cook."

Charles looked at her a little puzzled.

Martin said fiercely that the more he thought of the idea, the less he liked it. Ann would have to go home. Severina, the cook, said serenely and portentously that as long as Ann was in New York, she had to have a job anyway. Ann said very little. She spent a good deal of her time smiling whenever Charles Gerard hove into view.

The tall handsome building on Park Avenue suddenly and mysteriously began to hum with new life. This was not due to Charles Gerard's music at all; it was due, it seemed, to Mr. Gerard's new maid. Popoff, the butler for a gentleman on the 17th floor, suddenly began to whistle at his work after seeing Ann on the service elevator. Ditto for Jenkins, the butler on the sixth; ditto for Emmet, a dashing uniformed chauffeur; ditto for Reeves; ditto for Moreno.

Charles Gerard was about to step into the passenger elevator one fine afternoon when the service elevator halted at the floor, and Ann emerged, followed almost immediately by her retinue of butlers gathered from the several floors, each carrying a package of Ann's marketing. "Shopping?" said Charles pleasantly.

Ann blushed; she gestured vaguely at the small army behind her: "They're just helping," she said.

"Hmm," said Charles Gerard.

And for some obscure reason he stepped into the passenger elevator whistling.

It might have gone along that way, eternal Spring, but then the Gerard party came along. Martin pattered nervously in the kitchen getting the hors d'oeuvres ready for Ann to take into the living room; Martin had a feeling of doom about that night. He wasn't far wrong.

First: Liz Campbell came.

Liz was really Elizabeth, tall, shining and beautiful. Liz was Society with all the letters capitalized, and Liz was in love with Charles Gerard. Liz couldn't understand his preoccupation with music and shows and Broadway. On the parapet of the terrace that night she coaxed:

"Give it up, darling," she said. "You've made enough money."

"Yes," Charles said. "I suppose I have."

"And, darling, if you care to turn a bit, just a little to the right, you'll find I'm waiting."

He looked at her: "You're beautiful."

"Am I? Really?"

"More than beautiful."

"I'm going up to Maine," she said swiftly. "Come up with me, Charles. You need a change. It would do you good."

"I don't know. There's the show—"

"Let it go. You said yourself the music wasn't going right."

"That's true."

He was leaning toward her when something rattled at the door of the terrace, and Ann's voice said sweetly: "Would you care for anything to eat?"

Liz said no.

That night, too, second of Martin's nightmares, Kalb had hiccups.

Kalb was a little man with a large bankroll; and Kalb was the man who put on all of Gerald's shows.

Kalb said: "Do something, somebody."

Ann did something. She took Kalb's hand and firmly pressed the fingers against his nose. Then she grabbed the lobes of his ears and pulled them forward, half lifting Kalb out of the chair he was sitting

in. Then all at once she released him, and he dropped back like a sack.

"There!" Ann said triumphantly.

"It's gone," Kalb said. "Hic! It's gone."

His hand was still to his nose. But through the spread of his fingers, he was regarding Ann. He was regarding Ann with a sort of stunned look, like a man who has long been in the jungles.

Kalb said: "What a maid!"

Martin was white and shaking.

moonlight sonata . . .

The third thing that happened that night happened after the party. The large apartment was almost dark. Only the light of the moon seeped through the half opened blinds. At one of the pianos in the large living room, Charles Gerard was sitting, letting his fingers stray over the keyboard, striking bits of melody, letting them run. He looked up once and found Ann watching him from a corner.

She said softly: "That was a lovely tune."

"Did you like it?" he said. "I always have, too."

"You write beautiful music," she said.

"Wrote, you mean," he said slowly. "I'm thinking of giving it up."

She didn't say anything, standing there in the shaft of moonlight, and then she turned away: "Good night," she said.

Charles stayed at the piano, watching her go. He felt, somehow, oddly dissatisfied. Well, he was going away; maybe that would help. Change. Liz.

The next morning Martin grinned cheerfully at Ann in the kitchen of the large apartment. Severina was at the stove mumbling in Swedish at the obstinacy of water that refused to boil.

Martin said: "Well, kid, you've had your little fling."

"What do you mean?" Ann said quickly.

"My headache is over. You're going home. Where you belong, too."

"I don't want to go home," she said.

"It's all over, I told you," Martin said.

"The boss is leaving for Maine today! he told me. We don't need a maid anymore."

"He's really going?" she said.

"Sure," Martin said. "That Campbell gal can give lessons to a magnet."

Ann bent her head.

"I'm sorry, kid," Martin said solicitously. "Just figure it as a vacation and that's all. You'll get back home and you'll see . . ."

"Maybe," Ann said.

She rose, and running blindly, she fled from the room. She found herself in the living room. Walking mechanically she headed for the piano and sat down on the small chair, her hands resting on the keys. Then she looked up at the closed door that led to Charles Gerard's room she began to sing. And then, suddenly she thought of Kalb.

exposée . . .

Charles Gerard said to Miss Gurkin who was Kalb's secretary and general factotum: "I've got to see him right away."

Miss Gurkin said: "He's busy just now."

"So am I," Charles said pleasantly and pushed the door open and walked inside.

Kalb was talking to a girl whose back was to Charles as he entered. The back was pretty; it hinted that the front was even prettier. Kalb was saying: "I ain't said you ain't got a voice, see? A I'm saying is you need a guy like me to bring them all out together. You get it?"

"Kalb," Charles said. "Can I see you?"

The girl turned around. It was Ann. Charles said something that sounded like: "I beg your pardon."

Kalb said: "Charley. You did me a favor when you fired this girl. She's got a future. She ain't no maid anywa. Sit down, Charlie. Be right with you

"No, Kalb," Charles said. "I just came to tell you the show's off."
 "Off!" Kalb said in the strangled voice of a man who has perhaps just heard of the death of someone near and loved.
 "You heard it," Charles said. "I'm finished. Washed up. The music won't come."

"I got it all set," Kalb said. "You can't run out on me now."

"I'm sorry, Kalb," Charles said.

The little room over the empty street in the theatrical district was suddenly quiet. No one said anything. Kalb was white. Charles tense. Then Ann spoke. "It won't work. It won't," she said fiercely.

"I beg your pardon," Charles said. "You think you can give it up. You think you can be happy away from your work. You won't. You can't. You'll see. But then it'll be too late. If you go away now, you'll never come back—"

Charles stared at her incredulously. Ann bit her lip: "I'm sorry," she said. "But I—I wasn't speaking as your maid then. I was just speaking as someone who knows and loves your music—"

She looked at them, from Charles to Kalb and then back to Charles again, a little wildly. And then suddenly, without another word, she fled from the room.

Charles Gerard came back to his Park Avenue apartment very thoughtfully. In the foyer of the smart apartment he found his packed bag leaning against the wall. He picked it up and hefted it. He started for the door. And then he stopped and rang for Martin. He hardly noticed that Martin was in evening clothes. He said, almost inaudibly: "Is Ann still here? I'd like to speak to her a moment."

But when Ann came in, he did notice, immediately, that she was in an evening dress. She stood waiting for him.

"You look very well, Miss Carter."

"Thank you. It's Popoff's party."

"Popoff?" he said.

"The butler on the 17th floor. It's his birthday party. At the Troika."

"The Troika," he said inanely.

"Yes," Ann said. "Martin told me you wanted to see me."

"I didn't want you to think—" he began lamely. "This afternoon, I mean. I wasn't angry. I mean I think it was decent of you to take an interest in me..."

"Yes?" she said.

"I just wanted you to know that before I left. In case I don't see you again."

"You're going?" Ann said.

"Yes."

"Good-by, Mr. Gerard," Ann said blankly; and she turned and walked back to the kitchen where Popoff, Emmett, Reeves and Moreno were waiting for her.

Charles Gerard stood for some while looking at the empty space where Ann had stood. Then he sighed heavily, picked up his bag and went out.

The Troika was Russian. You could tell that because they served caviar. And they were eating caviar, wagon loads of it, at Popoff's birthday table. The room was very gay, very loud. A cossack twirled on the floor and disappeared. The band, every once so often, broke into "Happy Birthday" to Popoff, which was sung in progressively louder voices at Popoff's table as the night wore on. Then in the middle of a song, the band suddenly broke off the thread of melody they were playing and began something different. An old song. By a man named Charles Gerard.

A voice said in Ann's ear: "May I have this dance, please? After all, it is my song they're playing."

cross fire . . .

And it wasn't until they were on the

dance floor, twirling slowly to the magic music, that Ann fully realized that she was in Charles Gerard's arms.

"You didn't go," she said softly.

"No."

"Why?"

"I missed the train," he said. "And then, too, I found I couldn't run out on Kalb and the show and—"

"I could dance forever," Ann said.

"Could you?" Charles Gerard said.

And then, somehow, they weren't at the Troika any more. They were in a small place called the Club Intime. And then they went to another place. And late, very late, that night, they were walking up a dark Park Avenue, together, silent.

They were silent until they reached the apartment, and then in the foyer with the doors that led one way to the servants' quarters and the other to the large beautiful living room, they still stood silent.

And very softly, very tenderly, Charles kissed her.

She stood in her room later, ecstatic. She was in love, she thought suddenly; yes, that was it, she was in love. She thought she always had been, from the first moment she had seen him. Smiling, she turned a pirouette in the room.

Someone knocked on the door. Martin's voice said: "Can I come in?"

She saw the anger on his face as soon as he was in the room. He said sharply: "You little fool. What did you think you were doing? Where were you?"

"We were just walking, Martin," she said.

"Just walking," he said harshly. "Do you think I'm going to let that cheap song plugger take you for a ride?"

"Martin!"

"You're getting out of here in the morning," he said. "See? You're going home."

"Martin, I love him."

"Sure. I've heard that before, too. What's

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it going to get you, do you think?"

"He loves me."

"Sure! Sure!" Martin said fiercely.

"You're going home. I'll see to that."

He slammed out of the room angrily.

's' wonderful world . . .

Martin did it subtly. He didn't talk to Ann in the morning. He talked to Gerard. Bringing in the breakfast tray, he remarked almost casually that it was a pleasant day, and did the boss have a hangover? The boss said he didn't. She was a cute kid, that Ann, wasn't she, Martin said; just like all of them, though.

"All of them?" Charles said.

"Sure. Stagestruck. Bragging to me that she's got you on a string now. You're going to star her. She really believes it."

"Oh," Charles said. "Is that it?"

"All of us knew it, of course," Martin said. "You know how it is between servants. Everyone in the house knows it."

"Oh," Charles said again. Then he seemed to shrug; Martin watched him carefully. "I'll be leaving today," he said in a tired voice. "I missed the train last night . . ."

"Yes, sir," Martin said.

So it was a party night again. This time it was the Butler's Ball. Ann didn't want to go. She was going home. She was hurt, puzzled. Charles had left, after all, telling her in a few careful words how pleasant the evening had been.

Love! she thought angrily.

So she didn't want to go to the butlers' ball. She didn't feel in a party mood. All she wanted to do now was run away, run back home, to the safe small town that didn't know Charles Gerard and didn't care about him. But Popoff, Reeves, Emmett and Moreno, and even Martin made her go. They wouldn't take no.

She went, then. The large room was all glitter and movement. In their white ties and tails the butlers were indistinguishable from the society nabobs they served.

Popoff was on the stage; his voice boomed out: "And now, we will hear a

song from my favorite, from everybody's favorite, Miss Ann Carter—"

It didn't matter really. They wanted her to sing. All right, then, she'd sing for them. They thought singing was just a matter of voice. But when it was good, when it was great, it came from the heart.

She felt their eyes on her as she walked to the stage. She stood looking out over them as the orchestra whispered into the introduction. And she began to sing.

Then a strange thing happened.

It was a butlers' ball, remember. Masters didn't attend. But there was a figure in the rear, near the door, moving now toward the stage. The spread of the shoulders, the way he held his head. On the stage, Ann almost stopped singing.

"Charles," she whispered. "Charles . . ."

It was. She could never mistake him. Even if her eyes were blind, her heart would tell her. And slowly, steadily, he was coming toward her and his eyes were alight with welcome.

Whatever had happened, he hadn't gone after all. And there could only be one reason for that. Only one reason. Her voice rose, soared. He came up the stage and she held out her hands to him. His eyes were smiling as he took her hands. And then she was singing for him alone.

It was a love song.

THE CAST

Ann Carter.....DEANNA DURBIN
Martin Carter.....PAT O'BRIEN
Charles Gerard....FRANCHOT TONE
Liz Campbell.....EVELYN ANKERS
Severina.....ELSA JANSEN
Mortimer Kalb...WALTER CATLETT
Popoff.....AKIM TAMIROFF
Buzz.....ALAN MOWBRAY
Emmet.....FRANK JENKS
Moreno.....SIG ARNO
Reeves.....FRANKLIN PANGBORN
Brophy.....ANDREW TOMBES

WINTER SKIN CARE

(Continued from page 67)

damsels on this globe, from Cleopatra to Hedy Lamarr, are lucky enough never to have a skin blemish. But, take heart, medicated creams help to dry skin irritations and prevent their spreading. A special bleach cream is yours if you would be a Snow White despite the sad and sallow remains of last summer's tan. It doesn't work overnight (what do you expect . . . miracles?) but constant application over a period of days will fade an unwanted tan.

soft soap Soft, indeed, is the way of soap. Nothing can take its place in keeping most girls' complexion sleek and aglow.

But if you're the sensitive type made unhappy by chapping winter winds, a super-fatted or cold-cream soap will do nicely, thank you.

Need we say that this is no time to waste anything? Soap, especially. Use warm, not scalding hot water, for your daily lavings. For the duration stop floating floating-soap. It will last longer. See that your soap dish is dry so that it doesn't melt your cake to a useless, soapy jelly.

winter make-up In this icy season, protection should be your watch word. And protection, dear audience, is what your make-up base offers you. Never venture out unless you've applied a powder base. It can be in cake, cream, stick or liquid form . . . but use it you must. As to color, remember that you're not the

sun-kissed maiden you were in August. Change your make-up to match your December skin tones.

Powder, as long as it blends with your base, may be a shade or two deeper. Wintertime pallor can be vanquished by judicious wielding of your rouge puff. Lipstick, so soothing to chapped lips, can bring out the hussy in you with gay, flip winter-bright colors. Make-up wouldn't be complete without, you've guessed it, mascara. To take care of that little item there is an article, "Eyes Right!" on page 68.

winter wonderland Don't let winter weather catch you napping . . . resolve to be a dazzler, come frost or sleet!

Gift-Kit For You!

Your Beauty Dept. is all agog about a grand gift-kit. Contents include an ointment that quickly discourages blemishes, and a pure soap. There is also, my pets, a Hollywood Stacking-Run Mender. For this scrumptious gift, send your name and address (clearly printed) with 10c in stamps or coins for handling expense to:

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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 65)

narly one of the leaders in any game, finally said, "Hey, I'm going up to the house for a minute. I want to see if my little sister is okay."

"Gosh," objected another commando, scowling from under his ex-stew pan helmet, "you're always running up to see what that baby is doing. I never saw a guy so crazy about his little sister."

The boy paused, his timing calculated to extract the greatest dramatic importance from his announcement. "I like baby brothers and sisters," he asserted firmly. "And I'll tell you a secret. Pretty soon there are going to be three of us kids, instead of just two."

The boy was Phil Harris, Jr.

* * *

The Van Heflin daughter, Vanna Gay, has nearly outgrown her bassinet. This frilly bit of furniture was a gift from John Hyde, Van's agent, and it was a production. Lined with pink satin and flounced with white chiffon, it was punctuated here and there by rosettes of ribbon. Frances, finding that her daughter is getting too leggy for comfort in a crib, was wondering whether she should store the bassinet (there isn't room to keep it indefinitely in the small apartment when a baby bed is added) or whether she should lend it to a series of infanticipating friends.

"The only trouble is that, if I lend it a number of times, it's going to be worn out when we have our second," she told Van.

"Our next is going to be a boy," said Van. "Lend the bassinet around until the frou-frou has been taken off. When it is perfectly plain, it will be just right for a boy. No son of mine is going to get a sissy start in life."

* * *

Corporal Jack Temple, stationed in Culver City, became the father of a 7 pound, 9 ounce boy, thus conferring the title of aunt upon his 15-year-old sister, Shirley.

Shirley's comment, "I don't say this just because he's the first baby in our family, but he's the cutest thing I have ever seen. Wait until I teach him to sing, 'On The Good Ship Lollypop'."

Dollar Scholar:

Did you ever hear of a complicated club called the "Short Snorters?" In days past, the membership was made up entirely of those who had flown an ocean, but—like most organizations having to do with happy cabbage—it soon branched out to embrace all members of the Air Corps, their wives, sweethearts, friends or anyone who has ever identified a B-17.

The one rule of the fraternity that remains inviolable is this: (1) The membership card is a dollar bill which has been countersigned by certain other members of the club when one is inducted into the secret circle; (2) this dollar bill must be presented instantly when a member of the club is accosted by a second member.

In case the tuckless member has forgotten his membership card or has spent or lost it, he must pay each challenger \$1.00. This law cost (they say) Mr. Wendell Willkie a fat sum when he landed at La Guardia after his round-the-world flight.

The other night it also cost Captain Ronald Reagan about 20 bucks. He went into the Officer's Club, ordered a coke, then discovered that he had left his wallet in his other uniform. A mercenary brother officer, deducing correctly Ronnie's shortage of Short Snorter identification, asked him how about it. One dollar.

The enriched one let out a yell to other officers. And so Ronnie paid and paid.

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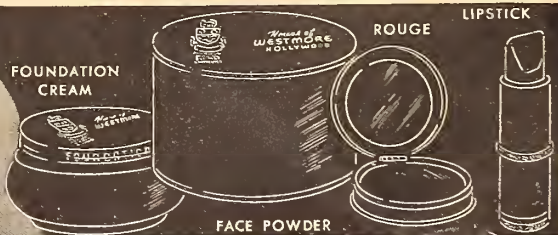
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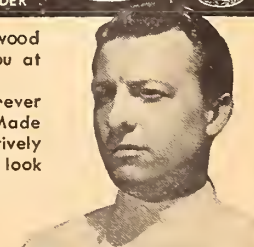
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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

So Red the Face Department:

The slim, auburn-haired girl parked her car and walked briskly toward the box office. As her steps neared the theater, she faltered, slowed, stopped, then turned and retraced her steps to the parking lot where she sat in her car for several minutes before giving up and driving away.

It was the sixth time she had repeated the same performance. Dinah Shore still hasn't amassed enough courage to watch her own marvellous performance in "Thank Your Lucky Stars."

* * *

Frankly Frantic Fan:

She was wearing bobby sox, saddle oxfords, a pleated skirt and a sweater. With elbows resting upon knees, she was seated on the curbing opposite the RKO main entrance with several other celebrity enthusiasts. As Ginger Rogers, Bob Ryan, Tom Conway and Elsa Lanchester reported for work, the other kids asked for autographs. This one simply scowled, then thrust out the derisive tip of a pink tongue.

Elsa Lanchester was consumed with curiosity. "What's wrong with you?" she queried. "Don't you like anyone?"

Fiercely came the answer, "I'm strictly a Sinatra fan. I can't stand for there being anyone else important in Hollywood."

* * *

Bette Goes to Bat:

Bette Davis returned from her heart-breaking trip East, eager to lose herself in work. The script of "Mr. Skeffington" was ready, the sets were ready, Miss Davis was ready. But the planned-for director, Vincent Sherman, was still busy shooting the last scenes of "In Our Time." Too bad, the studio said, the picture would have to go ahead without Mr. Sherman.

Bette, loyal to the core, went to the front office and asked to be taken off salary, rather than to have another director assigned to the picture. It meant three or four weeks delay, and it meant additional strain both mental and emotional for Bette, but she wanted Mr. Sherman to direct her picture. She won her point.

Such Lovely Neighbors:

Jennifer Jones and Bob Walker, with their two adorable sons, live on a Bel Air hilltop, from which they can scan a pleasant portion of Southern California. Just around a gracious sweep of the highway is a castle of a house set amid majestic trees and great seas of green lawn.

On Sunday afternoons, Jennifer and Bob, sun bathing in their own back yard, occasionally watch the cars roll into the courtyard of the estate below. "They surely have a lot of lovely parties," sighed Jennifer, somewhat wistfully. "Where do you suppose they get all the ration points they must need?"

Bob was more concerned with the motors on hoof. "Look at that classy job! And that one with white sidewall tires. It would be a pleasure to invite a flock of guests who would arrive in such splendor."

"Maybe," giggled Jennifer, "they're picture people." Bob ruled that out. "They're mostly the substantial banking type. The women are older and more dignified. Ah me, it's all like something out of a Bronte novel. Entertainment on the grand scale."

One night the Walkers were awakened by the screaming of sirens and the obvious arrival of police in force. The house down the highway was abruptly emptied of its guests and certain fixtures.



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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

The lordly manor so closely observed by the faintly envious neighbors had been a high-stake gambling joint.

Dil For Errol

Did you know that Errol Flynn, wearing a see-u-tiful Van Dyke beard for his part in "Uncertain Glory," is now collecting old masters? He already owns a Manet and a Van Gogh. In the modern department, he has collected a portrait by John Dekker of that ardent art collector, Mr. Errol Flynn. Hangs over his mantel.

Newcomers You Should Know:

"Phantom of the Opera" has proved to be one of the greatest national box office surprises—its take has reached light-traveling proportions. Two factors are probably responsible: The appearance of Nelson Eddy, handsomer than ever, in black hair and mustache; the superlative singing of Susanna Foster.

Someone congratulated her on the fact that this picture will probably make her the fair-haired girl of the Universal lot and direct her to stardom. "Don't give me credit," grinned Susanna. "Look up a man named Bernard Brown and tell him he really knows what he is talking about."

Mr. Brown, the recipient of this gratitude, used to be a sound man when Susanna was passing off C's above High C at Paramount. Her build-up there centered entirely on the fact that her voice traveled the angel trail.

One day Mr. Brown, impelled by what he knew of sound tracks, stopped Susanna on the Paramount lot and said, "You have a beautiful voice, but you aren't making the best use of it. You aren't developing your low notes at all, yet your voice range is unusually good in depth as well as height. Why don't you do something about those nice rich low notes?"

Susanna worked on them. She was signed by Universal and told to try out for the part "Phantom of the Opera." Mr. Brown was to record the test.

"What are you going to sing?" he asked anxiously. "Nothing high-faluting and stratospheric, I hope."

"This, you will like to record," promised Susanna. "It is filled with the low tones you once told me you liked."

She sang, "My Old Kentucky Home." She pleased Mr. Brown very much. The test pleased Universal very much. The picture is pleasing everyone very much. It's a wonderful world.

Just in Jest:

Since Al Delacorte insists on printing the awful Truth about me—plus a picture—why shouldn't I tell you this? I have it straight from Little Man (see page 29) that for all his cares, they can draft fathers. Fathers, says Little Man, would be just right for myonnet work. "He stabs me every time I change a diaper." And for commando stuff. "My goodness, Daddy would scare me enemy to death. If I cry at night, he comes running into my room with his hat tamed on his frowzy old head and socks over his pajamas. I think he sleeps in his socks!" But look, Little Man. Some of my best friends sleep with their socks on. And my daddy is one sweet guy to work for. He overpays me. He worries about me. Best of all, he trusts me. Like a baby. Editors must have to know what's going to happen. I'm your daddy's crystal ball. I only hope that I'll always be able to justify his confidence. Not to mention the confidence of the well folks who read MODERN SCREEN!



TEACHING NEW MOTHERS IN A MODERN HOSPITAL HOW TO CARE FOR BABIES AT HOME

Wartime QUIZ for Mothers

These vital questions about baby care were asked of 6,000 physicians, including most of America's baby specialists, by a leading medical journal. Here are their answers:



QUESTION: "Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"

ANSWER: Over 95% of physicians said *yes*. Hospitals advise the same (and almost all hospitals use Mennen Oil—because it's antiseptic).



QUESTION: "Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes*—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—antiseptic oil helps protect skin against germs).



QUESTION: "Should oil be used after every diaper change?"

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes*. (Antiseptic oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of germs in contact with wet diapers).



QUESTION: "Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"

ANSWER: Physicians said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.



ANSWER: 4 out of 5 physicians said baby oil should be antiseptic. Only one widely-sold baby oil is antiseptic—Mennen. It helps check harmful germs, hence guards against prickly heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is also *gentlest*, keeps skin smoothest. Special ingredient soothes itching, smarting. Use the *best* for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.

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**RAP-I-DOL SHAMPOO
OIL TINT**

HEARTBREAK FOR BETTE

(Continued from page 39)

be taken care of. Her friend, Margaret Donovan, phoned her.

"There's a big new market just opened. Don't you want to go?"

"Yes, let's," agreed Bette. "But let's go early. I've got so much to do."

Back from marketing, she worked uninterruptedly till shortly after four, when the phone rang again. She picked it up, as we've all picked it up a thousand times to answer some inconsequential call. Disney Studios calling. Must be Farny, she thought. He'd been engaged there in a technical capacity on a government picture.

It wasn't Farny. It was someone telling her that Farny had collapsed on Hollywood Boulevard. They'd taken him to a receiving hospital.

She was at the door, then back at the phone, calling their own doctor, telling him to hurry, hurry, she'd meet him at the hospital. He knew what receiving hospitals were like.

"You go straight to the Hollywood Hospital," he said. "I'll have him moved there at once. If you want to do what's best for him, let him find you there."

She was waiting, but Farny didn't know it. From the time of his fall, he'd said nothing coherent. Now he'd lapsed into coma. No one knew what had happened, except that it had happened suddenly and without traceable cause.

At two o'clock, he'd been with his attorney, apparently well and in good spirits. At three he'd been in a fur shop, looking at leopard skins. He wanted to get Bette a leopard coat for Christmas. At three thirty-five he entered a building on Hollywood Boulevard and phoned the Disney Studios from a public booth, making an appointment to meet a business associate at five.

As he left the building to pick up his car at a parking lot, the thing happened. A scream of pain, chilling those who heard it. The owner of a cigar shop ran out to where Farny lay on the sidewalk, body quivering, eyes staring, nose and mouth streaming blood. Yet he was trying to get up.

The doctors found a skull fracture, but that didn't account for the scream before he struck the ground. All Monday evening, all day Tuesday, as she watched in torment beside his bed, the question beat against Bette's brain. "Farny, what happened to you? What could have happened, Farny?" It might be months, said the doctor, before he could tell them anything. Or it might be never. Even after he recovered, he might not remember.

Because those first two days they still hoped he'd recover. Bette refused to admit any other possibility. On Wednesday she was up before daylight—too early to go to the hospital. She could get Farny's room ready, though. They'd be bringing him home soon. He'd get better faster at home.

So she stripped his bed and aired and dusted the room and was on her way to the closet for fresh linen, when the phone rang. She'd better come right away. He'd taken a turn for the worse.

He died late that afternoon, without regaining consciousness.

But what had happened to Farny was cleared up. The autopsy revealed a brain hemorrhage, with the blood in such condition as to indicate an earlier injury.

"Do you remember anything?" they asked Bette.

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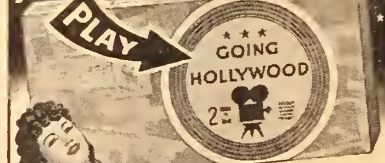
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And suddenly she remembered a June night at Butternut, when the phone had rung, and Fanny'd gone down to answer it. His stocking feet. She'd been startled by the sound of a fall, and had run from her bedroom to find Fanny lying, a little up and shaken, at the foot of the staircase. He'd slipped on the landing and tumbled to the bottom, striking the back of his head and scraping his back.

"Are you hurt, Fanny?"
"No, just a little sore."
Apart from a slight stiffness for a day or two, no ill effects were apparent. Neither to Bette nor his doctor did he ever complain of pain. She'd never thought of it again till now, when they told her.

The doctors concluded that that first fall had caused a slight fracture, that a blood clot had formed, had taken a while to fructify and had finally come to a head in the convulsion and collapse on Hollywood Boulevard.

His face white and drawn, taut nerves under rigid control, Bette gave her evidence truthfully at the inquest. Then she and his mother boarded the train and took Fanny back to the New England he loved. He was buried at Butternut.

Eventually Bette will return to "Mr. Skeffington," to the Canteen and to life without Fanny. She's braver than most and will hold her head high. We have faith to stand for all that is best in Hollywood. Most of us don't even know what Fanny looked like. But he was your husband, and that was enough. As your

QUIZ CLUES

(Continued from page 78)

Set 3

1. Thrive wed
2. Mrs. Bumstead
3. Rib-tickler
4. Little-girl puss
5. New to stardom
6. Low man of comedy team
7. Of famous folk
8. Nag-mad
9. Marley's missus
10. Handsome Hartfordite
11. Coached by Colbert-Lake-Goddard
12. Dorsey discovery
13. Coast Guard
14. Scratchy voiced
15. Wearing wings
16. D - - - A - - - - -
17. California in "Stage Door Canteen"
18. Teen-aged TNT
19. Jungle-y
20. Hint: King of Fairies in "Midsummer Night's Dream"

(Answers on page 102)

friends, we share your sorrow in his death. Our words may be feeble, Bette, but our feeling isn't.

* * *

Bette's nothing if not thoroughgoing. When she works, it's with the energy of ten. When she takes a holiday, it lasts five months. She's just back to start "Mr. Skeffington," and she views herself with a shade of alarm. For the first time within memory she didn't want to come back. She wanted to go on and on and on, doing nothing.

"What's the matter with me? D'you

think I've turned into a changeling?"

"You're not rested yet," said her mother.

"Pooh, five months and not rested!"

"Dynamo Davis is running down," chanted her sister.

"Mexico did it," said Fanny. "One sniff of greasepaint'll bring you round."

Tibby said nothing. Tibby was elaborately ignoring her mistress. Bette tried every blandishment in the calendar, to no avail. Tib knew very well that Bette had gone to New Hampshire—that paradise for Scotties—and left her behind. She was good and sore.

"You know, I only came back because of Tib," said Bette, casting a hopeful eye at her dog. "She's the one thing I truly and desperately missed."

"We're not insulted," chorused the family.

Nor was Tib propitiated. This was too soon to give in. The woman had sinned, let her suffer a little longer. Tib wouldn't so much as wriggle.

They'd had it all out beforehand. Bette had wanted to take the dog along, and probably would have if she'd gone directly to New Hampshire, instead of detouring 'round Mexico. "You'd hate the heat and travel," she'd explained. "And remember, these are war times. It wouldn't be fair to ask the porter to feed you. Besides, Fanny'll be here a good part of the time. You like Fanny, Tib—"

Tib liked Fanny all right, but Fanny wasn't her goddess and queen and the hub of her universe. What did Bette have to go to Mexico for anyway—?

Bette hardly knew herself. In a way, she rather dreaded it. She's no wanderer at heart, and it would have been much simpler to go straight to the home she loves at Butternut. She was very tired. She'd had a vacation coming after "Now

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—Clairol gave her hair such youthful-
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NAME _____
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☐ I am blonde ☐ I am brunette

Voyager." Instead, her deep enthusiasm for the script had tempted her into "Watch on the Rhine." Then a bond tour. Then she couldn't get away because of the Hollywood Canteen—her baby and John Garfield's. Then it was time to do "Old Acquaintance"—with the song-and-dance number in "Thank Your Lucky Stars" thrown in. After which, a cool, quiet cave would have looked fine to Bette, with maybe a couple of housekeeping squirrels in attendance.

puritan in mexico . . .

Her New England conscience sent her to Mexico. She thinks it's good for the soul to see new places and things. As an aid to perspective, she planned to spend ten days there—and stayed seven weeks, too entranced to tear herself away.

She stayed most of the time in Acapulco, at a hotel beautifully named Los Flamings, high on a bluff. And she got a perspective all right but, not being a Latin, wonders how long she can hang on to it. She thinks Latins in general—and Mexicans, in particular—have been misunderstood. The *mañana* policy doesn't mean that they're lazy. They're not lazy at all. She never saw people work harder than they do across the border. The difference is, they work for today and let tomorrow take care of itself. Thus they've mastered the secret of living—"Enjoy the moment."

"Me," she thought, "I've always got tomorrow hanging round my neck, and not only tomorrow but three years and ten years from now. But life is today—"

So for seven weeks she took a leaf out of Mexico's book. The air of Acapulco helped. It's like soothing syrup. She went sailing, swimming and sunbathing, and the only clock she consulted was her own good pleasure. After lunch, a siesta lasting anywhere from two to three hours—four, if she pleased, want to make something of it? Then cocktails and dinner with friends and bed at 10 or 10:30, and no plans for tomorrow, let tomorrow take care of itself.

She loved to go shopping at the open-air markets in the village. She loved to wander round the square on Sundays, watching the girls and boys circle in opposite directions till they met, while the parents sat on benches and looked on. If, for several Sundays, the same girl smiled at the same boy, they were allowed to speak—and so, step by step, to the altar.

Wherever you went, gayety went with you—the music of the Mariachi—the lovely things women did with flowers in their hair—the smiling faces, the gentleness, the courtesy. Their manners were delightful. They didn't trail her nor ask for autographs. Occasionally a head would turn, a soft voice would murmur, "Ah—Meez Bet-tee Dah-veez." Occasionally they'd ask if she liked their country and when, with unmistakable warmth, she told them, "I love it!" you'd have thought from the radiance of their smiles that heaven had no greater blessing to bestow.

She was thrilled by an invitation to lunch at the home of the artist Covarrubias. "That's one of the things I'm most grateful to the movies for," she says. "The chance you get—which you'd never get otherwise—to meet fascinating people." She's not stupidly modest about herself, but she is realistic. "If I weren't in the movies, they wouldn't know I exist, so how could they ask me? Of course, if they ask me a second time, I'm glad to let myself share in the credit."

Fanny came down to spend a week and arranged a complete Mexican fiesta for her birthday. It began at seven, when she was awakened by a band of Mariachi, serenading beneath her window. Breakfast was served in the patio, and Bette was

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LOS ANGELES, CAL., DEPT. P-4

rather startled to find herself being pelted with flowers by some nice little girls. "A Mexican could have carried it off with grace. It made me feel silly." Then they drove to old Taxco, where some friends joined them for a wonderful picnic down by a river bed. And finally, dinner on the hotel terrace and—crowning touch that delighted Bette's heart—a birthday cake decorated with living flowers.

She would have missed Tibby anyway, but she missed her more because there were so many dogs in Acapulco—all friendly and smiling like their masters, all wagging their tails, all stabbing her with nostalgia for her own. What she really wanted was to show Tibby off to the others. Where her dog's concerned, she's a snob, says Bette.

In the end she didn't want to leave at all and had to scare herself away. "You're getting so you can't even think any more," said Miss Bette Davis to Meez Bet-tee Dah-veez. "And it may be permanent."

Reluctant but firm, she packed her bags and departed. And it was spring when she reached New Hampshire—where the spring comes late—and she wondered how she could ever have stayed away so long.

Her pulses always quicken when she turns off the highway to the mile-and-a-half dirt road that leads to her home. First, you come to the big white farm gate—then you see a flash of red through the trees—that's the caretaker's house—then on up the road cut through a solid acreage of woods to the gray, weathered boards of the barn and the white clapboard farmhouse on top of the hill. It never fails to set her spine tingling—it never will, though she lives to be a century.

She's spent summer and fall and winter at Butternut—this was her first spring.

If you know the magic of spring in New England, you'll understand her excitement. Every morning she'd run out to see what new miracle had been wrought—and run back in such ecstasy to proclaim that the peach tree had budded, you'd have thought no peach tree had ever budded before.

fuss-budget . . .

Inside the house, her first job is furniture-moving. She's the kind who wants things where she wants them and remembers exactly where she had them last. During her absence objects get moved around. Bette starts swooping and pouncing, driving everyone nuts. "This doesn't belong here, let's shove it over; that chair looks awful in front of the fireplace, what in heaven's name is the copper jug doing on the bookcase?" And so it goes till everything's back in the place appointed, and she sinks contentedly into a chair. "That's fine. Now it's all fixed and ready to be moved again, for when I come back next year."

She managed to get a woman to do the cooking, and she did the housework herself. She thinks dusting and bed-making's fun, if you're not shooting a picture at the same time. Breakfast was about nine—orange juice, eggs, coffee and toast, the eggs being a concession to the country air. In California she'd choke on eggs for breakfast.

When the house was in order, she'd take a walk through the woods and lament the fact that it was too early for berrying. The people around take her for granted. She's a neighbor like any other, and they make no to-do over her. Meeting, they'd exchange the traditional greeting, which Bette loves.

"How'd you winter?" they'd ask her.

"We wintered nicely, thanks. And

you?" Then a few neighborly words.

She made it her business to help in the vegetable garden. Gardening isn't the love of her life, and she has no great knack for making things grow. So she lets the other guy grow the flowers. Vegetables are different. They make you feel useful. "And even I can weed," she decided, flopping to her knees among the peas and corn and potatoes.

magic in music . . .

Afternoons she'd go calling or riding down one of the beautiful trails. Evenings were quiet. An occasional dinner party, to which people walked—or if they drove, it was a horse-and-buggy. Mostly she'd read or listen to records, having embarked on a course of self-education in modern music. She knows pretty well what the popular stuff's all about—you couldn't have been married to Ham Nelson for eight years and not know. But men like Stravinsky and Shostakovich were a closed book, which she was bound to open. By the time she left, they'd begun to mean something to her.

She found the whole face of the countryside changed by gas rationing. Even on Memorial Day and the 4th of July, the highways were empty. Auto camps, restaurants, gas stations were closed down. You saw signs everywhere—GONE INTO WAR WORK—CLOSED FOR THE DURATION. Nobody grumbled. "Here it is," they said, "let's see what we can do about it." Horses and carts were at a premium. When Farny joined her, they scoured the environs till they found a horse of sorts and, in a barn outside Littleton, a couple of vehicles which they eyed askance.

"This is no time to be fussy," said Farny. "Let's paint 'em and fix 'em up."

Bette rallied nobly. "They look like



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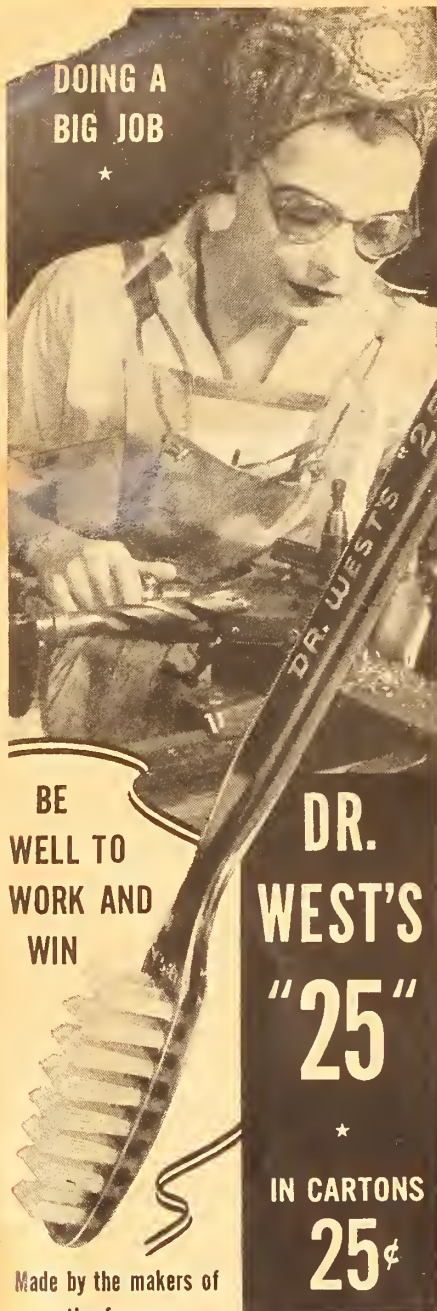
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descendants of the wonderful one-horse shay, and I'm sure they'll last as long."

The Flight Command was putting up an observation post in Franconia and asked Bette to break ground for it. They were awfully sweet—found her the nicest, softest spot of earth, so she didn't even have to grunt—and on top of that, gave her a pair of wings. Only seven or eight people watched the performance and, for Bette, the high spot came when she overheard one of them drawl, "Time was, Bette Davis could've drawn quite a crowd, diggin' up a hunk of soil. No more, though—"

"War casualty," observed his neighbor. So the lovely days followed one another and came to an end, and it was time to go back to work. And when she got back, Tibby wouldn't say hello and Maggie Donovan was gone.

Maggie was Bette's hairdresser and her close friend. Without her, the studio, while not exactly a desert, was a less pleasant place than when graced by the presence of Maggie. During Bette's absence, she and Perc Westmore had wed.

When Bette opened the door of her dressing room in the make-up department, she found it transformed from a nondescript cubicle to a gay little nest of ruffles and chintz. She was charmed, she was grateful, and she saw in this gesture the fine hand of Mr. Perc Westmore.

"I get chintz instead of Maggie, is that it? Look, Perc," she wheedled, "don't you think it would be lovely if she worked just a little part of each year?"

"I think it would be ghastly," said Perc.

The only thing that worried her about her new picture was the legendary beauty of Fanny Skeffington. Bette has no illusions about her looks. She neither belittles nor overestimates her face.

Remembering the illusion of beauty she created in "Jezebel," nobody worried but Bette. And even she hit eventually on what she declared to be the perfect solution. In her dressing room one day, she picked up a feather fan, designed by Orry-Kelly to go with a 1914 dress.

"I've got it! Every time they say, 'Fanny's the most beautiful girl in New York,' I'll go arch, like this." She drew the fan over her face, drooped her neck like a dying swan and studied the effect through the feathers. "You know," she chuckled, "I'll bet Orry did it on purpose. That fan just covers my face."

No one can tell a story on herself with franker glee than Bette. The hero of her current favorite is a sailor who patronized the Canteen on her first night back. With her well-known vitality, she was all over the place—handing out autographs, dancing, serving coffee and sandwiches at the Snack Bar. She'd been vaguely conscious now and then of a burly figure in her wake, but was far too busy to pay it heed. Suddenly it loomed at her across the Snack Bar—a very large sailor in a very snug sailor suit.

"Hi, Rosie," he grinned as she gave him his coffee. "I been trailin' you."

"Oh, it was you. Why Rosie?"

"I call all the girls Rosie, even when they're Bette Davis. Say, Rosie, I think you stink on the screen. But you're certainly wonderful around this joint."

Bette's laugh is no titter at best. This time you could have heard it clear over at Hollywood Boulevard.

She feels as if she'd never been away, and wonders why she didn't want to come back. She's finding her stride again—getting ready for a picture, attending committee meetings, working for the Canteen. One evening, a week or so after her arrival, she was sitting reading when a small black figure jumped up beside her and laid a bewhiskered head against her shoulder. "I forgive you," said Tibby. Then Bette knew that she was home.

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REUNION IN MALIBU

(Continued from page 55)

"Sure—our mothers say you used to be one—we can't go in swimming without a lifeguard!"

That ended the sleep idea. Alan pulled himself out of the hay and staggered down to the beach. All morning he had to play ball, wrestle with the kids, separate them when they fought and keep his eye peeled for rip-tides. Then when he came home at noon, Sue met him with a long face.

"The hot water heater is on the blink," she sighed. "Can you fix it?" Alan said something about a plumber but Sue just gave him a dirty look. A plumber in Malibu in these times! But new babies have to have hot water. So Alan spent the early afternoon on his back getting rust in his eyes and skinning his knuckles with a wrench. Then he sawed up a stack of driftwood for the fireplace. After that—well—there was the car to wash, the garage to clean out and a run up to the store for groceries. All the time he gave a longing look at that soft, sandy beach in the waning sun. Late in the afternoon he thought he'd rated it. But just when he'd stretched out, Brian Donlevy came stomping up.

"Come on down to the house," he said, "got something to show you." Alan had visions of a tall cool one framed by some more tall cool ones. It was a lovely picture. He didn't particularly notice that Brian was in paint-splotted dungarees and that his hands were dirty. The Donlevys have just bought a place on Malibu strand. Like all new householders, they're busy giving it a remodel job and putter-

ing this here and that there. Alan should have known. Even while he was looking around for that frosted glass, Brian said, "Say, give me a hand here, will you?"

"Where?" asked Alan.

"Oh, out in the truck."

Out in the truck was a big new 500-pound sofa that needed taking upstairs. It wouldn't go in through the door, so Alan had to saw off the legs (he used to be a studio handy guy) and then put them back on. He lugged it with Brian up two flights of stairs and when he got back to the beach he was about bushed. "Show you my garden," offered Brian. Alan saw the garden, and he also pulled weeds and worked on the business end of a rake and hoe. "Show you how to keep your front beach clean," said Brian. Alan worked out next on a sand sifter, which is worse on the back than shoveling coal.

Well, when they had practically remodeled the Donlevy estate he finally got a beer. That gave him strength enough (to hear Ladd tell it) to stagger home in time to help with the dinner dishes. Then Andy Devine had them over for movies at his house. "What's wrong with this machine, Alan?" he croaked pretty soon. Alan ran the projector. When he pulled into bed that night he told Sue:

"Gee, it will be nice and restful when I get back to the Army!"

Of course, when Alan tells you all this he has a twinkle in his eye. The guy is a great kidder and loves to embellish a story. The truth is, he's had the time of his life at the Beach where all Hollywood

stars live in careless family style and are always at home to anyone who drops in. Nobody is surprised when the Bing Crosby's down the way start hog-calling to round up their four kids from all up and down the strip. Anyone can drop in anywhere at any entrance of the big houses, and they're always welcome. Sue had to leave four telephone numbers uptown at her business office. She never knew whether she and Alan would be at the Crosby's, the Devines, the Donlevys or the George Marshalls—or at home.

To Alan this kind of slipshod informal beach vacation was just what the doctor ordered. First of all, he has always been crazy about water and sunshine. He was a lifeguard once, and in his Hollywood hunger days he used to dream about a chance to swim at Malibu. He swims like a fish—always has—and if there's one thing that gets him down it's cold weather. He's a sun baby, and right now he looks like a Greek statue in bronze. Then, too, Alan is really a friendly fellow, loves a lot of people, hates formality. He'd rather stroll down to the Crosby's and play catch with Bing or chin with Dixie about the kids or laze through a game of gin-rummy with Brian Donlevy than go to all the parties Hollywood can throw.

So there hasn't been any of that kind of real excitement for Alan and Sue and family at Malibu. They planned it that way, to have two weeks of nothing but family life. For one thing, Alan wanted to get good and acquainted with little Alana Susan. He was home for her ar-

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rival (and got so excited he ran a temp of 102) but he had to leave right after that. And Alana was hardly more than a mite who had black hair and a round heart-shaped face and looked exactly like Sue. That's why Alan was so surprised when he came back and found she had lost her black baby hair and developed a fuzzy, golden coiffure—even Alan admits Alana can be promptly tagged as his daughter. To prove it, Sue can haul out a baby picture of Alan, taken at about the same time in his young life. You can hardly tell the face apart from Alana's.

As fathers go, Alan Ladd is a swell dad. He's a little bumbling at times, of course, as all fathers are. For instance, the other day at Alana's chow time she left some three ounces of baby food in the bottle. That was okay with Sue, but later on Alan happened into the nursery room and saw the neglected dinner still in the bottle. So he fed it to Alana and then when her feeding time came around in a few minutes, she wasn't hungry and passed it up. That put Alan in the doghouse for messing up Alana's routine. But he can hardly wait till he can toss her around and rough-house with her. He's terribly proud, too. Any stranger who comes around gets invited to hold Alana, whether he wants to or not. Alan's that proud of his girl. Maybe, too, it's because of how much he

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 97)

1. William Powell
2. Penny Singleton
3. Bob Hope
4. Margaret Sullavan
5. Alexis Smith
6. Lou Costello
7. Diana Barrymore
8. Bing Crosby
9. Linda Darnell
10. Katharine Hepburn
11. Sunny Tufts
12. Frank Sinatra
13. Cesar Romero
14. Gracie Allen
15. Gene Raymond
16. Dana Andrews
17. Lon McAllister
18. Peggy Ryan
19. Maria Montez
20. Merle Oberon

missed her when he was away from home, 'way up in Washington.

Lots of Alan's Army buddies up there are married. Plenty of them are fathers and plenty more have never had a chance to get home and see their kids. When you get on the subject of babies with those lonesome young G.I.'s, it's a bull-session. Kodak pictures whip out, and there's more bragging going on than you find around a fishing resort. Corporal Ladd was as bad as any one, especially since he'd been spoiled by a peek at his daughter. All the soldiers knew all about Alana and asked for daily bulletins on her progress in the world.

Then when Alan and Sue were headed home from Washington, they stopped in Portland, Oregon, between trains. At the station, Alan saw a baby girl almost as cute as his own squirming on a waiting bench beside a girl, obviously her mama. He just had to go over and talk to the mother. "Your baby?"

"Uh-huh."

"She's sure sweet," sighed Alan. "Mind if I hold her a minute?"

"Sure," said the young madonna, "and believe me, young man, if you want a real thrill after the war, get married and have a baby of your own."

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SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS

(Continued from page 56)

go, and she loves it. "Awed like crazy, aren't they?"

That's her accompanist Earl Brent riding her. "Can you hear them Greer-ing Garson?"

"Listen, I'd bat them if they gave me any Miss Garland stuff," she flames, getting pink in the face. "I'd know they'd been coached or something." Coached is just what they aren't, so it's "Hey, Judy, how about 'You'll Never Know'?" or "Good gal, Judy," or "Aw, Judy, 'Let's Make Love.'" Whereupon everyone hoots—no one louder than Judy. She'll never get over the way they all talk at once and screech for their own pet tune, but then clap and yell like clagues no matter what she sings.

Most of the camp audiences are divinely noisy. They'll hum along with the tune and even sing snatches of it if it's good and rowdy. But recently, Judy struck a gang of lads that were quiet as mice. They wanted "I Love You Truly" and "Always" and "My Blue Heaven." Not one yelled for "Dinah" or "Murder He Says." In subdued young voices they asked for "Hello Mom" and "The Side-walks of New York," for "Stardust" and "Girl of My Dreams." Judy sang them all with a funny lump in her throat that she didn't quite understand. When it was getting late-ish, one lad called out, "Over There." The response was tremendous, and suddenly it hit Judy that these kids were going out. Right away. She wrote a letter home that night. "Mom—these kids tonight were terrific. This feeling they have for America, you could almost reach out and touch it, it was so real."

She sang for another bunch about to be sent across, and they, incredibly, were the heppiest, grooviest gents she'd ever run into. Wanted nothing but swing stuff. Noise. "Knock Me a Kiss." "Beat Out the Love." Harlemana. "Sfunny," she thought, "They all take it so differently. But gosh, they all can take it."

So can Judy, who manages to look awfully wonderful on very little sleep, meals at peculiar hours and recurring spasms of camp-fright. She was terrified every second at first. The insignia were completely bewildering, and colonels and corporals were all mixed up in her mind. Doubtless, by now, everyone's heard the story of how—having been drilled for days by her sister Jimmy that stripes were one thing, eagles and maple leaves something else again—she "Thank you, Corporal"—ed a Colonel who introduced her at Randolph Field.

That's the only slip so far, though. So far being almost two years. Judy, you know, was the first star to tour the camps. She was at it long before Pearl Harbor. The week-end of December Seventh, she was at Ord. There'd been a big, joshy breakfast at the Officers' Mess, and then she'd dashed over to the theater to keep a date with a nice private who wanted her to sing "Zing Went the Strings of My Heart" for him, so's he could write home and tell his folks. His friends had obviously gotten wind of the tryst, for the joint was jumping with khaki.

zing went the strings . . .

"Hi, queen," there was a lanky lad at the piano, and he was playing "Zing Went the Strings."

"Hi," she grinned, and walked up to the mike. "Zing" was only the beginning. There was "It's a Wonderful World" and

"You Are to Me Everything" and "Inter-mezzo," then back again to "Zing." Smack in the middle of the zillionth chorus, an officer dashed up on the stage and sort of shoved Judy away from the mike. "The Japs have just bombed Pearl Harbor," he told them, and everyone just gaped at him, saying nothing. Even when they finally grasped what he'd said, no one spoke, but it was in their young faces. Something new and fierce and terrible. Groups of them got up and left, and Judy thought hysterically, "They're going right to the front this minute. Oh jeepers, they're mad."

That night she flew back to Los Angeles and landed in the blacked-out airport. Mom was there to meet her, and her sister Jimmy. They sat up late that night, talking and talking. "It seems so queer," Judy said. "When I left Hollywood on Saturday we all felt so smug and safe. Then bang. American casualty lists and black-outs and horrible radio bulletins." And for the first time in years she wanted to put her head in the crook of Mom's neck and cry her eyes out.

It began in earnest then for Judy—the endless canteen work, bandage rolling, singing for thousands of soldiers and sailors and marines. Buying more bonds and selling them and singing some more. Singing till her throat felt like something a Dodgers fan had scrapped after that World Series.

She's got the mean kind of a throat that murders her every once in a while when she's very tired, but it used to be ten million times worse before she was de-toned. The de-toning, incidentally, is her pet story. "Did I ever tell you about my tonsils, Bet?" She and her buddy, Betty Asher, are downing sodas in the commissary. "You did," says Betty, resignedly. Judy's getting That Look again.

"It seems," she begins, "that I'm allergic or something to ether. It takes mobs of it to black me out. They'd just think they had me, and I'd open one eye and the doctor would scream, 'Pour it on.' Have I told you this?"

"Yes, hon. Fifty-one times."

"Oh," She broods into her soda. "I wonder if I told Marge. Hey, Marge—"

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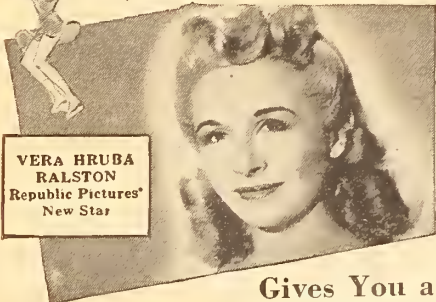
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seeing triple . . .

The story, anyway, is this. After much, much ether she faded and stayed out for 17 hours. Which is much too long. When she came to, a nurse was blowing oxygen in her face via a little hissing tube. Hissing, as Judy tells it, in exactly the same key the ether had. Judy, thinking it was still ether and seeing at least triple in her blariness, pounced on the poor lone nurse screeching, "Just give me one more whiff of that stuff. Just one more, and I'll murder the whole three of you."

Minus her tonsils, her range is terrific, and she brags obnoxiously about how loud she can sing. This helps when, occasionally, drastic things happen like mikes going dead.

The most drastic occurrence to date, however, was when Judy stepped out on the stage at one camp to find a half-filled auditorium. As the place is usually jammed to the gills, her heart crashed. "Old poison ivy Garland," she thought. "A has-been at twenty. They probably made these fellows come. Like K. P. or something." Then someone yelled, "'Presenting Lily Mars' is across the street at the movies. You can't beat that kind of competition. Judy." An hour later hundreds of boys trooped in yelling, "Hi, Lily," and begging for the entire Lily Mars score.

Poison ivy is hardly the word, you see. Further evidence of that is the loot she collects at camps and naval training bases. She has a scarf made of parachute cloth, a gift from some paratroopers, sergeants' stripes, lieutenants' bars, majors' leaves and wings, and you name it, she's got it. Not to mention dozens of practically love letters from boys all over the world.

She broadcasts by shortwave to Alaska, Australia, New Guinea and even to ships at sea on a program called "Mail Call." The boys write in requesting songs and giving their APO address and some phony name—Butch or Shorty or Dogface. Then Judy sings for them. She keeps it up hour after hour because she can't stand to think of some of them waiting and waiting and never hearing his name called. The letters that pour in after the broadcasts are really something.

gobs of love . . .

One sailor wrote that her songs were

all that made life bearable for him and his shipmates, as they had broken the ship's sole coffee pot, and, coffee-less, were all in perpetually pre-breakfast humors. When he got into port, what was that little sailor's utter ecstasy to discover a shiny new coffee pot, "with love from Judy."

The letters that tear her apart come from kids who've spent weeks in foxholes and jungles, where no entertainers ever venture. They write to tell her how much her "Command Performance" records mean to them. These are tremendous recordings of her voice that are dropped by parachute, together with a victrola, to all the lonely outposts of the war. The gist of the letters is this: "Thank you, thank you, Judy, for thinking of us." One boy wrote, "Your voice, a woman's voice, gave us more inspiration and guts than a dozen pep talks from the sergeant." Still another, from the depths of his loneliness wrote: "Your voice is so wonderfully soft, yet strong, and there's laughter behind it. I have your picture, and your face is that way, too. I think you are a girl a man could love and fight for. Will you write and tell me what you're like?"

She wrote, but there's much she didn't tell. Small things that you pick up from her hair-dresser and the technicians who work with her, from the girls who sell her clothes at Magnin's, from some sailors she danced with at the Hollywood Canteen. Soldier, she's like this . . .

She's a honey, and if there were nothing more to her than the line of jive she can spiel off at will, the quick little-girl smile and that intangible impishness, she'd still enchant you. But there's so much more. After you'd gotten to know her, soldier, you'd discover her sweetness, her sympathy, her unshakable loyalty. You'd learn to love her intensity, her sudden shyness, her silliness, her whole funny little sensitive, hard-boiled self.

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She spends hours reading and answering her overseas mail, tears pouring down her cheeks as often as not. One of the most moving letters said, "I close my eyes and pretend it's my girl singing." And "Thank you" is the way the letters always end.

"They're thanking me." Stuff like that kills her, but being Judy, she goes out and evens things up a little by buying the biggest bonds she can afford. By begging the studio to let her do more and more

DO THE DEAD RETURN?

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The young Englishman was amazed as he looked around the temple where he was believed to have lived and died. It seemed uncannily familiar, he appeared to know every nook and corner of it, yet—at least in this lifetime—he had never been there before. And mysterious was the set of circumstances that had brought him. Could it be a case of re-incarnation, that strange belief of the East that souls return to earth again and again, living many lifetimes?

Because of their belief that he had formerly been a lama in the temple, the lamas welcomed the young man with open arms and taught him rare mysteries and long-hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which have enabled many to perform amazing feats. He says that the system often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, can be used to achieve brilliant business and professional success as well as great happiness. The

young man himself later became a noted explorer and geographer, a successful publisher of maps and atlases of the Far East, used thru-out the world.

"There is in all men a sleeping giant of mind-power," he says. "When awakened, it can make man capable of surprising feats, from the prolonging of youth to success in many other worthy endeavors." The system is said by many to promote improvement in health; others tell of increased bodily strength, courage and poise.

"The time has come for this long-hidden system to be disclosed to the Western world," declares the author, and offers to send his amazing 9000-word treatise—which reveals many startling results—to sincere readers of this publication, free of cost or obligation. For your free copy, address the Institute of Mental-Physics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. 514-F, Los Angeles 4, Calif. Readers are urged to write promptly, as only a limited number of the free treatises have been printed.

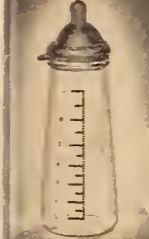


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Follow his advice on breast and supplementary feeding and be sure to ask him about the advantages of Hygeia Nursing Bottles. Hygeia Bottle has easy-to-clean wide mouth, wide base to prevent tipping, and scale applied in color for easy reading. Breast-shaped Nipple has patented air vent which tends to prevent "wind-sucking".



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Here's what we mean. She was riding in a jeep over a bumpy road not so long ago, and she turned to the sunburned Southern soldier next to her—"Want to know what I want more than anything in the world?"

The GI guy had heard that one before. "Yeah, honey, you wanna drive this thing."

Her brown eyes went wide. "Jeepers, could I?"

"Reckon you could."

They swapped seats, and Judy drove blissfully for a second. Then, not looking at him, she said, "This is heavenly, but it isn't what I really want most."

"No?" he was a little hurt.

"I want to be on a recon truck with a piano in it singing 'Over There' when the Yanks march into Berlin."

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When things were going wrong between George and herself, and she had to find consolation somewhere, she'd say to her mother: "I have no right to expect to be lucky in love. Look how lucky I am in my work. People just don't have everything."

Now she has everything. A marriage so perfect that it's like a story book. As long as she's with Harry and Harry's with her, that's all they want. They don't go to night clubs. They never say, "Let's call someone and have them over." When Betty's working, Harry gets up at 5:30 to breakfast with her. When she has a day off, she gets up at 7:30 to breakfast with him. They meet every day for lunch somewhere between 20th-Fox and Metro. There are times when the whole thing strikes Betty amidstships, and she can't take it in. She never went through it before. She never even knew there was anything like it. It's like being born over again in a new world, and the world is named Harry.

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And as if that weren't enough! Most girls want babies. Betty wants them more than most. Waiting for George, she didn't often break down, but when she did, that was her cry. "I want to marry and have children." Every chance she got, she'd run out to worship at the rosy toes of Alice Faye, Jr. The news that Lana expected a child turned her green with envy. "I could push you right into the pool," she'd assure her friend, "you make me so mad."

Now! To want a baby so badly and have it happen so soon! There just are no words. Only if it was heaven before, now it's heaven and then some.

They're letting nothing cloud their heaven. Betty knows that before the baby comes Harry may be called into service. How will she bear the separation? She can hardly wait now from morning till noon to see him.

She answers soberly. "When something happens that you can't do anything about, you bear it. So many husbands and wives

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seeing triple . . .

The story, anyway, is this. After much, much ether she faded and stayed out for 17 hours. Which is much too long. When she came to, a nurse was blowing oxygen in her face via a little hissing tube. Hissing, as Judy tells it, in exactly the same key the ether had. Judy, thinking it was still ether and seeing at least triple in her blariness, pounced on the poor lone nurse screeching, "Just give me one more whiff of that stuff. Just one more, and I'll murder the whole three of you."

Minus her tonsils, her range is terrific, and she brags obnoxiously about how loud she can sing. This helps when, occasionally, drastic things happen like mikes going dead.

The most drastic occurrence to date, however, was when Judy stepped out on the stage at one camp to find a half-filled auditorium. As the place is usually jammed to the gills, her heart crashed. "Old poison ivy Garland," she thought. "A has-been at twenty. They probably made these fellows come. Like K. P. or something." Then someone yelled, "Presenting Lily Mars" is across the street at the movies. You can't beat that kind of competition, Judy. An hour later hundreds of boys trooped in yelling, "Hi, Lily," and begging for the entire Lily Mars score.

Poison ivy is hardly the word, you see. Further evidence of that is the loot she collects at camps and naval training bases. She has a scarf made of parachute cloth, a gift from some paratroopers, sergeants' stripes, lieutenants' bars, majors' leaves and wings, and you name it, she's got it. Not to mention dozens of practically love letters from boys all over the world.

She broadcasts by shortwave to Alaska, Australia, New Guinea and even to ships at sea on a program called "Mail Call." The boys write in requesting songs and giving their APO address and some phony name—Butch or Shorty or Dogface. Then Judy sings for them. She keeps it up hour after hour because she can't stand to think of some of them waiting and waiting and never hearing his name called. The letters that pour in after the broadcasts are really something.

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all that made life bearable for him and his shipmates, as they had broken the ship's sole coffee pot, and, coffee-less, were all in perpetually pre-breakfast humors. When he got into port, what was that little sailor's utter ecstasy to discover a shiny new coffee pot, "with love from Judy."

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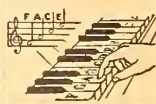
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have said good-by. What's different about us? I'm lucky to have him this long. I'm happy now. Later will have to take care of itself."

There was a house they would have bought, except that they couldn't get occupancy for four months. Betty felt that wouldn't be fair to Harry. He ought to be in his own house for a little while anyway.

As soon as she finishes "Pin-Up Girl," they'll really start house-hunting. It's several weeks since they shook the dust of Unhappy Hollow from their feet. Harry names everything. His car, for no good reason, is Hi-hi. He took one look at the house he'd leased, sight unseen, from New York and promptly dubbed it Unhappy Hollow. It was all wrong. Luckily for them, tastes differ. It seemed all right to a couple of other guys who took it over and left the Jameses free to trek.

They're staying with Betty's mother till they can find a place of their own. It's got to have something they can turn into a music-room for Harry's thousands of records and his recording machine and the television set Manny Sachs—his best friend and best man—gave them. If possible they'd like a pool, and it has nothing at all to do with Hollywood swank. Swimming's the one sport they're both crazy about. And, of course, one very sunny bedroom, whose tenant is expected to move in next April some time. Betty wants a girl. Harry doesn't care. Boy or girl, Junior'll take a blue room and like it. Because Pop loves blue.

As a matter of fact, they've got their house all picked out. Only it's not for sale. They pass it every day, stop the car and feast their eyes on its green-and-white loveliness. Velvet lawn running back fifty feet. Huge white flowers banked against the white Colonial farmhouse, green-shuttered. From the side, glimpses of a pool and a youngsters' play-yard. Every day they stop, hoping a FOR SALE sign may have sprouted in the night.

"What do you think would happen," Betty asks, "if I marched up, rang the doorbell and said, 'Don't you want to sell your house?'"

"I'd be waiting right here to catch you when they bounced you back. Do you realize we have no idea what the inside looks like?"

"I'd buy it anyway. Wouldn't you?"
"Yes. Now let's beat it before they run us in."

Meantime they're enjoying family life. It's a household of six—Mrs. Grable and the Jameses, Betty's sister, her husband and their eight-year-old Peter. Peter's king of the neighborhood kids, on account of the baseballs and mitts he collects from Harry. Every Sunday morning he and Betty go out to the ball park to watch Harry play. It means getting up at seven on her day of rest. Does she mind? She'd die if Harry went any place without her. Their proudest moment came when he smashed out a triple to win the game from Calship, while Betty and Peter yelled themselves hoarse in the bleachers.

If the baby's a boy, he's going to be a ball player. That's settled. So are a couple of other things. Like blonde curly hair and blue eyes. It just stands to reason, because look—Betty's got curly hair, Harry's got curly hair, the whole family's got curly hair—Betty's a blonde, Harry was blonde as a child—and they both have blue eyes. Only Betty wants the baby to have Harry's blue eyes. Hers are darker. His are that heavenly turquoise you don't see very often—Carole Lombard had them, Alice Faye has them, Betty James's baby'd better have them, or else—

Also Harry's disposition. Hers, she insists, isn't too hot. Things irritate her lots of times that shouldn't. She's improving,

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That's the way some people get about babies, I guess. And whether you're a movie star or not it doesn't make any difference. But Alan is a proud and generous paw. And that incident only made him more anxious to get home to his own nursery. Alana was the main attraction, in fact, all throughout Alan's furlough stay. Luckily he had Sue with him for a two months' visit up north. Sue had originally planned to bring Alana along with her and stay until Alan was ordered farther north. But his Army orders were changed, and it looked like he wouldn't be around that part of the country forever. Besides, Sue had wired Laddie to find a house. Alan wired back, "Are you kidding?" Hotel rooms were all there were around an army air base town like that. So Sue went on up alone, leaving little Alana with Rinsje, their Dutch nurse.

She didn't have a qualm or a worry about that, because Rinsje is so nuts about Alana that they had a battle with her even to get Alana away to the beach.

So Sue packed up with a clear conscience to join Alan, knowing that Alana would be in loving hands. When she arrived Alan met her at the station. "How's Alana?" he wanted to know. "Is she sitting up? Can she talk?"

Sue stayed two months. The Ladds lived in a hotel in a nearby town, and Alan rode a bus to the air base daily. For a long time, no one on the bus knew who he was, not even the driver. Then someone recognized Al and told the bus driver. After that, it got to be a certain attraction on the local transit line.

h'wood hot shot . . .

One day Alan was riding home when he heard a girl and boy talking behind him. "They say," said the boy, "that Alan Ladd rides this bus. Gosh, with all his dough you'd think a Hollywood hot shot like that would break down and rent himself an automobile. What a cheapskate!"

Alan didn't mind being called a cheapskate, but at that point it struck him as pretty ironic about renting a car. He had just tried all over town, for Sue's picnic.

Sue has always been a gal of action around Hollywood. But now with no baby and house to take care of and no talent agency to run, she had time on her hands. Sometimes, she'd ride out to the base with Alan, but usually she found herself faced with the four walls of a hotel room all day unless she did something about it. So she got busy. Sue worked folding bandages at the Red Cross some days. Others she visited a big infirmary where wounded heroes from the Pacific are brought.

But about that car—Sue and Alan always kept their hotel room an open house proposition for the soldiers at the base. Sometimes as many as a dozen or more of Alan's Air Corps buddies would be jamming the place almost any time of day. Sometimes a soldier they'd never seen before would wander in unannounced. Once Alan was dressing to go out for dinner and a pilot came in and sat down. Alan said "Hello"; he said "Hello." Alan said, "Sit down"; he said, "Thanks." "Drink?" "Thanks." "Flyer?" "Yes." "B-17?" "Right." "Where from?" "Michigan." "Here long?" "Two months." It went on like that. Alan had to ask all the questions. The pilot just answered in short words. Finally, he got up. "Well," he said, "I just wanted to say I'd met you. Thanks."

But most of the G.I.'s were more sociable. So Sue planned to toss a picnic party for a dozen or so of Alan's best Army friends. She didn't know what she was getting into. Sue is a swell cook, all right. I know, because I've eaten a lot of Ladd meals that Sue always supervises and usually cooks.



"ME?
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In fact, in Washington when Alan got sick of restaurant food, she sneaked a roaster into their hotel room and rigged up some kind of cooking apparatus and actually baked a ham. Don't ask me how. But preparing meals for 15 or 20 hungry soldiers is even more of a job. Sue had to borrow the house of a lucky friend she'd made and take over the kitchen for all the deviled eggs, potato salad and fried chicken. When she had it all packed, it was a respectable load, what with the wood stove and cases of soft drinks and iced watermelons and what have you. At that point Alan went out to rent a big automobile. That's what he'd planned.

Not a garage had any kind of a vehicle for rent. The Ladds called all their friends. No cars. It looked like the picnic would have to be held in the great outdoors of their hotel room until Alan had a bright idea. He ran down to the grocery store and made a deal. But what clinched it was the promise to carry the noon delivery load on the way to the picnic. So Sue and Alan entertained in a grocery truck, stop-pin to ring back doorbells along the way!

"Washington was very bad for my ego," Alan grins. That was true, too. Half the time nobody gave him a tumble. When he and Sue attended enlisted men's dances, they couldn't compete for attention with the accomplished jitterbug teams. They waited their turn in restaurants, crammed themselves on buses and stood in line at the laundry. Even at the hotel, they had to watch their p's and q's with the demand for sleeping space the way it was. Being a movie star didn't help one bit.

After a few months of that personal deglamorizing, Alan was called on to plug war bonds at a rally. He hadn't made a personal appearance for so long or thought of himself as a celebrity that when the time came for him to mount the stand he was shaking like a plate of jello. And after he'd had his say he got so scared realizing all those people were crowding around him that he jumped from the stand, ran away, getting tangled up in electric wires.

That's one of the reasons Alan stuck so close to the Malibu beach colony while he was in Hollywood on vacation. He doesn't consider himself a Hollywood star right now, although everyone still insists on treating him like one.

But what Alan told me before I left Malibu and told him good-by and *hasta la vista* was that if his first vacation was his last one that would be okay with him. He didn't think he'd ever improve on it anyway. There was only one thing missing, he said. When Alan clicked in Hollywood he got into the night habit of drinking coffee in the kitchen and studying his scripts on the sink. "Now every time I drink a cup of coffee at night I kind of miss the feel of a shooting script in my hand," said Alan. When he reads in the papers about other actors going into the pictures that were scheduled for him, too, he feels just a slight pang of natural envy.

"Maybe it's the Hollywood climate," he began, "but it would sure be a great kick just to be planning a picture again," he said a little wistfully. "Maybe when all this is over I'll get another chance."

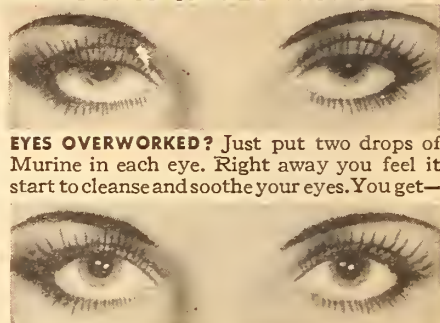
I told him I wouldn't worry too much about that. Alan hasn't made any pictures for almost a year but I had just been by Paramount and since he's been in the Army his mail has doubled and his pictures have set box-office records.

"Then," grinned Alan, "I guess I'd better cut this vacation stuff short, get back to duty and hustle that day along—hey?"

I admitted it was a sound idea and that's where Corporal Alan Ladd is today—back on duty, hustling Victory-Day along the best he can but with memories of a leave in Hollywood that are pretty swell.

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"How about Elizabeth, Elizabeth?" That's Betty's real name. Harry loves it and often calls her by it.

"Okay for a middle name, but she really ought to have one all her own. Honey, what was my name in 'Springtime in the Rockies'?" They look back with fondness on that picture, in which they both played.

"Victoria—"

"That's it. Victoria Elizabeth James—veddy ultrah, what?—and we'll call her Vicki."

That's the present plan. They could change it a dozen times before April. It's much too soon to be planning things anyway. Though you'd never think so from the way her friends have furiously started knitting and the way her mother—who sews beautifully—is making eight million slips and things. Betty's only real plan thus far has come to naught. She figured on borrowing Alice Faye's baby buggy, till she learned that Alice was going to need it herself. In April, too. They'll be entering the hospital practically hand in hand.

When she and Harry do go out, it's to spend a quiet evening with Alice and Phil, or the Keenan Wynns. Mostly they stay at home, listen to records, play bridge with the family or gin rummy with each other. According to Betty, they're pretty evenly matched, yet somehow she always wins, and he always pays off.

She's feeling fine. The only difference is that she tires more easily now and can hardly keep her eyes open after 8:30. Oh yes—and her appetite. It's grown from healthy to colossal. She doesn't have to be urged to eat for two. Given her choice of desserts, she'll pick the biggest. Breakfast used to be coffee and toast. Now it's bacon and eggs and melon and toast and coffee-cake, and she goes away hungry. The doctor prescribed vitamins—to build her up.

"How far can I get built up?" she wants to know.

law-maker . . .

For professional reasons, her hair's been kept lighter than natural in her last few pictures. One day Harry caught her curling her nose up at it.

"Why, what's wrong with it, honey?"

"I'm going to be a mother. I can't go round in platinum blonde hair."

It's still platinum, though, because Harry likes it that way—the blonder, the better. There's nothing half-hearted about Harry's likes and dislikes, or about the way Betty strives to please. Her hair may cling damply to her neck on a hot day, but she wears it down because Harry dislikes it up. She did suggest having it cut a little shorter, but he threw a fit, so she wears it long. He can't stand pompadours or the rats you wind them round. When he finds one of Betty's, he throws it away.

He'd abolish slacks for girls, though he'll grant they look better on his girl than some others. Still, he prefers her in suits with open-shirt blouses. She's always worn pumps. Now she wears ankle-straps. They're the kind Harry likes. It would suit him fine if her whole wardrobe was blue. He hates black. She loves it. Most of her evening things used to be black.

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You can now obtain this unique book by A. F. Niemoeller, A.B., M.A., B.S., at a remarkable price reduction. Formerly \$3.50. Now only \$1.98. Guaranteed harmless. Amazing lifetime results. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail coupon now.

HARVEST HOUSE, 17th St., Dept. P-397, New York
Send the COMPLETE GUIDE TO BUST CULTURE in plain package. On delivery I will pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage. If not satisfied I may return it within ten days and my \$1.98 will be refunded.
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☐ CHECK HERE if you want to save postage. Enclose \$1.98 with coupon and we ship prepaid. Canadian orders \$2.50 in advance.

Pimples Disappeared Over Night

Yes, it is true, there is a safe, harmless, medicated liquid called KLEEREX that dries up pimples over night. Those who followed simple directions and applied Kleerex upon retiring were amazingly surprised when they found their pimples had disappeared. These users enthusiastically praise Kleerex and claim they are no longer embarrassed and are now happy with their clear complexions. Don't take our word for it, use Kleerex tonight. If one application does not satisfy, you get your money back. There is No Risk so do not hesitate. Send only 60¢ for full size package or \$1.00 for 2 packages. (Few cents extra for C.O.D.) Write today to: KLEEREX CO. Dept. 21, 2005 S. Michigan, Chicago 16, Ill.

GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE

You know that gray hair spells the end of romance . . . yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "died".

These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—so gradually that your closest friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless hair dye by competent authorities, this preparation will not hurt your wave, or the texture of your hair. If you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions of women have been satisfied with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation in the last fifty years. Results assured or your money back. Send for the free trial kit—so that you may see for yourself the beautiful color which this preparation will give to a lock from your own hair.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 8463 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.
☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn
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Address _____
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Which Deodorant wins your vote?

- ☐ CREAM?
☐ POWDER?
☐ LIQUID?

For use, you may prefer one of these, your neighbor may prefer another. But the one purpose—important to all—and to every woman, is to keep the body free of odor. There's no room for argument.

Use Powder for flexible, Spar...

For **STONE BRACELET**
Set in **STERLING SILVER**

32 genuine **\$3.00**
tarnished rhinestones
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jeweler's setting. Insurance and Tax included

Choice of glamorous gem colors: Amethyst, Ruby, Emerald, Topaz, Sapphire, Crystal, Aquamarine, Pearl, Garnet, Jet, Coral and Turquoise.
NO MORE FOR THE DURATION! An exquisite jewel—the ideal gift to be treasured a lifetime.
Send no money. Pay post—mon \$3.00 plus postage, or send cash or money order and we'll pay postage. Sterling silver earrings and pin to match—\$2.00 ea.
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(Plus Tax)

in fact, in Washington when Alan got sick of restaurant food, she sneaked a toaster into their hotel room and rigged up some kind of cooking apparatus and actually baked a ham. Don't ask me how. But preparing meals for 15 or 20 hungry soldiers is even more of a job. She had to borrow the house of a lucky friend she'd made and take over the kitchen for all the deviled eggs, potato salad and fried chicken. When she had it all, she got her so good at she doesn't use powder lipstick?

Well—that's something else again. "Why do you have to use lipstick?" he asked one day, and Betty thought fast—

"So my lips won't chap."

That sounded sensible, so she got away with it. There's another thing she also got away with. On their first date, she was working in "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and wearing no nail polish, because it was a period picture. Harry approved. "You're one of the few girls I know who doesn't use that horrible stuff." She kept her mouth shut and hasn't used it since.

He's mad about perfume, smells all the bottles on her dressing-table. Some men like a whiff, Harry likes more than that.

The day after they found out about the baby, he got home first. "Don't come in yet," he called from the bedroom, and Betty heard him shoving things into a drawer. "Okay now—"

Playing dumb, she sat down to take off her make-up. A drawer opened stealthily.

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE... you will get out...

When Harry got in, she was standing against the closet door. "Look what I found!" Out they came, one by one. A sweater. A belt. A ballgown. A pair of slippers. A blue shirt. A blue tie. A blue-bordered handkerchief. A tan shirt. A brown tie. A brown-bordered hanky—

"There had to be ten," she explained. "Fathers shouldn't get gyped."

He tried them all on and wore half of them down to dinner.

Before their marriage, he gave her an identification bracelet marked BETTY GRABLE. After their marriage, he took it off her arm one day and replaced it with another. "I like this one better." She was puzzled for a moment. They seemed exactly the same. Then she looked closer. The new one was marked BETTY GRABLE JAMES.

But the gift she loves best is a bill-clasp, whose prongs hold a locket with four leaves. Her name's on the outside. The first two leaves are inscribed, "Betty darling—be my girl always, honey. Love, Harry." Their pictures smile across at each other from the last two leaves.

EYES RIGHT

(Continued from page 68)

You apply the stuff with a brush that accompanies it. And, a word from the Forethought Dept. These brushes are precious now, what with Hirohito and Hitler causing all kinds of shortages. Care for your mascara brush. Clean it after every use. When you throw away an empty mascara carton, save the brush.

Moving on to the Color Dept.: If your hair is dark brown or black, use black mascara. If your curly tresses are light brown, blonde or red, use brown.

When applying your magic mascara, first wet your brush lightly with warm water. Use a small amount of mascara (adding to it, if necessary) and cover each lash evenly. Presto, that mousy look has vanished. As the mascara is drying, whisk a clean brush over your handiwork to remove excess mascara and to separate each individual lash. Hold the brush pressed against your lashes for a minute, to lend them a curl. Curled lashes, my bright-eyed beauties, "open" the eyes and enlarge the appearance of the orbits.

Here, out of the goodness of our heart, we present a glamour extra straight from Hollywood for nights when you want your lashes to look especially long, thick and dark. It's a cosmetic trick that will entrance your on-leave beau no end! Apply your mascara in the usual way, and (surprise) just before it's dry, dust face powder over it. When the powder has set, go over the lashes again with a second coat of mascara.

Raised Eyebrow Dept.

We need natural eyebrows. Nature, smart one, designed them to deflect light.

The perfect eyebrow, so an artist tells us, starts at a point just above and even with the inner corner of the eye. Its line follows the natural curve of the eye-socket. To keep all smooth, reach for your tweezer at needed intervals. Let-

ting random hairs grow for weeks and weeks, then plucking a large crop at one time makes a chore out of an easy routine.

Always caution yourself, when working with the tweezer, to follow the natural brow arch and bear in mind that you're not mowing a lawn. Pencil-thin brows went out with silent pictures. But, still straggling hairs need to be weeded out.

Pencil Notes

With every fresh make-up job, wield your eyebrow pencil with finesse. An eyebrow pencil, well sharpened, makes those clean small strokes that improve sandy coloring, unsatisfactory shape, in sufficient length. Another thought: Darken your eyebrows by blending both brown and black pencil in short, light strokes. This is a wonderful trick for the wench whose brows are skimpy and pale, for it produces a soft, natural effect. Or you can use a thin wash of mascara, building up feeble, scanty brows by picking up with the brush the smallest, finest hairs.

You and Your Shadow

Aha... how fascinating indeed are dewy-sheened eyelids! And for this reason, my pets, you'll use eye shadow as part of your regular make-up. It comes in such fascinating shades. Smooth it on first along the lid edge, then shade it up ward and outward with your finger.

Handle With Care

Eyes are so precious that, of course, you need no prompting from us to handle them with care. The very best gift for them is eight hours of sleep each and every night.

A very fine thing indeed for your eyes is a special lotion that's pure as a picture passed by the Hays office. The lotion (which is accompanied by its own dropper) promotes a clean, clear condition of the eyes. Use it night and morning.

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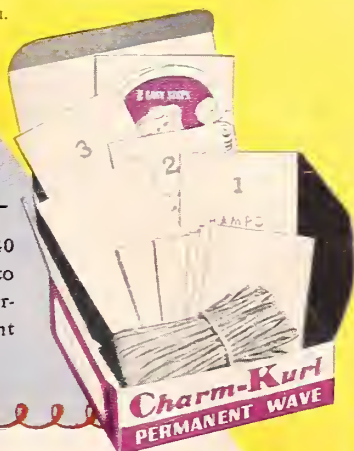
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There is a simple, easy way to permanent wave the charm and loveliness of curls and waves into your hair. Mail the coupon, let the amazing new CHARM-KURL Home Permanent Wave Kit save you money by giving you a real honest-to-goodness machineless permanent wave right in your own home. We have certainly made it easy for you to have lovely curled and waved hair by bringing you CHARM-KURL on this wonderful 59c offer. But the next step is up to you.



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CHARM-KURL is guaranteed to satisfy you as well as any permanent wave costing as much as \$5.00—or your money back for the asking. CHARM-KURL cleans and sweetens the hair, washes out dirt and loose dandruff scales, leaves the hair luxuriously soft and easy to manage. CHARM-KURL is safe. Contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia. There is nothing finer for bleached, dyed, or gray hair.

Mail the coupon. If C. O. D., pay 59c plus

postage on arrival. You save by sending remittance with coupon—and we pay postage. Test CHARM-KURL yourself. See how lovely your hair will be, permanent waved at home the CHARM-KURL way. Remember, if you aren't positively delighted beyond words, your money will be refunded, on request. With a guarantee like this, you can't lose. Now, today, mail the coupon and know the joy of glamorous curls and waves within a few short hours.

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I want to take advantage of your liberal offer. Rush me one complete CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit. When it arrives, I will pay 59c plus postage to my postman. If, for any reason, I am not thoroughly satisfied, you agree to refund purchase price on my request. This does not obligate me in any way.
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For skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet! Yes—they know the kind of MILD cleansing Camay gives you can make your skin softer, smoother with *just one cake!* You see, Camay is wonderfully mild... so MILD it cleanses the skin gently, thoroughly... *without irritation.* So change to proper MILD cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Day-by-day... with that one cake of Camay... your skin will look lovelier, fresher, smoother.

Mild Camay cleanses skin without irritation!

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2 minutes a day—to softer skin

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Mild Soap—to cleanse skin without irritation. So take 2 minutes a day with Camay. All you do is this:

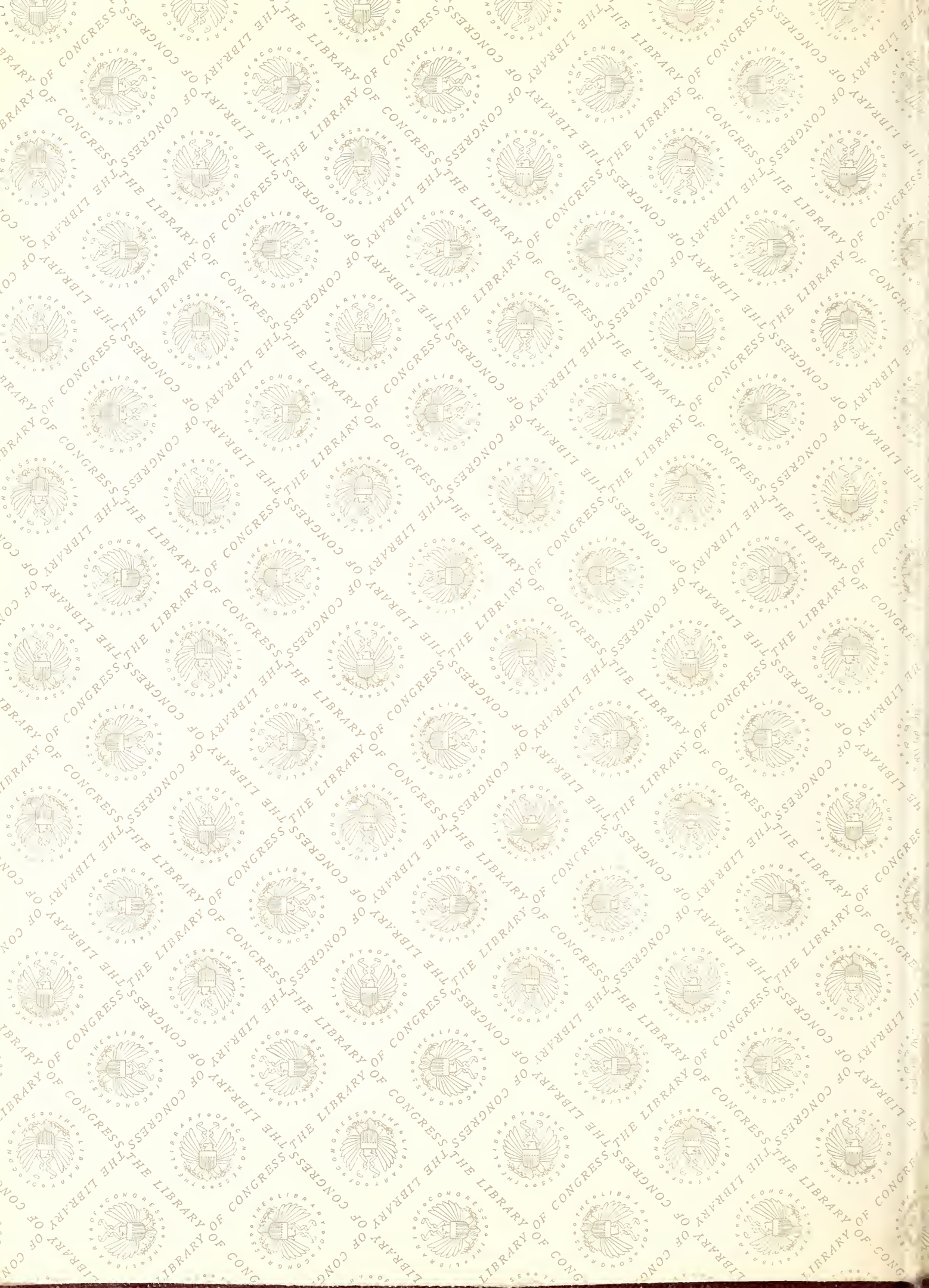


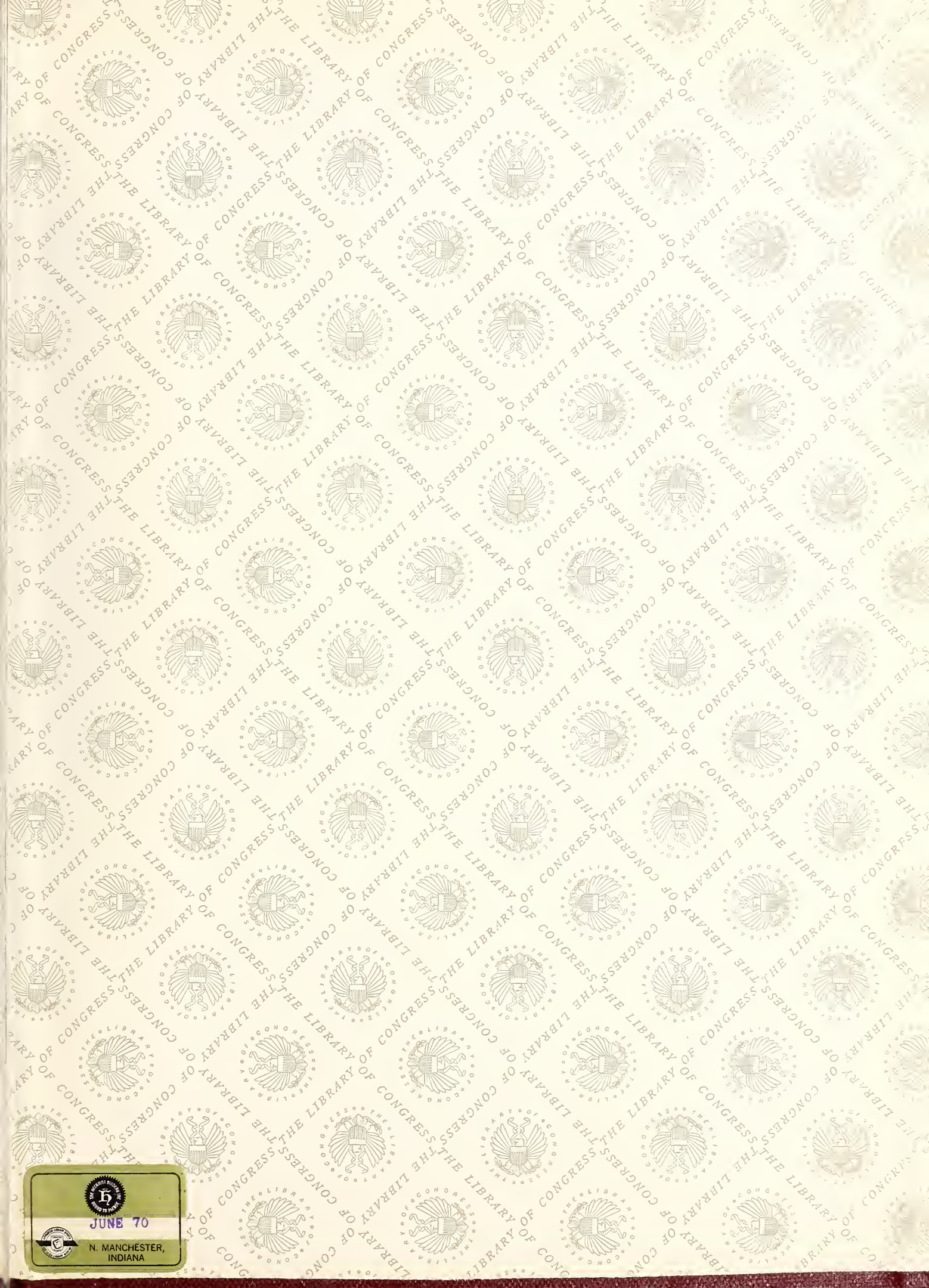
Cream Camay on—over face, nose, chin. Rinse warm. If your skin is oily, add a cold splash. See your skin look lovelier... day-by-day.



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